

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXXVII. — APRIL, 1896. — No. CCCCLXII.

THE OLD THINGS.

I.

MRS. GERETH had said she would go with the rest to church, but suddenly it seemed to her that she should not be able to wait even till church-time for relief: breakfast, at Waterbath, was a punctual repast, and she had still nearly an hour on her hands. She prepared, in her room, for the little rural walk (she knew the church to be near), and on her way down again, passing through corridors, observing imbecilities of decoration, the æsthetic misery of the big, commodious house, she felt the displeasure of the evening before violently aggravated, — a renewal, in her spirit, of that secret pain unfailingly inflicted by ugliness and stupidity. Why did she consent to such contacts, why did she so rashly expose herself? She had had, Heaven knew, her reasons, but the whole experience was to be sharper than she had feared. To get away from it and out into the air, into the presence of the sky and the trees, the flowers and the birds, was a pressing nervous necessity. The flowers at Waterbath would probably go wrong in color, and the nightingales sing out of tune; but she remembered to have heard the place described as possessing those advantages that are usually spoken of as natural. There were advantages enough that it clearly did not possess. It was hard for her to believe that a woman could look presentable who had been kept awake all night by the wall-paper in her room; yet none the less, as in her

fresh widow's weeds she rustled across the hall, she was sustained by the consciousness, which always added to the unction of her social Sundays, that she was, as usual, the only person in the house incapable of wearing in her preparation the horrible stamp of the same exceptional smartness that would be conspicuous in a grocer's wife. She would rather have perished than have looked *endimanchée*.

She was, fortunately, not challenged, the hall being empty, with the other women engaged, precisely, in arraying themselves to that dire end. Once in the grounds, she recognized that, with a site, a view that struck the note, set an example to its inmates, Waterbath ought to have been charming. How she herself, with such elements to handle, would have taken the wise hint of nature! Suddenly, at the turn of a walk, she came on a member of the party, a young lady, seated on a bench in deep and lonely meditation. She had observed the girl at dinner and afterwards: she was always looking at girls with an apprehensive or speculative reference to her son. Deep in her heart was a conviction that Owen would, in spite of all her spells, marry at last a frump; and this from no evidence that she could have represented as adequate, but simply from her deep uneasiness, her belief that such a special sensibility as her own could have been inflicted on a woman only as a source of suffering. It would be her fate, her discipline, her cross, to have a frump

brought hideously home to her. This girl, one of the two Vetches, had no beauty, but Mrs. Gereth, scanning the dullness for a sign of life, had been straightway able to classify such a figure as the least, for the moment, of her afflictions. Fleda Vetch was dressed with an idea, though perhaps with not much else; and that made a bond when there was none other, especially as in this case the idea was real, not imitation. Mrs. Gereth had long ago generalized the truth that the temperament of the frump is amply consistent with a certain usual prettiness. There were five girls in the party, and the prettiness of this one, slim, pale, and black-haired, was less likely than that of the others ever to occasion an exchange of platitudes. The two less developed Brigstocks, daughters of the house, were in particular tiresomely "lovely." A second glance, this morning, at the young lady before her conveyed to Mrs. Gereth the soothing assurance that she also was guiltless of looking hot and fine. They had had no talk as yet, but this was a note that would effectually introduce them if the girl should show herself in the least conscious of their community. She got up from her seat with a smile that but partly dissipated the prostration Mrs. Gereth had recognized in her attitude. The elder woman drew her down again, and for a minute, as they sat together, their eyes met and sent out mutual soundings. "Are you safe? Can I utter it?" each of them said to the other, quickly recognizing, almost proclaiming, their common need to escape. The tremendous fancy, as it came to be called, that Mrs. Gereth was destined to take to Fleda Vetch virtually began with this discovery that the poor child had been moved to flight even more promptly than herself. That the poor child no less quickly perceived how far she could now go was proved by the immense friendliness with which she instantly broke out, "Is n't it too dreadful?"

"Horrible — horrible!" cried Mrs.

Gereth, with a laugh, "and it's really a comfort to be able to say it." She had an idea, for it was her ambition, that she successfully made a secret of that awkward oddity, her liability to be rendered unhappy by the presence of displeasing objects. Her passion for the exquisite was the cause of this, but it was a passion she never advertised nor gloried in, contenting herself with letting it regulate her steps and show quietly in her life, remembering that there are few things more soundless than a deep devotion. She was therefore struck with the acuteness of the little girl who had already put a finger on her hidden spring. What was dreadful, what was horrible, was the intimate ugliness of Waterbath, and it was that phenomenon these ladies talked of while they sat in the shade and drew refreshment from the great tranquil sky, to which no blue saucers were tacked. It was an ugliness fundamental and systematic, the result of the abnormal nature of the Brigstocks, from whose composition the principle of taste had been scrupulously omitted. In the arrangement of their home, some other principle, remarkably active, but uncanny and obscure, had operated instead, with consequences depressing to behold, consequences that took the form of a universal futility. The house was bad, in all conscience, but it might have passed if they had only let it alone. This saving mercy was beyond them; they had smothered it with trumpery ornament and scrapbook art, with strange excrescences and bunchy draperies, with gimcracks that might have been keepsakes for maid-servants and nondescript conveniences that might have been prizes for the blind. They had gone wildly astray over carpets and curtains; they had an infallible instinct for disaster, and were so cruelly doom-ridden that it rendered them almost tragic. Their drawing-room, Mrs. Gereth lowered her voice to mention, caused her face to burn, and each of the new friends confided to the

other that in her own apartment she had given way to tears. There was in one of them a set of comic water-colors, a family joke by a family genius, and in the other a souvenir from some recent exhibition, that they shudderingly alluded to. The house was perversely full of souvenirs of places even more ugly than itself, and of things it would have been a bounden duty to forget. The worst horror was the acres of varnish, something advertised and smelly, with which everything was smeared; it was Fleda Vetch's conviction that the application of it, by their own hands and hilariously shoving each other, was the amusement of the Brigstocks on rainy days.

When, as criticism deepened, Fleda dropped the suggestion that some people would perhaps see something in Mona, Mrs. Gereth caught her up with a groan of protest, a smothered cry of "Oh, my dear!" Mona was the eldest of the three, the one Mrs. Gereth most suspected. She confided to her young friend that it was her suspicion that had brought her to Waterbath; and this was going very far, for on the spot, as a refuge, a remedy, she had clutched at the idea that something might be done with the girl before her. It was her fancied exposure, at any rate, that had sharpened the shock of the place; made her ask herself, with a terrible chill, if fate could really be plotting to saddle her with a daughter-in-law out of such a house. She had seen Mona in her appropriate setting, and she had seen Owen, handsome and stupid, dangle beside her; but the effect of these first hours had happily not been to darken the prospect. It was clearer to her that she could never accept Mona, but it was after all by no means certain that Owen would ask her to. He had sat by somebody else at dinner, and afterwards he had talked to Mrs. Firmin, who was common enough, but, fortunately, married. His stupidity (which in her need of expansion she almost named to Fleda) had two aspects: one of them his monstrous

lack of taste, the other his exaggerated prudence. If it should come to a question of carrying Mona with a high hand, there would be no need to worry, for that was rarely his manner of proceeding.

Mrs. Gereth had begun to say a word to her companion about Poynton (Fleda had asked if it was n't wonderful), when she heard a sound of voices that made her stop short. The next moment she rose to her feet, and Fleda could see that her alarm was by no means quenched. Behind the place where they had been sitting the ground dropped with a certain steepness, forming a long grassy bank, up which Owen Gereth and Mona Brigstock, dressed for church, but making a familiar joke of it, were in the act of scrambling and helping each other. When they had reached the even ground, Fleda was able to read the meaning of the exclamation in which Mrs. Gereth had expressed her reserves on the subject of Miss Brigstock's personality. Miss Brigstock had been laughing and even romping, but the circumstances had n't contributed the ghost of an expression to her countenance. Tall and straight and fair, long-limbed and strangely festooned, she stood there without a look in her eye or any perceptible intention of any sort in any other feature. She belonged to the type in which speech is an unaided emission of sound, and the secret of being is impenetrably and incorruptibly kept. Her expression would probably have been beautiful if she had had one, but whatever she communicated she communicated, in a manner best known to herself, without signs. This was not the case with Owen Gereth, who had plenty of them, and all very simple and natural. Robust and artless, a bouncing boy but a gentleman, he looked pointlessly active and pleasantly dull. Like his mother and like Fleda Vetch, but not for the same reason, this young pair had come out to take a turn before church.

The meeting of the two couples was sensibly awkward, and Fleda, who was

sagacious, took the measure of the shock inflicted on Mrs. Gereth. There had been intimacy — oh yes, intimacy as well as puerility — in the horse-play of which they had just had a glimpse. The party began to stroll together to the house, and Fleda had again a sense of Mrs. Gereth's quick management in the way the lovers, or whatever they were, found themselves separated. She strolled behind with Mona, the mother possessing herself of her son, her exchange of remarks with whom, however, remained, as they went, suggestively inaudible. That member of the party in whose intenser consciousness we shall most profitably seek a reflection of the little drama with which we are concerned received an even livelier impression of Mrs. Gereth's intervention from the fact that, ten minutes later, on the way to church, still another pairing had been effected. Owen walked with Fleda, and it was an amusement to the girl to feel sure that this was by his mother's direction. Fleda had other amusements as well: such as noting that Mrs. Gereth was now with Mona Brigstock; such as observing that she was all affability to that young woman; such as reflecting that, masterful and clever, with a great bright spirit, she was one of those who impose themselves as an influence; such as feeling, finally, that Owen Gereth was singularly handsome and admirably stupid. This young person had, even from herself, wonderful secrets of delicacy and pride; but she came as near distinctness as in the consideration of such matters she had ever yet come at all in now surrendering herself to the idea that it was of a pleasant effect and rather remarkable to be stupid without offense, — of a pleasanter effect and more remarkable, indeed, than to be clever and horrid. Owen Gereth, at any rate, with his inches and his absence of effort, was neither of these latter things. She herself was prepared, if she should ever marry, to contribute all the cleverness,

and she liked to think that her husband would be a force grateful for direction. She was in her small way a spirit of the same family as Mrs. Gereth. On that flushed, overflowing Sunday a great matter occurred; her little life became aware of a singular quickening. Her meagre past fell away from her like a garment of the wrong fashion, and as she came up to town on the Monday, what she stared at, from the train, in the suburban fields, was a future full of the things she particularly loved.

II.

These were neither more nor less than the things with which she had had time to learn from Mrs. Gereth that Poynton was full. Poynton, in the south of England, was this lady's established, or rather her disestablished home, having now duly passed into the possession of her son. The father of the boy, an only child, had died two years before, and Owen was occupying, in London, with his mother, for May and June, a house good-naturedly lent them by Colonel Gereth, their uncle and brother-in-law. His mother had laid her hand so engagingly on Fleda Vetch that in a very few days the girl knew it was possible to suffer in Cadogan Place almost as much as they had suffered at Waterbath. The kind colonel's house was also an ordeal, but the two women, for the ensuing month, had at least the compensation of suffering together. The great drawback of Mrs. Gereth's situation was that, thanks to the rare perfection of Poynton, she was condemned to suffer almost wherever she turned. She had lived for a quarter of a century in such warm closeness with the beautiful that, as she frankly admitted, life had become for her a kind of fool's paradise. She didn't say it in so many words, but Fleda could see she held that there was nothing in England to compare to Poynton.

ton. There were places much grander and richer, but there was no such complete work of art, nothing that would appeal so to those who were really informed. Fortune, in putting such elements into her hand, had given her an inestimable chance: oh, she knew how rarely well things had gone with her, and that she had tasted a happiness vouchsafed indeed to few.

There had been, in the first place, the exquisite old house itself, early Jacobean, supreme in every part: it was a provocation, an inspiration, a matchless canvas for the picture. Then there had been her husband's sympathy and generosity, his knowledge and love, their perfect accord and beautiful life together, twenty-four years of planning and seeking, a long, sunny harvest of taste and curiosity. Lastly, she never denied, there had been her personal gift, the genius, the passion, the patience of the collector, — a patience, an almost infernal cunning, that had enabled her to do it all with a limited command of money. There would n't have been money enough for any one else, she said with pride, but there had been money enough for her. They had saved on lots of things in life, and there were lots of things they had n't had, but they had had in every corner of Europe their swing among the Jews. It was fascinating to poor Fleda, who had n't a penny in the world nor anything nice at home, and whose only treasure was her subtle mind, to hear this genuine English lady, fresh and fair, young at fifty, declare with gayety and conviction that she was herself the greatest Jew who had ever tracked a victim. Fleda, with her parents dead, had n't so much even as a home, and her nearest chance of one was that there was some appearance her sister would become engaged to a curate. Her grandfather paid some of her bills, but he did n't like her to live with him; and she had lately, in Paris, with several hundred other young women, spent a year in a studio, arming

herself for the battle of life by a course with an impressionist painter. She was determined to work, but her impressions, or somebody's else, were as yet her only material. Mrs. Gereth had told her she liked her because she had an extraordinary *flair*; but under the circumstances a *flair* was a questionable boon: with the particular springs she had hitherto known there would have been more comfort in a chronic catarrh. She was constantly summoned to Cadogan Place, and before the month was out was kept to stay, to pay a visit of which the end, it was agreed, should have nothing to do with the beginning. She had a sense, partly exultant and partly alarmed, of having quickly become necessary to her imperious friend, who indeed gave a reason quite sufficient for it in telling her there was nobody else who understood. From Mrs. Gereth, in these days, there was an immense deal to understand, though it might be freely summed up in the circumstance that she was wretched. She told Fleda that she could n't completely know why till she should have seen the things at Poynton. Fleda could perfectly grasp this connection, which was exactly one of the matters that, in their inner mystery, were a blank to everybody else.

The girl had a promise that the wonderful house should be shown her early in July, when Mrs. Gereth would return to it as to her home; but even before this initiation she put her finger on the spot that, in the poor lady's troubled soul, ached the hardest. This was the misery that haunted her, the dread of the inevitable surrender. What Fleda had to sit up to was the confirmed appearance that Owen Gereth would marry Mona Brigstock, marry her in his mother's teeth, and that such an act would have incalculable bearings. They were present to Mrs. Gereth, her companion could see, with a vividness that at moments almost ceased to be that of sanity. She would have to give up Poynton, and

give it up to a product of Waterbath, — that was the wrong that rankled, the humiliation at which Fleda would be able adequately to shudder only when she should know the place. She did know Waterbath, and she despised it, — she had that qualification for sympathy. Her sympathy was very real, for she read deep into the matter; she stared, aghast, as it came home to her for the first time, at the cruel English custom of the expropriation of the lonely mother. Mr. Gereth had apparently been a very amiable man, but Mr. Gereth had left things in a way that made the girl marvel. The house and its contents had been treated as a single splendid object; everything was to go straight to his son, and his widow was to have a maintenance and a cottage in another county. No account whatever had been taken of her relation to her treasures, of the passion with which she had waited for them, worked for them, picked them over, made them worthy of each other and the house, watched them, loved them, lived with them. He appeared to have assumed that she would settle questions with her son, that he could depend upon Owen's affection. And in truth, as poor Mrs. Gereth inquired, how could he possibly have had a prevision — he who turned his eyes instinctively from everything displeasing — of anything so abnormal as a Brigstock? He had been in ugly houses enough, but had escaped that particular nightmare. Nothing so perverse could have been expected to happen as that the heir to the loveliest thing in England should be inspired to hand it over to a girl so exceptionally tainted. Mrs. Gereth spoke of poor Mona's taint as if to mention it were almost a violation of decency, and a person who had listened without enlightenment would have wondered of what lapse the girl had been, or had indeed not been guilty. But Owen from a boy had never cared, had never had the least pride or pleasure in his home.

"Well, then, if he does n't care" — Fleda exclaimed, with some impetuosity; stopping short, however, before she completed her sentence.

Mrs. Gereth looked at her rather hard. "If he does n't care?"

Fleda hesitated; she had not quite had a definite idea. "Well — he'll give them up."

"Give what up?"

"Why, those beautiful things."

"Give them up to whom?" Mrs. Gereth asked, staring.

"To you, of course, — to enjoy, to keep for yourself."

"And leave his house as bare as your hand? There's nothing in it that is n't precious."

Fleda considered; her friend had taken her up with a smothered ferocity by which she was slightly disconcerted. "I don't mean, of course, that he should surrender everything; but he might let you pick out the things to which you're most attached."

"I think he would, if he were free," said Mrs. Gereth.

"And do you mean, as it is, that *she* 'll prevent him?" Mona Brigstock, between these ladies, was now nothing but "she."

"By every means in her power."

"But surely not because she understands and appreciates them?"

"No," Mrs. Gereth replied, "but because they belong to the house, and the house belongs to Owen. If I should wish to take anything, she would simply say, with that motionless mask, 'It goes with the house.' And day after day, in the face of every argument, of every consideration of generosity, she would repeat, without winking, in that dry, dead voice, 'It goes with the house, — it goes with the house.' In that attitude they 'll shut themselves up."

Fleda was struck, was even a little startled, with the way Mrs. Gereth had turned this over, — had faced, if indeed only to recognize its futility, the notion of a battle with her only son. These

words led her to make an inquiry which she had not thought it discreet to make before; she brought out the idea of the possibility, after all, of her friend's continuing to live at Poynton. Would they really wish to proceed to extremities? Was no good-humored, graceful compromise to be imagined or brought about? Could n't the same roof cover them? Was it so very inconceivable that a married son should, for the rest of her days, share with so charming a mother the home she had devoted more than a score of years to making beautiful for him? Mrs. Gereth hailed this question with a wan, compassionate smile; she replied that a common household, in such a case, was exactly so inconceivable that Fleda had only to glance over the fair face of the English land to see how few people had ever conceived it. It was always thought a wonder, a "mistake," a piece of overstrained sentiment; and she confessed that she was as little capable of a flight of that sort as Owen himself. Even if they both had been capable, they would still have Mona's hatred to reckon with. Fleda's breath was sometimes taken away by the great bounds and elisions which, on Mrs. Gereth's lips, the course of discussion could take. This was the first she had heard of Mona's hatred, though she certainly had not needed Mrs. Gereth to tell her that in close quarters that young lady would prove secretly mulish. Subsequently, Fleda recognized, indeed, that perhaps almost any girl would hate a person who should be so markedly averse to becoming her mother-in-law. Before this, however, in conversation with her young friend, Mrs. Gereth furnished a more vivid motive for her despair by asking how she could possibly be expected to sit there with the new proprietors and accept—or call it, for a day, endure—the horrors they would perpetrate in the house. Fleda reasoned that they would n't, after all, smash things nor burn them up; and Mrs. Gereth admitted, when pushed, that she did n't

quite mean they would. What she did mean was that they would neglect them, slight them, leave them to clumsy servants (there was n't an object of them all but should be handled with perfect love), and in many cases probably wish to replace them by pieces that would answer some vulgar modern notion of the convenient. Above all, she saw in advance, with dilated eyes, the abominations they would inevitably mix up with them,—the maddening relics of Waterbath, the little brackets and pink vases, the sweepings of bazaars, the family photographs and favorite texts, the "household art" and household piety of Mona's early home. Was n't it enough simply to contend that Mona would approach Poynton in the spirit of a Brigstock, and that in the spirit of a Brigstock she would deal with her acquisition? Did Fleda really see *her*, Mrs. Gereth demanded, spending the remainder of her days with such a creature's elbow in her eye?

Fleda had to declare that she certainly did n't, and that Waterbath had been a warning it would be madness to overlook. At the same time she privately reflected that they were taking a great deal for granted, and that, inasmuch as, to her knowledge, Owen Gereth had positively denied that he was engaged, the ground of their speculations was by no means firm. It seemed to our young lady that, in a difficult position, Owen conducted himself with some natural art; treating this domesticated confidant of his mother's wrongs with a simple civility that almost troubled her conscience, so freely she reflected that she might have had for him the air of siding with that lady against him. She wondered if he would ever know how little, really, she did this, and that she was there, since Mrs. Gereth had insisted, not to betray, but essentially to protect him. The fact that his mother disliked Mona Brigstock might have made him dislike the object of her preference, and it was

detestable to Fleda to remember that she might have appeared to him to offer herself as an exemplary contrast. It was clear enough, however, that the poor young man had no more sense for a motive than a deaf man for a tune, a limitation by which, after all, she could gain as well as lose. He came and went very freely on the business with which London abundantly furnished him, but he found time more than once to say to her, "It's awfully nice of you to look after Mummy." As well as his quick speech, which shyness made obscure, — it was usually as desperate as a "rush" at some violent game, — his child's eyes in his man's face put it to her that, you know, this really meant a good deal for him and that he hoped she would stay on. With a girl in the house who, like herself, was clever, Mummy was conveniently occupied; and Fleda found a beauty in the candor and even in the modesty which apparently kept him from suspecting that two such wiseheads could possibly be occupied with Owen Gereth.

III.

They went, at last, the wiseheads, down to Poynton, where poor palpitating Fleda had the full revelation. "Now do you know how I feel?" Mrs. Gereth asked when, in the wonderful hall, three minutes after their arrival, her young companion dropped on a seat, with a soft gasp and a roll of dilated eyes. The answer came clearly enough, and in the rapture of that first walk through the house Fleda Vetch took the total measure. She perfectly understood how Mrs. Gereth felt, — she had understood but meagrely before; and the two women embraced with tears over the tightening of their bond, — tears which, on the girl's part, were the natural and usual sign of her submission to perfect beauty. It was not the first time she had cried for the joy of admiration, but it was the

first time the mistress of Poynton, often as she had shown her house, had been present at such an exhibition. She exulted in it; it quickened her own tears; she assured her companion that such an occasion made the poor old place fresh to her again and more precious than ever. Yes, nobody had ever, that way, felt what she had achieved: people were so grossly ignorant, and everybody, even the knowing ones, as they thought themselves, more or less dense. What Mrs. Gereth had achieved was indeed an exquisite work; and in such an art of the treasure-hunter, in selection and comparison refined to that point, there was an element of creation, of personality. She had commended Fleda's *flair*, and Fleda now gave herself up to satiety. Preoccupations and scruples fell away from her; she had never known a greater happiness than the week she passed in this initiation.

Wandering through clear chambers where the general effect made preferences almost as impossible as if they had been shocks, pausing at open doors where vistas were long and bland, she would, even if she had not already known, have discovered for herself that Poynton was the history of a devotion. The devotion had been jealous, but it had not been narrow; there reigned a splendid rigor, but it rested on a deep curiosity. It was all France and Italy, with their ages composed to rest. For England you looked out of old windows, — it was England that was the wide embrace. While outside on the low terraces she contradicted gardeners and criticised colors, Mrs. Gereth left her visitor to finger fondly the brasses that Louis Quinze might have thumbed, to sit with Venetian velvets just held in a loving palm, to hang over cases of enamels and pass and repass before cabinets. There were not many pictures, — the panels and the stuffs were themselves the picture; and in all the great wainscoted house there was not an inch of pasted paper. What

struck Fleda most in it was the high pride of her friend's taste, a fine arrogance, a sense of style which, however amused and amusing, never compromised nor stooped. She felt, indeed, as this lady had intimated to her that she would, both a respect and a compassion that she had not known before; the vision of the coming surrender filled her with an equal pain. To give it all up, to die to it, — that thought ached in her breast. She herself could imagine clinging there with a closeness separate from dignity. To have created such a place was to have had dignity enough; when there was a question of defending it, the fiercest attitude was the right one. After so intense a taking of possession she too was to give it up; for she reflected that if Mrs. Gereth's remaining there would have offered her a sort of future (it stretched away in safe years on the other side of a gulf), the advent of the others could only be, by the same law, a great vague menace, the ruffling of a still water. Such were the emotions of a hungry girl whose sensibility was almost as great as her opportunities for comparison had been small. The museums had done something for her, but nature had done more.

If Owen had not come down with them nor joined them later, it was because he still found London jolly; only the question remained of whether the jollity of London was not merely a diplomatic name for the jollity of Mona Brigstock. There was indeed in his conduct another ambiguity, — something that required explaining so long as his motive did not come to the surface. If he was in love, what was the matter? And what was the matter still more if he was not? The mystery was at last cleared up: this Fleda gathered from the tone in which, one morning at breakfast, a letter just opened made Mrs. Gereth cry out. Her dismay was almost a shriek: "Why, he's bringing her down, — he wants her to see the house!" They flew, the two

ladies, into each other's arms, and, with their heads together, soon made out that the reason, the baffling reason, why nothing had yet happened was that Mona did not know, or Owen did not, whether Poynton would really please her. She was coming down to judge; and could anything in the world be more like poor Owen than the ponderous probity which had kept him from pressing her for a reply till she should have learned whether she liked what he had to offer her? That was a scruple it had naturally been impossible to impute. If only they might fondly hope, Mrs. Gereth wailed, that the girl's expectations would be dashed! There was a fine consistency, a sincerity quite affecting, in her arguing that the better the place should happen to look and to express the conceptions to which it owed its origin, the less it would speak to an intelligence so primitive. How could a Brigstock possibly understand what it was all about? How, really, could a Brigstock logically do anything but hate it? Mrs. Gereth, even as she whisked away linen shrouds, persuaded herself of the possibility, on Mona's part, of some bewildered blankness, some collapse of admiration that would prove disconcerting to her swain, — a hope of which Fleda, at least, could see the absurdity, and which gave the measure of the poor lady's strange, almost maniacal disposition to thrust in everywhere the question of "things," to read all behavior in the light of some fancied relation to them. "Things" were of course the sum of the world; only, for Mrs. Gereth, the sum of the world was rare French furniture and Oriental china. She could, at a stretch, imagine people's not having, but she could not imagine their not wanting and not missing.

The young couple were to be accompanied by Mrs. Brigstock, and with a prevision of how fiercely they would be watched Fleda became conscious, before the party arrived, of an amused, diplomatic pity for them. Almost as much

as Mrs. Gereth's her taste was her life, but her life was somehow the larger for it. Besides, she had another care now: there was some one she would n't have liked to see humiliated even in the form of a young lady who would contribute to his never suspecting such delicacy. When this young lady appeared, Fleda tried, so far as the wish to efface herself allowed, to be mainly the person to take her about, show her the house, and cover up her ignorance. Owen's announcement had been that, as trains made it convenient, they would present themselves for luncheon, and depart before dinner; but Mrs. Gereth, true to her system of glaring civility, proposed and obtained an extension, a dining and spending of the night. She made her young friend wonder against what rebellion of fact she was sacrificing in advance so profusely to form. Fleda was appalled, after the first hour, by the rash innocence with which Mona had accepted the responsibility of observation, and indeed by the large levity with which, sitting there like a bored tourist in fine scenery, she exercised it. She felt in her nerves the effect of such a manner on her companion's, and it was this that made her want to entice the girl away, give her some merciful warning or some jocular cue. Mona met intense looks, however, with eyes that might have been blue beads, the only ones she had, — eyes into which Fleda thought it strange Owen Gereth should have to plunge for his fate, and his mother for a confession of whether Poynton was a success. She made no remark that helped to supply this light; her impression, at any rate, had nothing in common with the feeling that, as the beauty of the place throbbed out like music, had caused Fleda Vetch to burst into tears. She was as content to say nothing as if, Mrs. Gereth afterwards exclaimed, she had been keeping her mouth shut in a railway tunnel. Mrs. Gereth contrived, at the end of an hour, to convey to Fleda that it was plain she

was brutally ignorant; but Fleda more subtly discovered that her ignorance was obscurely active.

She was not so stupid as not to see that something, though she scarcely knew what, was expected of her that she could n't give; and the only mode her intelligence suggested of meeting the expectation was to plant her big feet and pull another way. Mrs. Gereth wanted her to rise, somehow or somewhere, and was prepared to hate her if she did n't: very well, she could n't, she would n't rise; she already moved at the altitude that suited her, and was able to see that, since she was exposed to the hatred, she might at least enjoy the calm. The smallest trouble, for a girl with no nonsense about her, was to earn what she incurred; so that, a dim instinct teaching her she would earn it best by not being effusive, and combining with the conviction that she now held Owen, and therefore the place, she had the pleasure of her honesty as well as of her security. Did n't her very honesty lead her to be belligerently blank about Poynton, inasmuch as it was just Poynton that was forced upon her as a subject for effusiveness? Such subjects, to Mona Brigstock, had an air almost of indecency, and the house became uncanny to her through such an appeal, — an appeal that, somewhere in the twilight of her being, as Fleda was sure, she thanked Heaven she *was* the girl stiffly to draw back from. She was a person whom pressure, at a given point, infallibly caused to expand in the wrong place, instead of, as it is usually administered in the hope of doing, the right one. Her mother, to make up for this, broke out universally, pronounced everything "most striking," and was visibly happy that Owen's captor should be so far on the way to strike; but she jarred upon Mrs. Gereth by her formula of admiration, which was that anything she looked at was "in the style" of something else. This was to show how much she had seen, but it only showed she had

seen nothing; everything at Poynton was in the style of Poynton, and poor Mrs. Brigstock, who at least was determined to rise, and had brought with her a trophy of her journey, a "lady's magazine" purchased at the station, a horrible thing with patterns for antimacassars, which, as it was quite new, the first number, and seemed so clever, she kindly offered to leave for the house, was in the style of a vulgar old woman who wore silver jewelry and tried to pass off a gross avidity as a sense of the beautiful.

By the day's end it was clear to Fleda Vetch that, however Mona judged, the day had been determinant; whether or no she felt the charm, she felt the challenge; at an early moment Owen Gereth would be able to tell his mother the worst. Nevertheless, when the elder lady, at bedtime, coming in a dressing-gown and a high fever to the younger one's room, cried out, "She hates it; but what will she do?" Fleda pretended vagueness, played at obscurity, and assented disingenuously to the proposition that they at least had a respite. The future was dark to her, but there was a silken thread she could clutch in the gloom, — she would never give Owen away. He might give himself, — he even certainly would; but that was his own affair, and his blunders, his innocence, only added to the appeal he made to her. She would cover him, she would protect him, and beyond thinking her a cheerful inmate he would never guess her intention, any more than, beyond thinking her clever enough for anything, his acute mother would discover it. From this hour, with Mrs. Gereth, there was a flaw in her frankness: her admirable friend continued to know everything she did; what should remain unknown was the general motive.

From the window of her room, the next morning before breakfast, the girl saw Owen in the garden with Mona, who strolled beside him with a listening parasol, but without a visible look for the

great florid picture that had been hung there by Mrs. Gereth's hand. Mona kept dropping her eyes, as she walked, to catch the sheen of her patent-leather shoes, which she kicked forward a little — it gave her an odd movement — to help her to see what she thought of them. When Fleda came down, Mrs. Gereth was in the breakfast-room; and at that moment, Owen, through a long window, passed in, alone, from the terrace, and very endearingly kissed his mother. It immediately struck the girl that she was in their way, for had n't he been borne on a wave of joy exactly to announce, before the Brigstocks departed, that Mona had at last faltered out the sweet word he had been waiting for? He shook hands, with his friendly violence, but Fleda contrived not to look into his face: what she liked most to see in it was not the reflection of Mona's boot-toes. She could bear well enough that young lady herself, but she could n't bear Owen's opinion of her. She was on the point of slipping into the garden when the movement was checked by Mrs. Gereth's suddenly drawing her close, as if for the morning embrace, and then, while she kept her there with the bravery of the night's repose, breaking out, "Well, my dear boy, what *does* your young friend there make of our odds and ends?"

"Oh, she thinks they're all right!"

Fleda immediately guessed from his tone that he had not come in to say what she supposed; there was even something in it to confirm Mrs. Gereth's belief that their danger had dropped. She was sure, moreover, that his tribute to Mona's taste was a repetition of the eloquent words in which the girl had herself recorded it; she could indeed hear, with all vividness, the pretty passage between the pair. "Don't you think it's rather nice, the old shop?" "Oh, it's all right!" Mona had graciously remarked; and then they had probably, with a slap on a back, run another race up or down a

bank. Fleda knew Mrs. Gereth had not yet uttered a word to her son that would have shown him how much she feared; but it was impossible to feel her friend's arm round her and not become aware that this friend was now throbbing with a strange intention. Owen's reply had scarcely been of a nature to usher in a discussion of Mona's sensibilities; but Mrs. Gereth went on, in a moment, with an innocence of which Fleda could measure the cold hypocrisy: "Has she any sort of feeling for nice old things?" The question was as fresh as the morning light.

"Oh, of course she likes everything that's nice." And Owen, who constitutionally disliked questions,—an answer was almost as hateful to him as a "trick" to a big dog,—smiled kindly at Fleda, and conveyed that she would understand what he meant even if his mother did n't. Fleda, however, mainly understood that Mrs. Gereth, with an odd, wild laugh, held her so hard that she hurt her.

"I could give up everything without a pang, I think, to a person I could trust, I could respect." The girl heard her voice tremble under the effort to show nothing but what she wanted to show, and felt the sincerity of her implication that the piety most real to her was to be on one's knees before one's high standard. "The best things here, as you know, are the things your father and I collected, things all that we worked for and waited for and suffered for. Yes," cried Mrs. Gereth, with a fine freedom of emphasis, "there are things in the house that we almost starved for! They were our religion, they were our life, they were *us*! And now they're only *me*,—except that they're also *you*, thank God, a little, you dear!" she continued, suddenly inflicting on Fleda a kiss that was almost a fierce peck. "There is n't one of them I don't know and love—well, as one remembers and cherishes the happiest moments of one's life. Blind-fold, in the dark, with the brush of a

finger, I could tell one from another. They're living things to me; they know me, they return the touch of my hand. But I could let them all go, since I have to, so strangely, to another affection, another conscience. There's a care they want, there's a sympathy that draws out their beauty. Rather than make them over to a woman ignorant and vulgar, I think I'd deface them with my own hands. Can't you see me, Fleda, and would n't you do it yourself?" she appealed to her companion, with glittering eyes. "I could n't bear the thought of such a woman here,—I *could n't*. I don't know what she'd do; she'd be sure to invent some deviltry, if it should be only to bring in her own little belongings and horrors. The world is full of cheap gimeracks, in this awful age, and they're thrust in at one at every turn. They'd be thrust in here, on top of my treasures, my own. Who would save *them* for me,—I ask you who *would*?" and she turned again to Fleda with a dry, strained smile. Her handsome, high-nosed, excited face might have been that of Don Quixote tilting at a windmill. Drawn into the eddy of this outpouring, the girl, scared and embarrassed, laughed off her exposure; but only to feel herself more passionately caught up, and, as it seemed to her, thrust down the fine open mouth (it showed such perfect teeth) with which poor Owen's slow cerebration gaped. "You would, of course,—only you, in all the world, because you know, you feel, as I do myself, what's good and true and pure." No severity of the moral law could have taken a higher tone in this implication of the young lady who had not the only virtue Mrs. Gereth actively esteemed. "You would replace me, *you* would watch over them, *you* would keep the place right," she austere pursued, "and with you here,—yes, with you, I believe I might rest, at last, in my grave!" She threw herself on Fleda's neck, and before Fleda, horribly shamed, could shake her

off, had burst into tears which could n't have been explained, but which might perhaps have been understood.

IV.

A week later Owen Gereth came down to inform his mother that he had settled with Mona Brigstock ; but it was not at all a joy to Fleda (conscious how much to himself it would be a surprise) that he should find her still in the house. That dreadful scene before breakfast had made her position false and odious ; it had been followed, after they were left alone, by a scene of her own making with her fatal hostess. She notified Mrs. Gereth of her instant departure : she could n't possibly remain after being offered to Owen, that way, before her very face, as his mother's candidate for the honor of his hand. That was all he could have seen in such an outbreak, and in the indecency of her standing there to enjoy it. Fleda had, on the prior occasion, dashed out of the room by the shortest course, and, in her confusion, had fallen upon Mona in the garden. She had taken an aimless turn with her, and they had had some talk, rendered at first difficult and almost disagreeable by Mona's apparent suspicion that she had been sent out to spy, as Mrs. Gereth had tried to spy, into her opinions. Fleda was diplomatic enough to treat these opinions as a mystery almost awful ; which had an effect so much more than reassuring that at the end of five minutes the young lady from Waterbath suddenly and perversely said : " Why has she never had a winter garden thrown out ? If ever I have a place of my own, I mean to have one." Fleda, dismayed, could see the thing, — something glazed and piped, on iron pillars, with untidy plants and cane sofas ; a shiny excrescence on the noble face of Poynton. She remembered at Waterbath a conservatory where she had caught a bad cold in the

company of a stuffed cockatoo fastened to a tropical bough, and a waterless fountain composed of shells stuck into some hardened paste. She asked Mona if her idea would be to make something like this conservatory ; to which Mona replied, " Oh no, much finer ; we have n't got a winter garden at Waterbath." Fleda wondered if she meant to convey that it was the only grandeur they lacked, and in a moment Mona went on : " But we have got a billiard-room, — that I will say for us ! " There was no billiard-room at Poynton, but there would evidently be one, and it would have, hung on its walls, framed at the " stores," caricature portraits of celebrities, taken from a " society paper."

When the two girls had gone in to breakfast, it was for Fleda to see at a glance that there had been a further passage, of some high color, between Owen and his mother ; and she had turned pale in guessing to what extremity, at her expense, Mrs. Gereth had found occasion to proceed. Had n't she, after her clumsy flight, been pressed upon Owen in still clearer terms ? Mrs. Gereth would practically have said to him : " If you 'll take *her*, I 'll move away without a sound. But if you take any one else, any one I 'm not sure of, as I am of her, Heaven help me, I 'll fight to the death ! " Breakfast, this morning, at Poynton, had been a singularly silent meal, in spite of the vague little cries with which Mrs. Brigstock turned up the under side of plates, and the knowing but alarming raps administered by her big knuckles to porcelain cups. Some one had to respond to her, and the duty assigned itself to Fleda, who, while pretending to meet her on the ground of explanation, wondered what Owen thought of a girl still indelicately anxious, after she had been grossly hurled at him, to prove by exhibitions of her fine taste that she was really what his mother pretended. This time, at any rate, their fate was sealed : Owen, as soon as he should get out of

the house, would describe to Mona that lady's extraordinary conduct, and if anything more had been wanted to "fetch" Mona, as he would call it, the deficiency was now made up. Mrs. Gereth in fact took care of that, — took care of it by the way, at the last, on the threshold, she said to the younger of her departing guests, with an irony of which the sting was wholly in the sense, not at all in the sound: "We have n't had the talk we might have had, have we? You'll feel that I've neglected you, and you'll treasure it up against me. *Don't*, because really, you know, it has been quite an accident, and I've all sorts of information at your disposal. If you should come down again (only you won't, ever, — I feel that!), I should give you plenty of time to worry it out of me. Indeed, there are some things I should quite insist on your learning; not permit you at all, in any settled way, *not* to learn. Yes, indeed, you'd put me through, and I should put you, my dear! We should have each other to reckon with, and you would see me as I really am. I'm not a bit the vague, mooning, easy creature I dare say you think. However, if you won't come, you won't, *n'en parlons plus*. It is stupid here, after what you're accustomed to. We can only, all round, do what we can, eh? For Heaven's sake, don't let your mother forget her precious publication, the female magazine, with the what-do-you-call-'em? — the grease-catchers. There!"

Mrs. Gereth, delivering herself from the doorstep, had tossed the periodical higher in air than was absolutely needful, — tossed it toward the carriage the retreating party was about to enter. Mona, from the force of habit, the reflex action of the custom of sport, had popped out, with a little spring, a long arm, and intercepted the missile as easily as she would have caused a tennis-ball to rebound from a racket. "Good catch!" Owen had cried, so genuinely pleased that practically no notice was taken of his

mother's impressive remarks. It was to the accompaniment of romping laughter, as Mrs. Gereth afterwards said, that the carriage had rolled away; but it was while that laughter was still in the air that Fleda Vetch, white and terrible, had turned upon her hostess with her scorching "How *could* you? Great God, how *could* you?" This lady's perfect blankness was, from the first, a sign of her serene conscience, and the fact that, till indoctrinated, she did n't even know what Fleda meant by resenting her late offense to every susceptibility gave our young woman a sore, scared perception that her own value in the house was just the value, as one might say, of a good agent. Mrs. Gereth was generously sorry, but she was still more surprised, — surprised at Fleda's not having liked to be shown off to Owen as the right sort of wife for him. Why not, in Heaven's name, if she absolutely *was* the right sort? She had admitted, on explanation, that she could see what her young friend meant by having been laid, as Fleda called it, at his feet; but it struck the girl that the admission was only made to please her, and that Mrs. Gereth was secretly surprised at her not being as happy to be sacrificed to the supremacy of a high standard as she was happy to sacrifice her. She had taken a tremendous fancy to her, but that was on account of the fancy — to Poynton, of course — Fleda herself had taken. Was n't this latter fancy then so great, after all? Fleda felt that she could declare it to be great indeed when really, for the sake of it, she could forgive what she had suffered, and, after reproaches and tears, asseverations and kisses, after learning that she was cared for only as a priestess of the altar and a view of her bruised dignity which left no alternative to flight, could accept the shame with the balm, consent not to depart, take refuge in the thin comfort of at least knowing the truth. The truth was simply that all Mrs. Gereth's scruples were on one side, and that her rul-

ing passion had in a manner despoiled her of her humanity. On the second day, after the tide of emotion had somewhat ebbed, she said soothingly to her companion: "But you *would*, after all, marry him, you know, darling, would n't you, if that girl were not there? I mean, of course, if he were to ask you," Mrs. Gereth had thoughtfully added.

"Marry him if he were to ask me? Most distinctly not!"

The question had not come up with this definiteness before, and Mrs. Gereth, clearly, was more surprised than ever. She marveled a moment. "Not even to have Poynton?"

"Not even to have Poynton."

"But why on earth?" Mrs. Gereth's sad eyes were fixed on her.

Fleda colored; she hesitated. "Because he's too stupid!" Save on one other occasion, at which we shall arrive, little as the reader may believe it, she never came nearer to betraying to Mrs. Gereth that she was in love with Owen. She found a dim amusement in reflecting that if Mona had not been there, and he had not been too stupid, and he verily had asked her, she might, should she have wished to keep her secret, have found it possible to pass off the motive of her action as a mere passion for Poynton.

Mrs. Gereth evidently thought of little but marriage in these days, for she broke out with sudden rapture, in the middle of the week: "I know what they'll do: they *will* marry, but they'll go and live at Waterbath!" There was positive joy in that form of the idea, which she embroidered and developed: it seemed so much the safest thing that could happen. "Yes, I'll have you, but I won't go *there*!" Mona would have said, with a vicious nod at the southern horizon: "we'll leave your horrid mother alone there for life." It would be an ideal solution, this ingress the lively pair, with their spiritual need of a warmer medium, would playfully punch in the ribs of her ancestral home; for it

would not only prevent recurring panic at Poynton; it would offer them, as in one of their gimcrack baskets or other vessels of ugliness, a definite daily felicity that Poynton could never give. Owen might manage his estate, just as he managed it now, and Mrs. Gereth would manage everything else. When, in the hall, on the unforgettable day of his return, she had heard his voice ring out like a call to a terrier, she had still, as Fleda afterwards learned, clutched frantically at the conceit that he had come, at the worst, to announce some compromise; to tell her she would have to put up with the girl, yes, but that some way would be arrived at of leaving her in possession. Fleda Vetch, whom from the first hour no illusion had brushed with its wing, now held her breath, went on tiptoe, wandered in outlying parts of the house and through delicate, muffled rooms, while the mother and son faced each other below. From time to time she stopped to listen; but all was so quiet she was almost frightened: she had vaguely expected a sound of contention. It lasted longer than she would have supposed, whatever it was they were doing; and when finally, from a window, she saw Owen stroll out of the house, stop and light a cigarette, and then pensively lose himself in the plantations, she found other matter for trepidation in the fact that Mrs. Gereth did n't immediately come rushing up into her arms. She wondered whether she ought n't to go down to her, and measured the gravity of what had occurred by the circumstance, which she presently ascertained, that the poor lady had retired to her room and wished not to be disturbed. This admonition had been for her maid, with whom Fleda conferred in lowered tones; but the girl, without either fatuity or resentment, judged that, since it could render Mrs. Gereth indifferent even to the ministrations of disinterested attachment, the scene had been tremendous.

She was absent from luncheon, where indeed Fleda had enough to do to look Owen in the face; there would be so much to make that hateful in their common memory of the passage in which his last visit had terminated. This had been her apprehension, at least; but as soon as he stood there she was constrained to wonder at the practical simplicity of the ordeal, — a simplicity which was really just his own simplicity, the particular thing that, for Fleda Vetch, some other things of course aiding, made almost any direct relation with him pleasant. He had neither wit, nor tact, nor inspiration: all she could say was that when they were together the alienation these charms were usually depended on to allay did not occur. On this occasion, for instance, he did so much better than "carry off" an awkward remembrance: he simply did not have it. He had clean forgotten that she was the girl his mother would have settled upon him; he was conscious only that she was there in a manner for service, — conscious of the dumb instinct that, from the first, had made him regard her not as complicating his intercourse with that personage, but as simplifying it. Fleda found it beautiful that this theory should have survived the incident of the other day; found it exquisite that whereas she was conscious, through faint reverberations, that for her kind little circle at large, whom it did not concern, her tendency had begun to define itself as parasitical, this strong young man, who had a right to judge her and even a reason to loathe her, did not judge and did not loathe, let her down gently, treated her as if she pleased him, and in fact evidently liked her to be just where she was. She asked herself what he did when Mona denounced her, and the only answer to the question was that perhaps Mona did not denounce her. If Mona was inarticulate, he was not such a fool, then, to marry her. That he was glad Fleda was there was at any rate sufficiently shown

by the domestic familiarity with which he said to her, "I must tell you I've been having an awful row with my mother. I'm engaged to be married to Miss Brigstock."

"Ah, really?" cried Fleda, achieving a radiance of which she was secretly proud. "How very exciting!"

"Too exciting for poor Mummy. She won't hear of it. She has been slating her fearfully. She says she's a 'barbarian.'"

"Why, she's lovely!" Fleda exclaimed.

"Oh, she's all right. Mother must come round."

"Only give her time," said Fleda. She had advanced to the threshold of the door thus thrown open to her, and, without exactly crossing it, threw in an appreciative glance. She asked Owen when his marriage would take place, and in the light of his reply read that Mrs. Gereth's wretched attitude would have no influence at all on the event, absolutely fixed when he came down, and distant by only three months. He liked Fleda seeming to be on his side, though that was a secondary matter, for what really most concerned him now was the line his mother took about the house, her declared unwillingness to give it up.

"Naturally I want my house, you know," he said, "and my father made every arrangement for me to have it. But she may make it devilish awkward. What in the world's a fellow to do?" This it was that Owen wanted to know, and there could be no better proof of his friendliness than his air of depending on Fleda Vetch to tell him. She questioned him, they spent an hour together, and, as he freely reproduced his row, she found herself saddened and frightened by the material he seemed to offer her to deal with. It was devilish awkward, and it was so in part because Owen had no imagination. It had lodged itself in that empty chamber

that his mother hated the surrender because she hated Mona. He did n't of course understand why she hated Mona, but this belonged to an order of mysteries that never troubled him: there were lots of things, especially in people's minds, that a fellow did n't understand. Poor Owen went through life with a frank dread of people's minds: there were explanations he would have been almost as shy of receiving as of giving. There was, therefore, nothing that accounted for anything, though in its way it was vivid enough, in his picture to Fleda of his mother's virtual refusal to move. That was simply what it was; for did n't she refuse to move when she as good as declared that she would move only with the furniture? It was the furniture she would n't give up; and what was the good of Poynton without the furniture? Besides, the furniture happened to be his, just as everything else happened to be. The furniture, — the word, on his lips, had somehow, for Fleda, the sound of washing-stands and copious bedding, and she could well imagine the note it might have struck for Mrs. Gereth. The girl, in this interview with him, spoke of the contents of the house only as "the works of art." It did n't, however, in the least matter to Owen what they were called; what did matter, she easily guessed, was that it had been laid upon him by Mona, been made in effect a condition of her consent, that he should hold his mother to the strictest responsibility for them. Mona had already entered upon the enjoyment of her rights. She had made him feel that Mrs. Gereth had been liberally provided for, and had asked him cogently what room there would be at Ricks for the innumerable treasures of the big house. Ricks, the sweet little place offered to the mistress of Poynton as the refuge of her declining years, had been left to the late Mr. Gereth, a considerable time before his death, by an old maternal aunt, a good lady who had spent

most of her life there. The house had in recent times been let, but it was amply furnished, it contained all the defunct aunt's possessions. Owen had lately inspected it, and he communicated to Fleda that he had quietly taken Mona to see it. It was n't a place like Poynton, — what dower-house ever was? — but it was an awfully jolly little place, and Mona had taken a tremendous fancy to it. If there were a few things at Poynton that were Mrs. Gereth's peculiar property, of course she must take them away with her; but one of the matters that became clear to Fleda was that this transfer would be immediately subject to Miss Brigstock's approval. The special business that she herself now became aware of being charged with was that of seeing Mrs. Gereth safely and singly off the premises.

Her heart failed her, after Owen had returned to London, with the ugliness of this duty, — with the ugliness, indeed, of the whole horrid conflict. She saw nothing of Mrs. Gereth that day; she spent it in roaming, with sick sighs, and feeling, as she passed from room to room, that what was expected of her companion was really dreadful. It would have been better never to have had such a place than to have had it and lose it. It was odious to *her* to have to look for solutions: what a strange relation between mother and son when there was no fundamental tenderness out of which a solution would irrepressibly spring! Was it Owen who was mainly responsible for that poverty? Fleda could n't think so when she remembered that, so far as he was concerned, Mrs. Gereth would still have been welcome to have her seat by the Poynton fire. The fact that from the moment one admitted his marriage one saw no very different course for Owen to take made her all the rest of that aching day find her best relief in the mercy of not having yet to face her hostess. She dodged and dreamed and romanced away the time; instead of inventing a remedy

or a compromise, instead of preparing a plan by which a scandal might be averted, she gave herself, in her sentient solitude, up to a mere fairy tale, up to the

very taste of the beautiful peace with which she would have filled the air, if only something might have been that could never have been.

Henry James.

CHINA AND THE WESTERN WORLD.

A RETROSPECT AND A PROSPECT.

I.

WHILE crossing any of the great oceans by steamer, and watching the dance of the waves that lift and swing the vessel, you sometimes become conscious of under movements much larger than those of the visible swells, — motion of surgings too broad to be perceived from deck. Over these unseen billowings the ship advances by long ascents and descents. If you carefully watch the visible waves, you will find that each one repeats the same phenomenon upon a very small scale. The smooth flanks of every swell are being rapidly traversed by currents of little waves, or ripples, running up and down. This surface-rippling is complicated to such a degree that it can be accurately noted only by the help of instantaneous photography. But it is so interesting to watch that if you once begin to observe it, you will presently forget all about the dimension and power of the real wave, the huge underswell over which the foaming and the rippling play.

In the study of those great events which are the surges of contemporaneous history, that which corresponds to the currents and countercurrents on the wave surface is apt to occupy public attention much more than the deeper under motion. All the confusion of details and theories furnished by official reports, by local observation and feeling, by the enterprise of trained newspaper correspondents, may have special value for some

future historian; but, like the ripples and the foam on the flanks of a wave, it covers from ordinary view that mightier motion which really made the event. Surges which break thrones or wreck civilizations are seldom considered in themselves at the moment of their passing. The sociologist may divine; but the average reader will overlook the profounder meaning of the movement, because his attention is occupied with surface aspects.

The foreign press-comments upon the war between Japan and China have furnished many illustrations of this tendency to study the ripples of an event. Probably no good history of that war — no history based upon familiarity with complete records, and upon a thorough knowledge of the social and political conditions of the Far East anterior to 1893 — can be written for at least another fifty years. Even the causes of the war have not yet been made fully known; we have only official declarations (which leave immense scope for imagination) and a host of conflicting theories. One theory is that Japan, feeling the necessity of opening her territories to foreign trade, and fearing that China might take advantage of the revision of the treaties to flood the country with Chinese emigrants, declared war for the purpose of being able to exclude China from the privileges to be accorded to Western nations. Another theory is that war was declared because ever since 1882, when

Li-Hung-Chang presented his Emperor with a memorial about plans for the "invasion of Japan," China had been preparing for an attack upon her progressive neighbor. A third theory is that Japan declared war in order to divert national feeling into less dangerous channels than those along which it had begun to flow. A fourth is that the declaration of war was designed to strengthen the hands of certain statesmen by creating a military revival. A fifth is that Japan planned the conquest of China merely to display her own military force. And there have been multitudes of other theories, some of them astonishingly ingenious and incredible; but it is safe to say that no single theory yet offered contains the truth. Nevertheless, it has been altogether on the strength of such theories that Japan's action in declaring war has been criticised; and many of the criticisms have been characterized by extraordinary injustice.¹

Now, the critics of Japanese motives and morals have been in the position of persons studying only the currents and cross-currents upon the surface of a swell. For the ideas of statesmen, the diplomacy of ministers, the vague rumors suffered to escape from cabinet councils, the official utterances, the official correspondence, the preparations, the proclamations, — all were but the superficial manifestations of the fact. The fact itself was that the vast tidal wave of Occidental civilization, rolling round the world, had lifted Japan and hurled her against China, with the result that the Chinese Empire is now a hopeless wreck. The deep, irresistible, underlying forces that set the war in motion were from the Occident; and this unquestionable fact once recognized, all criticisms of Japan from the moral standpoint become absurdly hypocritical. Another indubitable fact worth

considering is that only by doing what no Western power would have liked to attempt single-handed has Japan obtained the recognition of her rights and of her place among nations. She tore away that military scarecrow of Western manufacture which China had purchased at so great a cost, and exposed the enormous impotence which it had so long shielded.

II.

The spectacle of the power of Japan and the helplessness of China startled the Western world like the discovery of a danger. It was evident that the Japan of 1894 could execute without difficulty the famous menace uttered by Hideyoshi in the fourteenth century: "*I will assemble a mighty host, and, invading the country of the great Ming, I will fill with the hoar frost from my sword the whole sky over the four hundred provinces.*" The idea of a China dominated by Japan at once presented itself to English journalists. It would be quite possible, they declared, for Japan to annex China, since the subjugation of the country would require little more than the overthrow of an effete dynasty and the suppression of a few feeble revolts. Thus China had been conquered by a Tartar tribe; she could be subdued much more quickly by the perfectly disciplined armies of Japan. The people would soon submit to any rulers able to enforce law and order, while not interfering too much in matters of ancient custom and belief. Understanding the Chinese better than any Aryan conquerors could do, the Japanese would be able to make China the most formidable of military empires; and they might even undertake to realize the ancient Japanese prediction that the Sun's Succession was destined to rule the earth. On this subject the *St. James Gazette* was particu-

¹ Especially those made by a portion of the London press. How little the real condition of Japan was known up to the time of the war may be inferred from the fact that a leading

English journal declared ten thousand Chinese troops could easily conquer Japan *because of the absence of national feeling in the latter country!*

larly eloquent; and a few of its observations are worth quoting, as showing the fancies excited in some English minds by the first news of the Japanese triumphs:—

“The Japanese dynasty would make no startling changes; China would still be China, but it would be ‘Japanned China.’ An army and a navy, an organization by land and sea, would grow up under the hand of the Mikado. In ten or fifteen years’ time a Chino-Japanese government would have an army of two millions of men armed with European weapons. In twenty-five years the available force might be five times as great, and the first couple of millions could be mobilized as quickly, let us say, as the armies of Russia. If such a power chose to start on a career of conquest, what could resist? Nothing at present in Asia, not even Russia, could stand against it, and it might knock at the door of Europe. The combined Western powers might resist the first shock,—might overcome the first five millions of Chinese riflemen and Tartar cavalry; but behind that would come other five millions, army after army, until Europe itself was exhausted and its resources drained. If this seems a wild dream, consider what a Japan-governed China would be. Think what the Chinese are; think of their powers of silent endurance under suffering and cruelty; think of their frugality; think of their patient perseverance, their slow, dogged persistence, their recklessness of life. Fancy this people ruled by a nation of born organizers, who, half allied to them, would understand their temperament and their habits. The Oriental, with his power of retaining health under conditions under which no European could live, with his savage daring when roused, with his inborn cunning, lacks only the superior knowledge of civilization to be the equal of the European in warfare as well as in industry. In England we do not realize that in a Japanese dynasty such a

civilization would exist: we have not yet learned to look upon the Mikado as a civilized monarch, as we look upon the Czar. Yet such he is, undoubtedly. And under him the dreams of the supremacy of the yellow race in Europe, Asia, and even Africa, to which Dr. Pearson and others have given expression, would be no longer mere nightmares. Instead of speculating as to whether England or Germany or Russia is to be the next world’s ruler, we might have to learn that Japan was on its way to that position.”

The reference to Dr. Pearson shows, as we shall see hereafter, that his views had not been carefully studied by the writer. But the possibilities suggested by the *Gazette* may be said to have really existed, presupposing non-interference by Western powers. Interference was, of course, inevitable; but the danger imagined from Japan reappears in another form as a result of the interference. China under a Russian domination would be quite as dangerous to the Occident as under a Japanese domination. Russia is probably a better military organizer than Japan, and would scarcely be more scrupulous in the exploitation of Chinese military resources. If the Japanese believe that their dynasty will yet hold universal sway, not less do Russians believe that the dominion of their Czar is to spread over the whole world. For the Western powers to allow Russia to subjugate China would be even more dangerous than to suffer Japan to rule it. But while it would have been easy to prevent the annexation of China by Japan, it will not be easy to prevent the same thing from being done by Russia. A host of unpleasant political problems have thus been brought into existence by the late war. What is to be done with China, now practically at the mercy of Russia? Is her vast territory to be divided among several Western powers, as Russia desires? Is her empire to be reappropriated and maintained, like that of Turkey, so as to preserve peace? No-

body can answer such questions just now. Nothing is even tolerably certain except that China must yield to Western pressure, and that she will be industrially exploited to the uttermost, sooner or later. Meanwhile, she remains a source of peril, — the possible cause of a tremendous conflict.

Momentous as all this may seem, the new political questions stirred up by the fall of China from her position as the greatest of Far-Eastern nations are really surface questions. The most serious problem created by the late war is much broader and deeper. No international war or any other possible happening is likely to prevent the domination of China by some form of Occidental civilization; and when this becomes an accomplished fact we shall be face to face with the real danger of which Dr. Pearson's book was the prediction. All future civilization may be affected by such domination; and even the fate of the Western races may be decided by it. The great Chinese puzzle to come is neither political nor military; it cannot be solved either by statecraft or by armies; it can be decided only by the operation of natural laws, among which that of physiological economy will probably be the chief. But just as English critics of the late war ignored the real cause of that war, the huge westward surge of forces that compelled it, so do they now ignore the fact that the same war has set in motion forces of another order which may change the whole future history of mankind.

III.

The Far-Eastern question of most importance was first offered for English sociological consideration in Dr. Pearson's wonderful volume, *National Life and Character*, published about three years ago.¹ While reading a number of criticisms upon it, I was struck by

¹ By Macmillan & Co. In the *Revue Bleue* and other French periodicals some phases of the question had been previously treated by

the fact that a majority of the reviewers had failed to notice the most important portions of the argument. The rude shock given by the book to the Western pride of race, to the English sense of stability in especial, to that absolute self-confidence which constantly impels us to the extension of territory, the creation of new colonies, the development of new resources reached by force, without any suspicion that all this aggrandizement may bring its own penalty, provoked a state of mind unfavorable to impartial reflection. The idea that the white races and their civilization might perish, in competition with a race and a civilization long regarded as semi-barbarous, needed in England some philosophical patience to examine. Abroad the conditions were otherwise. Far-seeing men, who had passed the better part of their lives in China, found nothing atrocious in Dr. Pearson's book. It only expressed, with uncommon vigor and breadth of argument, ideas which their own long experience in the Far East had slowly forced upon them. But of such ideas, it was the one that most impressed the Englishman in China which least impressed the Englishman in London. A partial reason may have been that Dr. Pearson's arguments in 1893 appeared to deal with contingencies incalculably remote. But what seemed extremely remote in 1893 has ceased to seem remote since the victories of Japan. The fate of China as an empire can scarcely now be called a matter of doubt, although the methods by which it is to be decided will continue to afford food for political speculation. China must pass under the domination of Western civilization; and this simple fact will create the danger to which Dr. Pearson called attention.

It is true that the author of *National Life and Character* did consider the possible writers, but in so different a manner that the whole of Dr. Pearson's work appears as a totally original presentation of the subject.

sibility of a military awakening of China; but he also expressed his belief that it was the least likely of events, and could hardly be brought about except through the prior conversion of all China to the warrior-creed of Islam. Recent events have proved the soundness of this belief; for the war exposed a condition of official cowardice and corruption worse than had ever been imagined, — a condition which could not fail to paralyze any attempt to rouse the race out of lethargy. With the close of the campaign the world felt convinced that no military regeneration of China was possible under the present dynasty. Spasmodic attempts at revolution followed; but some of these exhausted themselves in the murder of a few foreign missionaries and in foolish attacks upon mission stations, with the usual consequences of Christian retaliation, — executions and big indemnities; and other uprisings, even in the Mohammedan districts, have failed to accomplish anything beyond local disorder. Nothing like a general revolution now appears possible. Without it the reigning dynasty cannot be overthrown except by foreign power; and under that dynasty there is not even the ghost of a chance for military reforms. Indeed, it is doubtful if the Western powers would now permit China to make herself as strong as she was imagined to be only two years ago. In her present state she will have to obey those powers. She will have to submit to their discipline within her own borders, but not to such discipline as would enable her to create formidable armies. Nevertheless, it is just that kind of discipline which she will have to learn that is most likely to make her dangerous. *The future danger from China will be industrial, and will begin with the time that she passes under Occidental domination.*

IV.

For the benefit of those who have not read his book, it may be well to repro-

duce some of Dr. Pearson's opinions about this peril, and also to say a few words about the delusion, or superstition, which opposes them. This delusion is that all weaker peoples are destined to make way for the great colonizing white races, leaving the latter sole masters of the habitable world. This flattering belief is without any better foundation in fact than the extermination of some nomadic and some savage peoples of a very low order of capacity. Such extinctions have been comparatively recent, and for that reason undue importance may have been attached to them. Older history presents us with facts of a totally different character, with numerous instances of the subjugation of the civilized by the savage, and of the destruction of a civilization by barbarian force. It would also be well to remember that the most advanced of existing races is very far from being the highest race that has ever existed. One race, at least, has disappeared which was immensely superior, both physically and morally, to the English people of to-day. I quote from Francis Galton: "The average ability of the Athenian race was, on the lowest possible estimate, nearly two grades higher than our own, — that is, about as much as the ability of our race is above that of the African negro. This estimate, which may seem prodigious to some, is confirmed by the quick intelligence and high culture of the Athenian commonalty, before whom literary works were recited, and works of art exhibited, of a far more severe character than could possibly be appreciated by the average of our age, — the calibre of whose intellect is easily gauged by a glance at the contents of a railway book-stall. . . . If we could raise the average standard of our own race only *one* grade, what vast changes would be produced! . . . The number of men of natural gifts equal to those of the eminent men of the present day would be increased tenfold [2433 to a million, instead of 233]."

Mr. Galton goes on to prove that, could we raise the average ability to the Athenian level, or *two* grades higher, the result would be that for every six men of extraordinary ability whom England can now produce, she would then produce thirteen hundred and fifty-five.¹ Perhaps so gifted a race will never again appear upon earth. Yet it has utterly disappeared. Probably the remark will be made that its disappearance was due chiefly, as Mr. Galton seems to believe, to moral laxity. Well, the very title of Dr. Pearson's book ought to have indicated to those who reviewed it superficially that he was considering the probable results of moral laxity upon modern civilization. One of our dangers is to be sought in the ever-increasing greed of pleasure and the decay of character. The mental and the moral capacities of the so-called higher races are showing, Dr. Pearson believed, those signs of exhaustion which would indicate that the maximum development of our civilization has almost been reached. The fact is certainly significant that the most naturally gifted of all European races, the French, is showing itself, like the Athenian race, relatively though not normally infertile. There are doubtless other causes for this, such as those considered by Mr. Spencer;² but the decay of character can scarcely be the least. For all Occidental civilization this will be one of the perils from within. The peril from without will be the industrial competition of the Far East.

Before we consider Dr. Pearson's views, another remark may be offered about the exaggerated belief of the Western races in their own unparalleled superiority. Monstrous as may seem to

some the fancy that a non-Christian Oriental race may be able to dominate Christendom in the future, we have to face the fact that a non-Christian and an Oriental people financially rule Western civilization to-day. The world's finances are practically in the hands of a race persecuted by Christianity for thirteen centuries, — a race undoubtedly modified in the Occident by large interfusion of Western blood, but nevertheless markedly preserving its Oriental and unmistakable characteristics. And the recent anti-Semitic manifestations in Europe represent the modern acknowledgment of Aryan inability to cope with particular powers possessed by that race. I might even cite from a remarkable German study, published about ten years ago, and written to prove that whenever the percentage of Hebrews in a Gentile population begins to exceed a certain small figure, then "life becomes intolerable for the Gentiles." But I wish to call attention to general rather than to special superiority. The intellectual power of the Jew is by no means limited to business. The average of Jewish ability surpasses that of the so-termed Aryan in a far greater variety of directions than is commonly known. Out of 100,000 Western celebrities, the proportion of Jews to Europeans in philology, for example, is 123 to 13; in music, it is 71 to 11; in medicine, it is 49 to 31; in natural science, it is 25 to 22.³ In departments of genius as diverse as those of chess-playing and acting, the Jewish superiority is also powerfully marked. It has been said that the Jewish capacity was developed by Christian persecution; but, not to mention the fact that such persecution selected its victims rather from

¹ Hereditary Genius, "On the Comparative Worth of Different Races," pages 329-332, edition of 1892. Concerning the physical development of the Greek race, I would recommend the reader to glance at Taine's extraordinary grouping of evidence bearing on the question, in his *Philosophie de l'Art* and in

L'Idéal dans l'Art. Mr. Mahaffy has written a book to prove the English boy superior to the Greek boy; but his argument involves the denial of facts accepted by equally good authority.

² Principles of Biology, vol. ii. chap. xii.

³ I take the figures accepted by Lombroso. See his *Man of Genius*.

the best than from the worst of a Jewish population, this explanation would place within comparatively recent times the evolution of mental powers which have distinguished the race from the most ancient times. Jewish capacity was rather the cause than the consequence of persecution. Ages before Christianity (as might be inferred even from Genesis and from Exodus, or from the book of Esther) the race had been hated and persecuted because of its capacity. That capacity was restrained by special legal disabilities in Rome. It provoked murder and pillage even under the tolerant rule of the Arabs in Spain;¹ and the attitude of Mohammedan races toward the Jews in Africa and in Asia has been, on the whole, scarcely more tolerant than that of Christian nations.

So much for the fancied mental supremacy of the Western nations. The delusion that other races are providentially destined to disappear before the so-called Aryan has been attacked by Dr. Pearson with a vast array of systematized facts and observations, including the results of studies made by himself in many parts of the world. Although it is true that some races, unable to bear the discipline of our civilization, have already disappeared, or are quickly disappearing, — such as the Tasmanian and Australian aborigines, certain Maori peoples, and North American Indian tribes, — Dr. Pearson has shown that these accomplished or threatened extinctions illustrate only the exceptions to the general rule of the effect of Western expansion upon alien races. Under our social system the condition of being able to live is to work hard, to work steadily, and to work intelligently. Those unable to do this either perish at once, or sink into the slough of vice and crime which underlies all our civilization, or else find themselves reduced to a condition of mis-

ery worse than any normal experiences of savage life. But there are many inferior races, both savage and semi-savage, which thrive under the discipline of the higher races, and so multiply after the introduction of Occidental order into their territory that their multiplication itself becomes an effective check upon the further growth of the dominating race. Thus the Kaffir has multiplied under British protection, and the Javanese under Dutch. Thus the populations of the Straits Settlements and of British India steadily increase. The history of the various English, French, and Dutch colonies yields wide evidence that many weaker races, far from vanishing before the white, greatly increase in number. Such increase necessarily sets a limit to white multiplication in those regions, — seeing that all labor needed can be supplied by natives at rates for which no white men would work, even supposing the climate were in all cases favorable to Europeans.

Climate, however, is another question in this relation. Climate also sets a limit — probably a perpetual limit — to the expansion of the higher races. The tropics, apparently, can never become their habitat. In what has been termed the "pyrogenic region" the white races cannot maintain themselves without the aid of other races. Their domination now, as in the past, we find to depend upon constant supplies of fresh strength from a colder region, and their numbers have never increased beyond an insignificant figure. The West Indies, from which the white race is slowly but surely vanishing, furnish a strong example: the estates are passing into the hands of the former slave race. Tropical Africa may be held, but never can be peopled by Europeans. Left to themselves for a few generations, the English in Hindustan would vanish utterly, like those Greek conquerors who, after Alexander, ruled Indian kingdoms. The state of Spanish and Portuguese tropical colonies in both hemispheres tells

¹ For particulars of the rising against the Jews in Spain under the Arabs, see Dozy's history.

eloquently the story of the limits set by nature to white expansion.¹

In the temperate zone, where the Western races come into contact with races indubitably civilized, though in some respects less highly organized, the former can only temporarily gain ground, for the white races can be most effectually underlived by peoples of nearly equal intelligence in production and in commerce. The Occidentals may conquer and rule, but they have even less chance of multiplying at the expense of Chinese than of multiplying at the expense of Hindus. All the great Oriental races have proved themselves able to learn enough of the wisdom of the West to more than hold their own in matters of manufacture and trade. Under Occidental government a civilized Oriental race not only grows, but grows rich. In the matter of labor, whether common or skilled, the white artisan has no chance to compete with Orientals upon their own soil, or — except in the manufactures wholly depending upon the applied sciences — upon any other soil. White labor has never been able to compete on equal terms with Oriental labor.

V.

Those confessions, which all European nations have made at various epochs of their history, — and which some have made in our own time, — of inability to cope with the Jewish people upon equal terms have other sociological meanings than such as might be implied by difference in average mental ability. They must also be considered as suggestive of the incapacity of societies not yet emerged from the militant stage to compete with a people essentially commercial from an epoch long anterior to the foundation of those societies. It is noteworthy that just in proportion as the militant form

of society has changed toward the industrial, anti-Semitic feeling has diminished, whereas it is strengthened again by any reverse social tendency. The most essentially industrial nations, America and England, to-day give no exhibitions of anti-Semitic feeling; but with the military expansion of other societies or the marked return to military forms we find the sentiment reviving. Russia, Germany, and even republican France have given manifestations of it; those of Russia proving absolutely mediæval and ferocious.

Now, we must remember, while considering the question of future race competition in the Far East, that the evolution of Occidental civilization from the militant toward the industrial state is yet far from complete, as its propensities to aggression bear witness; while the Chinese, however much below our level in certain phases of development, are a people that reached the industrial type of society thousands of years ago.

In Dr. Pearson's book it is plainly stated that the industrial competition of China would be incomparably more dangerous to Western civilization than that of any other nation, not only because of its multiformity, but also because it is a competition to which nature has set no climatic limits. Thrifty and patient and cunning as Jews, the Chinese can accommodate themselves to any climate and to any environment. They can live in Java or in Siberia, in Borneo or in Thibet. Unlike the modern Jews, however, they are more to be feared in industry than in commerce; for there is scarcely any form of manual skilled labor at which they are not capable of killing white competition. Their history in Australia has proved this fact. But in commerce also they are able to hold their own against the cleverest merchants of other races.

¹ Long before Dr. Pearson, Herbert Spencer had noticed these limits. He had also observed, "With social organisms, as with individual organisms, the evolution of superior types does not entail the extinction of all inferior ones."

(Sociology, vol. ii.) But Mr. Spencer has never given detailed attention to the special problems first studied in detail by the author of *National Life and Character*.

They are adepts at combination, excellent financiers, shrewd and daring speculators. Though not yet rivals of Europeans in that class of production dependent upon the application of modern science to manufacture, they have given proof of ability to master that science whenever the study can profit them. They are learning thoroughly the commercial conditions of every country which they visit; and though the history of their emigration began within recent times, they are already to be found in almost every part of the world. They have swarmed along the coasts of North and South America, and found their way to the West Indies. Every part of the East knows them. They do business in the cities of India; they created Singapore. They have multiplied in the Malay peninsula, in Sumatra, in Hawaii, in numbers of islands. They are said to have provoked, by threatening the existence of Dutch rule in Java, the massacre in which nine thousand of their race perished. Both Australia and the United States have found it necessary to legislate against their immigration; and the Chinese ability to supplant the Malay races in the Eastern tropics has produced astonishing results within the memory of men now living.

What America and Australia have been obliged to protect themselves from, all Europe may have cause to fear before the close of the next century. Once China has been penetrated by the forces of Western civilization, her population will begin to display new activities, and to expand in all possible directions. Chinese competition will have to be faced, probably, very much sooner than had been expected.

VI.

A very significant fact bearing upon this problem has been furnished by the influence of Occidental civilization in Japan.

Although the author who declared the Western type of society to be, in many

respects, "one of the most horrible that has ever existed in the world's history" was certainly more than half right; although it is true that we see "boundless luxury and self-indulgence at one end of the scale, and at the other a condition of life as cruel as that of a Roman slave, and more degraded than that of a South-Sea islander;" although our civilization be one which opens the gate of fortune to aggressive cunning, and closes it as long as possible against the highest qualities of character and of intellect, — nevertheless that civilization enormously multiplies the chances for energy, for talent, for practical abilities of almost every description. While crushing and destroying in one direction, it opens a hundred ways for escape in another. Though the feeble, the stupid, and the vicious are brayed alive, the strong, the clever, and the self-controlled are not only aided, but are compelled to better themselves. The condition of success is not merely that effort shall be constant, but also that the force of the effort itself shall be constantly increased; and those able to fulfill that condition without a mental or a physical break-down are tolerably certain to win at last what they wish, — perhaps even more than they wish. While the effort exacted is large, the return is, in the majority of normal cases, more than proportional. Life must be lived upon a bigger scale than in the past; but the means so to live can be earned by the more vigorous. Although, by the law of antagonism between individuation and genesis, the higher races ought to be the less fertile races, other conditions being equal, they are not so, having been able to create for themselves conditions unknown in previous eras, and opportunities still undreamed of by races accustomed to simple natural living. Hence the phenomenon that a non-Aryan race, able and willing to adopt Western civilization, or even to submit contentedly to its discipline, will begin to multiply more rapidly under the new

conditions, even while those conditions entail forms of suffering previously unknown. Up to a certain stage of development the opportunities of life will be increased even more than the difficulties; for previous resources will be enlarged, and new ones found and developed, while countless means of conquering natural obstacles will be furnished by scientific knowledge to those capable of using them.

Penetrated by the influences of Western civilization, the population of Japan began almost simultaneously to expand. Within twenty-two years it has increased *more than twenty-five per cent.* In the year 1872 it was 33,110,825. In 1892 it was 41,388,313. It is now over 42,000,000. And this increase has been in despite of repeated epidemics, and great losses of life due to floods and earthquakes. Improved sanitation, enforcement of hygienic laws, attention given to drainage and to systems of water supply have certainly helped the increase, but could not alone explain it. The explanation is to be sought rather in the greatly widened opportunities of life furnished by the sudden development of the country. During the same period the increase in the total volume of the export and import trade has been 534 per cent. The total of customs duties has more than quadrupled. Wages are said to have risen 37 per cent.¹ Among facts showing agricultural development is the increase in the area of cultivated land. That of land under wheat and barley is put at 58.5 per cent, and of land under rice at 8.4. Improved methods of agriculture may help to account for the increase of rice production by 25.5 per cent during the last fifteen years alone. In the same period of fifteen years, the increase in silk production has been 300.2 per cent, and in that of tea

240.3. In the year 1883 there were 84 manufactories using steam or hydraulic power. In the year 1893 there were 1163; in cotton-spinning the development has been enormous, — 1014 per cent in a single decade.

I think that the myriad new opportunities to earn a little more than a good living which this immense expansion implies should suffice of themselves to account for that increase of population which is even now offering a new problem to the Japanese government, and which has been only temporarily met by the acquisition of Formosa and the Pescadores, by the project for a Japanese Mexican colony, by the shipment of laborers to Hawaii and to other places, and by the overflow into Australia, where the Japanese labor question threatens to become as unpleasant as was the Chinese question in Dr. Pearson's time. The whole meaning of this increase of population will best appear when I remind the reader that, in one sense of the term, the Japanese are by no means a fertile race. Large families are comparatively rare, — a family of nine or ten children being quite uncommon, and the birth of twins so rare as to be considered an anomaly. Nevertheless, the Japanese population has increased over 25 per cent, while that of England has increased only about 7 per cent. This, of course, is temporary, and a check must eventually come; but the period of that check is apparently still far off.

Imagine, then, the consequence of a corresponding commercial and industrial development upon a Chinese population of four or five hundred millions, — probably more fertile than the Japanese, declared by the Japanese themselves superior in all the craft of commerce and the secrets of finance, matchless as mere mechanical workers, and capable of liv-

¹ Probably at the open ports only. I take these figures from the Japan Daily Mail, which republished them from the Kokuminno-Tomo. I personally know, however, that in some pro-

vinces there has been yet practically no rise in wages worth mentioning. The cost of skilled labor in the open ports has increased greatly.

ing and multiplying under conditions according to which the Japanese artisan would refuse to live! Compel China to do what Japan has voluntarily done, and the increase of her population within one century will probably be a phenomenon without parallel in the past history of the world.

VII.

Here, however, there come up some doubts to be considered. *Can* China be forced to develop herself as Japan has done? And is not Western industrialism likely to be protected from Chinese competition by the irreducible character of Chinese conservatism? Japanese development has been voluntary, patriotic, eager, earnest, unselfish. But will not the Chinaman of the year 2000 resemble in all things the familiar Chinaman of to-day?

I must presume to express a conviction that the character of Chinese conservatism has never been fully understood in the West, and that it is just in the peculiar one-sidedness of that conservatism that the peril reveals itself. Japan has certainly been more thoroughly studied than China; yet even the character of Japan was so little understood two years ago that her defeat by China was predicted as a matter of course. Japan was imagined to be a sort of miniature of China, — probably because of superficial resemblances created by her adoption of Chinese civilization. It often occurs to me that the old Jesuit missionaries understood the difference of the races infinitely better than even our diplomats do to-day. When, after having studied the wonderful quaint letters of these ecclesiastics, one reads the judgments uttered about the Far East by modern journalists, and the absurdly untruthful reports sent home by our English and American missionaries, it is difficult to believe that we have not actually retrograded, either in common

honesty or in knowledge of the Orient. I tried to make plain in a former paper¹ that a characteristic of Japanese life was its fluidity; and also that this characteristic was not of yesterday. All the modern tales about the former rigidity of Japanese society — about the conservation of habits and customs unchanged through centuries — are mostly pure fiction. The assimilative genius of the race is the proof. Assimilative genius is not the characteristic of a people whose customs and habits have been conservatively fixed beyond the reach of change. "A mind that would grow," said Clifford, "must let no ideas become permanent except such as lead to action. Towards all others it must maintain an attitude of absolute receptivity, — admitting all, being modified by all, but permanently biased by none. To become crystallized, fixed, in opinion and mode of thought is to lose that great characteristic of life by which it is distinguished from inanimate nature, — the power of adapting itself to circumstances. This is true even of the race. . . . And if we consider that a race, *in proportion as it is plastic and capable of change*, may be considered as young and vigorous, . . . we shall see the immense importance of checking the growth of conventionalities."² The relation between the essentially mobile and plastic character of Japanese society and that assimilative genius which could successively adopt and remodel for its own peculiar needs two utterly different forms of civilization should certainly be obvious. But according to the same sociological law expressed by Professor Clifford, the Chinese race would be doomed to disappear, or at least to shrink up into some narrow area, — supposing it really incapable of modification. In Europe the generally received opinion about China seems to be that her conservatism is like the conservatism of the ancient Egyptians, and must

¹ See *The Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1895.

² *Lectures and Essays*, "Some Conditions of Mental Development."

eventually leave her people in a state of changeless subservience like that of the modern fellaheen. But is this opinion true?

Perhaps we should look in vain through the literature of any other equally civilized people for a record like that in the *Li-Ki*, which tells us that anciently, in China, persons "guilty of changing what had been definitely settled," and of using or making "strange garments, wonderful contrivances, and extraordinary implements," were put to death! But modern China is not to be judged by her ancient literature, but by her present life. Men who know China also know that Chinese conservatism does not extend to those activities which belong to trade, to industry, to commerce or speculation. It is a conservatism in beliefs, ethics, and customs, and has nothing to do with business. A conservatism of this sort may be a source of power; it is not likely to be a source of weakness. Whether in Japan or in India, Canada or Australia, Cuba or Chili, Siberia or Burmah, the Chinaman remains a Chinaman. But while so remaining he knows how to utilize the modern inventions of industry, the modern facilities of communication, the new resources of commerce. He knows the value of cable codes; he charts steamers, builds factories, manages banks, profits by the depreciation or the rise of exchange, makes "corners," organizes stock companies, hires steam or electricity to aid him in his manufacturing or speculating.¹ As a merchant his commercial integrity is recognized by the foreign merchants, of every nation, who deal with him. He keeps his costume and his creed, observes his national rules of propriety, maintains his peculiar cult at home; but the home may be a granite front in America, a bungalow in India,

a bamboo hut in Sumatra, a brick cottage in New Zealand, a fireproof two-story in Japan. He avails himself of the best he can afford abroad when the use of the best is connected with a commercial advantage; and when this is not the case he can put up with much worse than the worst. His conservatism never interferes with his business: it is a domestic matter, a personal matter, affecting only his intimate life, his private expenditure. His pleasures and even his vices — provided he be not a gambler — are comparatively inexpensive; and he clings to the simplicity of his ancestral habits even while controlling — like the Chinese merchant at the next corner of the street in which I live — a capital of hundreds of thousands. This is his strength; and in our own West, through centuries, it has been the strength of the Jews.

Perhaps China can never be made to do all that Japan has done; but she will certainly be made to do what has given Japan her industrial and commercial importance. She is hemmed in by a steadily closing ring of foreign enemies: Russia north and west, France and England south, and all the sea power of the world threatening her coast. That she will be dominated is practically certain; the doubt is, how and by whom. Russia cannot be trusted with the control of those hundreds of millions; and a partition of Chinese territory would present many difficult problems. Very possibly she will be long allowed to retain her independence in name, after having lost it in fact. She will not be permitted to exclude foreigners from her interior during any great length of time. If she will not build railroads and establish telegraph lines, the work will be done by foreign capital, and she will have to pay

¹ At the time of the great silver depreciation a clever trick was reported from one of the Chinese open ports. Some Chinese forgers were able to put into circulation a considerable quantity of unlawful coin; but when the coin was

examined it proved to be true metal! Nevertheless, a handsome profit must have been made, because of the temporary difference between the market price of silver and the value of the money.

for it in the end. She will be exploited as much as possible; and, for the sake of the exploiters, foreign military power will force order, sanitary law compel cleanliness, engineering provide against catastrophes. She cannot be compelled to change her creeds or to study Western science in all her schools; but she will have to work very hard, and to keep her cities free from plague. By remaining otherwise unchanged, she will become, not less dangerous, but more dangerous.

From the most ancient times Chinese multiplication has been checked at intervals by calamities of such magnitude that, to find any parallel for them in Western history, we must recall the slaughters of the Crusades and the ravages of the Black Death. Enormous famines, enormous inundations, frightful revolutions provoked by misery, have periodically thinned the number of China's millions. Even in our own era there have been disasters too large for the imagination to realize without difficulty. The Tai-ping rebellion cost twenty millions of lives, the later Mohammedan revolt in the West more than two million five hundred thousand; and comparatively recent famines and floods have also swept millions out of existence. But whatever Western power rule China hereafter, that power will have to oppose and to overcome, for reasons of self-interest, all those natural or unnatural checks upon multiplication which have hitherto kept the population at a relatively constant figure. The cholera and the plague must be conquered, the inundations must be prevented, the famines must be provided against, and infanticide must be prohibited.

As for the new political situation in the East, the guarantee of the Chinese indemnity to Japan by Russia, the rumors of a European combination to offset Russia's financial diplomacy, the possibilities of an Anglo-Japanese alliance, the supposed project for a Russian railway through Manchuria, the story of a secret

Russo-Chinese compact, the state of anarchy in Korea following upon the brutal murder of the queen, the tangle of interests and the confusion of perils, — all this I confess myself utterly unable to express any opinion about. At this writing nothing appears clear except that China will be controlled, and that Japan has become a new and important factor in all international adjustments or readjustments of the balance of power in the Pacific.

VIII.

No successful attempt has yet been made, by any one familiar with the Far East, to controvert the views of Dr. Pearson. Not one of the many antagonistic reviews of his work has even yielded proof of knowledge competent to deal with his facts. Professor Huxley indeed suggested — in a short appreciative note appended to his essay, *Methods and Results of Ethnology*¹ — that future therapeutic science might find ways to render the tropics less uninhabitable for white races than Dr. Pearson believed. But this suggestion does not touch the question of obstacles, more serious than fever, which a tropical climate offers to intellectual development, nor the question of race competition in temperate climates, nor any of the important social problems to which Dr. Pearson called attention. Religious criticisms of the book have been numerous and hostile; but they have contained nothing more noteworthy than the assertion that Dr. Pearson's opinions were due to his want of faith in Providence. Such a statement amounts only to the alarming admission that we should hope for some miracle to save us from extermination. Various journalists on this side of the world have ventured the supposition that a Western domination of China might gradually force up the standard of Chinese living to such a degree as would leave Oriental competition no more to be dreaded than international competition at home; and

¹ Collected Essays, 1894.

they have cited the steady increase of the cost of life in Japan as a proof of the possibility. But even could it be shown that the cost of living in Japan is likely, say at the close of the twentieth century, to equal the average cost of life in Europe, it were still poor reasoning to argue that the influence of Occidental civilization must necessarily produce similar results in China, under absolutely different conditions and among a people of totally opposite character. What distinguishes the Chinese race from every other civilized race is 'their inherent power to resist, under all imaginable circumstances, every influence calculated to raise their standard of living. The men who best know China are just the men who cannot conceive the possibility of raising the standard of Chinese living to the Western level. Eventually, under foreign domination, the social conditions would certainly be modified, but never so modified as to render Chinese competition less dangerous, because the standard of living would not be very materially affected by any social reforms. On the other hand, it is not difficult to imagine conditions at home which would rapidly force down the living-standard, and manifest themselves later in a shrinkage of population. That the future industrial competition between Occident and Orient must be largely decided by physiological economy is not to be doubted, and the period of the greatest possible amount of human suffering is visibly approaching. The great cause of human suffering, and therefore of all progress in civilization, has been pressure of population; but the worst, as Herbert Spencer long since pointed out, has yet to come: "Though by the emigration that takes place when the pressure arrives at a certain intensity temporary relief is from time to time obtained, yet as by this process all habitable countries must become peopled, it

¹ Principles of Biology, "Human Population in the Future," vol. ii. chap. xiii.

follows that in the end the pressure, whatever it may then be, must be borne in full."¹ In such an epoch the races of the Occident can only maintain their standard of living by forcing other races out of existence; and in the mere ability to live they will probably find themselves overmatched.

What Chinese competition would then mean cannot be imagined without a clear understanding of one ugly fact which distinguishes modern civilization in the West from ancient civilization in the Far East, — its monstrous egotism. As Professor Huxley has shown, the so-called "struggle for existence" in Western society is not really a struggle to live, but a struggle to enjoy, and therefore something far more cruel than a contest for the right to exist.² According to Far-Eastern philosophy, any society founded upon such a system of selfish and sensual intercompetition is doomed to perish; and Far-Eastern philosophy may be right. At all events, the struggle to come will be one between luxurious races, accustomed to regard pleasure, at any cost, as the object of existence, and a people of hundreds of millions disciplined for thousands of years to the most untiring industry and the most self-denying thrift, under conditions which would mean worse than death for our working masses, — a people, in short, quite content to strive to the uttermost in exchange for the simple privilege of life.

Pessimistic as Dr. Pearson's views seemed to most readers at the time when his book was first published, they now command more attention than was accorded to them before the late war between China and Japan. They are forcing new convictions and new apprehensions. It is certain that the conditions of society in Western countries are not now ameliorating; and it is not difficult to believe that the decay of faith,

² Evolution of Ethics, Prolegomena, xiv.

the substitution of conventionalism for true religion, the ever-growing hunger of pleasure, the constant aggravation of suffering, may be signs of that senescence which precedes the death of a civilization. It is possible that the races of the Occident have almost exhausted their capacity for further development, and even that, as distinct races, they are doomed to disappear. Nor is it unnatural to suppose that the future will belong to the races of the Far East.

But a more optimistic view of the future is also possible. Though there be signs in Western civilization of the disintegration of existing social structures, there are signs also of new latent forces that will recreate society upon another and a more normal plan. There are unmistakable growing tendencies to international union, to the most complete industrial and commercial federation. International necessities are rapidly breaking down old prejudices and conservatisms, while developing cosmopolite feeling. The great fraternities of science and of art have declared themselves independent of country or class or creed, and recognize only the aristocracy of intellect. Few thinkers would now smile at the prediction that international war will be made impossible, or doubt the coming realization of Victor Hugo's dream of the "United States of Europe." And this would signify nothing less than the final obliteration of national frontiers, the removal of all barriers between European peoples, the ultimate fusion of Western races into one vast social organism. Such fusion is even now visibly beginning. The tendency of Western civilization in its present form is to unite the strong while crushing the weak, and individual superiority seeks its affiliations irrespective of nationality.

But the promise of international coalescence in the West suggests the probability of far larger tendencies to unification in the remoter future, — to unification

not of nations only, but of widely divergent races. The evolutionary trend would seem to be toward universal brotherhood, without distinctions of country, creed, or blood. It is neither unscientific nor unreasonable to suppose the world eventually peopled by a race different from any now existing, yet created by the blending of the best types of all races; uniting Western energy with Far-Eastern patience, northern vigor with southern sensibility, the highest ethical feelings developed by all great religions with the largest mental faculties evolved by all civilizations; speaking a single tongue composed from the richest and strongest elements of all preëxisting human speech; and forming a society unimaginably unlike, yet also unimaginably superior to, anything which now is or has ever been.

To many the mere thought of a fusion of races will be repellent, because of ancient and powerful prejudices once essential to national self-preservation. But as a matter of scientific fact we know that none of the present higher races is really a pure race, but represents the blending, in prehistoric times, of races that have individually disappeared from the earth. All our prejudices of nationality and race and creed have doubtless had their usefulness, and some will probably continue to have usefulness for ages to be; but the way to the highest progress can be reached only through the final extinction of all prejudice, — through the annihilation of every form of selfishness, whether individual or national or racial, that opposes itself to the evolution of the feeling of universal brotherhood. The great Harvey said, "*Our progress is from self-interest to self-annihilation.*" Modern thought indorses the truth of that utterance. But the truth itself is older by thousands of years than Harvey; for it was spoken, long before the age of Christ, by the lips of the Buddha.

Lafcadio Hearn.

THE FLUTE.

*Puffed up with luring to her knees
 The rabbits from the blackberries,
 Quaint little satyrs, and shy, and mute,
 That limped reluctant to the flute,
 She needs must seek the forest's womb
 And pipe up tigers from green gloom.*

Grouped round the dreaming oaten quill
 Those sumptuous savages were still,
 Rich spectral beasts that feared to stir,
 And haughty and wistful gazed on her,
 And swayed their sleepy masks in time,
 And growled a drowsy under-rhyme.

Tune done, that agile fancy stopped,
 The lingering notes in mid-air dropped;
 The flute stole from her parted kiss,
 Her cheeks for sorcery burned with bliss.
 Then grew a deadly muttering there;
 And sudden yellow eyes aglare
 Blazed furious over wrinkled lips
 And teeth on her. Her finger-tips
 Trembled a little as they woke
 The second tune beneath the oak,
 A lilt that charmed and lulled to mute
 The uneasy soul within the brute.

And all that warbling ecstasy
 Was winged with terror, and daintily
 Ceased on the wild and tragic face
 And desperate huddle of her grace:
 For with the hush began to gride
 Their sullen, soulless, evil-eyed,
 Intolerable rage, blown hot
 Upon her. The third tune was caught
 With trouble from unuttered air:
 And still as autumn they sat there.

The breathless seventh tune died out
 Like withered laughter: all about
 The frantic silence ran a race.
 She stirred, she moaned, she crawled a space.
 There leaped a vast and thunderous roar;
 A huge heart-shaking tumult tore
 About the oak. Flinging away,
 They trod the stained flute where it lay.

OLD-TIME SUGAR-MAKING.

AFTER the Ides of March, the faint exhalations that always pervade the forest are overborne in maple woodlands by wafts of an odor of mingled pungency and sweetness. A native need not trace it to its source to be informed that sugar-making has begun. But if one were impelled to run counter on the aerial trail, here dissolved to invisibility in the tempered air, there crawling through it, an attenuated film of blue vapor, further on enfolding twigs and branches in a thicker cloud, it would soon lead him among maples dripping their sap through metal spouts into bright tin buckets, with a liquid, musical tinkle as pleasant to the ear as the subtle aroma of the woods is to the nostrils. In the midst of a wide cordon of these steadfast sentinels that signal with a faint clangor of fairy kettledrums the approaches of spring, he would find the modern sugar-house, windowed, doored, chimneyed, and perhaps painted, and in every way quite at odds with its sylvan neighborhood. The homely picturesqueness that the artist and the poet love has been sacrificed to profit, comfort, and convenience, in the prim modern sugar-house with its patent evaporators and automatic feeders.

The rude shanty that sheltered the old-time sugar-makers was part and parcel of the woods, as picturesque as an old tree, its log walls and bark roof as mossy, and gray with lichens. The whole front was its always open door hospitably welcoming every comer to the freedom of the interior, a seat on an inverted sap-tub, or a place on the bed of straw or fir twigs. There were a few utensils—a dipper, skimmer, and frying-pan—hanging on the walls; a gun leaning in one corner, a pair of snowshoes and a neck-yoke for carrying sap in the other. Its furniture was scarcely as complete as that of an Indian wigwam.

Close in front was a fireplace of rudest construction, a mere low wall of rough stones, partially fencing in the heat on three sides, while from the fourth warmth and light poured into the interior of the building. The chimney was wide as the world, and the smoke at the will of every wind, often making a smoke-house of the shanty, whose inmates took refuge outside, or held steadfast in the belief that smoke is wholesome, or flattered themselves with the old adage that beauty draws smoke.

A great potash-kettle was hung over the fire by a log chain from the end of a goodly straight tree, trimmed of its branches, and pivoted and balanced on a stump so that the kettle could be swung off or over the fire at will. At a convenient distance, beside the fireplace, stood the store-trough, hollowed out of a huge trunk, and large enough for a giant's bathtub. There was a small kettle at hand for the final process of sugaring-off: and this completed the outfit of the camp, which with everything that pertained to it was in perfect harmony with its wild environment.

Old-time sugar-makers tapped the trees by chopping a slanting notch in the sap-wood; then they drove a gouge well in beneath the lower end of the notch, and inserted a wooden spout in the gouge cut. The method was primitive and barbarous enough to have originated with the Indians, and it is not unlikely that it did, and was learned of them by the first white sugar-makers, then passed down from generation to generation of their descendants, till some one hit upon the neater device of using the gouge for the entire operation, and a later some one invented the more expeditious plan of boring the tree with an auger, and plugging the hole with a round-tipped spout of pithy sumac.

The old giants bore their wounds bravely, healing them year after year, and year after year suffering new ones, till they were belted with scars, and out of a fresh wound in an old cicatrix their colorless blood dripped where it had first fallen into the rough-hewn sap-trough, or it may be into the more convenient wooden bucket.

It does not appear that any record was made of aboriginal methods of tapping the maple and converting its sap into sugar, nor is the oldest maple old enough to tell us, though it had the gift of speech or sign-making intelligible to us. We can only guess that the primitive Algonquin laboriously inflicted a barbarous wound with his stone hatchet, and with a stone gouge cut a place for a spout, so far setting the fashion which was long followed by white men, with only the difference that better tools made possible. Or we may guess that the Indian, taking a hint from his little red brother, Niquasese, the squirrel, who taps the smooth-barked branches, broke these off and caught the sap in suspended vessels of birch bark, than which no cleaner and sweeter receptacle could be imagined. Doubtless the boiling was done in the earthen kokhs, or pots, some of which had a capacity of several gallons. According to Indian myths, it was taught by a Heaven-sent instructor.

The true story of the discovery of maple-sugar making is in the legend of Woksis, the mighty hunter. Going forth one morning to the chase, he bade Moqua, the squaw of his bosom, have a choice cut of moose meat boiled for him when he should return; and that she might be reminded of the time he stuck a stake in the snow, and made a straight mark out from it in the place where its shadow would then fall. She promised strict compliance, and, as he departed, she hewed off the desired tidbit with her sharpest stone knife, and filling her best kokh with clean snow for melting, hung it over the fire. Then she sat

down on a bearskin, and began embroidering a pair of moccasins with variously dyed porcupine quills. This was a labor of love, for the moccasins, of the finest deerskin, were for her lord. She became so absorbed in the work that the kokh was forgotten, till the bark cord that suspended it was burned off, and it spilled its contents on the fire with a startling, quenching, scattering explosion that filled the wigwam with steam and smoke. She lifted the overturned vessel from the embers and ashes by a stick thrust into its four-cornered mouth; and when it was cool enough to handle, she repaired it with a new bail of bark, and the kokh was ready for service again. But the shadow of the stake had swung so far toward the mark that she knew there was not time to melt snow to boil the dinner.

Happily, she bethought her of the great maple behind the wigwam, tapped merely for the provision of a pleasant drink, but the sweet water might serve a better purpose now. So she filled the kokh with sap, and hung it over the mended fire. In spite of impatient watching it presently began to boil, whereupon she popped the ample ration of moose meat into it, and set a cake of pounded corn to bake on a tilted slab before the fire. Then she resumed her embroidery, in which the sharp point of each thread supplied its own needle.

The work grew more and more interesting. The central figure, her husband's totem of the bear, was becoming so life-like that it could easily be distinguished from the wolves, eagles, and turtles of the other tribal clans. In imagination she already beheld the moccasins on the feet of her noble Woksis; now stealing in awful silence along the war-path; now on the neck of the fallen foe; now returning jubilant with triumph, or fleeing homeward from defeat, to ease the shame of failure by kicking her, in which case she felt herself bearing, as ever, her useful part. So she dreamed and worked stitch by stitch, while the hours passed un-

heeded, the shadow crept past the mark, the kokh boiled low, and the cake gave forth a smell of burning. Becoming aware of this obvious odor, she sprang to the fire. Alas, the cake was a blackened crisp, and lo, the once juicy piece of meat was a shriveled morsel in the midst of a gummy dark brown substance!

She snatched kokh and cake from the fire, and then, hearing her husband coming, she ran and hid herself in the nearest thicket of evergreens; for she knew that when he found not wherewith to appease the rage of hunger he would be seized with a more terrible one against her. Listening awhile with a quaking heart, and catching no alarming sound, but aware instead of an unaccountable silence, she ventured forth and peeped into the wigwam. Woksis sat by the fire eating with his fingers from the kokh, while his face shone with an expression of supreme content and enjoyment. With wonder she watched him devour the last morsel, but her wonder was greater when she saw him deliberately break the earthen pot and lick the last vestige of spoiled cookery from the shards. She could not restrain a surprised cry, and discovering her he addressed her:—

“O woman of women! didst thou conceive this marvel of cookery, or was Klose-kur-Beh been thy instructor?”

Being a woman, she had the wit to withhold the exact truth, but permitted him to believe whatever he would.

“Let me embrace thee!” he cried, and upon his lips she tasted the first maple sugar.

The discovery was made public, and kokhs of sap were presently boiling in every wigwam. All were so anxious to get every atom of the precious sweet that they broke the kokhs and scraped the pieces, just as Woksis, the first sugar-eater, had done. And that is why there are so many fragments of broken pottery, and so few whole vessels to be found.

If our own early sugar-maker loved his ease, he might sometimes wish the

art had never been discovered; for his occupation was still less than it is now “half work and half play,” as described by one who never could have had the work to do in earnest. His shoulders laden with the neck-yoke and heavy buckets, his feet with the trailing snowshoes that alone made walking possible, it was downright work for a man to tramp for hours over the yielding snow, from tree to tree, at each of which a heavy, clumsy sap-trough had to be lifted and emptied. Perhaps there were oxen and sled and cask to ease the longer journey to the camp, but even then there was enough of plodding work to keep him from amusing himself with close observation of nature. Yet he was alert for all signs.

While exploring a path for his broad shod feet, he noted the littered surface of the snow becoming gray with restless myriads of snow-fleas, black atoms, as innumerable and unstable as storm-blown snowflakes, and therefrom he forecast a thaw. When the prophecy was fulfilled, the raccoons awoke, and journeyed forth in the night. He was likely to see crossing his yesterday's track their later tracks, and sometimes the broad trail of a whole fat and furry household, well worth his turning hunter for and following to their next lodgings, in times when coonskins were a standard of values. It might be that a bear, not having seen his own shadow on St. Matthew's Day, had made a record of his wanderings.

Sometimes the sap-gatherer saw the light imprint of a hare's pads, blotted out at intervals by the long leaps of a pursuing lynx. Sometimes he saw the ingathering wolves' tracks, spun one by one like strands into a fateful cord that the tireless pack had drawn on to its end among the scattered bones of a hunted deer. More rarely, the round footprints of a panther were seen beside the netted impressions of the snowshoes. It could hardly have been pleasant to read the record so recently made of the great cat

noising along the human trail, then stopping and gazing hungrily after it, then slouching stealthily away, perhaps not so far but that the wicked eyes were even now watching the burdened, unarmed figure toiling slowly over the snow. If it is the proof of a good panther story that it makes chills run down one's back to read or hear it, it must freeze one's spinal marrow to be part of such a story, with its possible conclusion impending.

The solitary worker had visible and harmless attendants and interested observers in the nuthatches, nasally piping their spiral course down the gray boles; the friendly chickadees, flitting an arm's-length above and about him, and clinging, topsy-turvy, to the nearest twigs; the jays, raising a hue and cry after him; and the squirrels, at times thrown into paroxysms of rage or derision at his appearance, at other times rasping their butternuts with perfect indifference to his coming and going. With the same disregard the hairy and downy woodpeckers turned their backs upon him while they industriously chiseled the trees for their meagre fare, and he caught but occasional glimpses of their great relative, the log-cock, traversing the woods with loping flight and far-resounding cackle. Almost daily he shared surprise with one or more partridges; he always having the larger part, whether the unsuspected bird burst forth from the naked branches above him, or a gray stump before him suddenly became animated and took noisy flight, for which he was never quite prepared, even when he saw the "sugar snow" newly embroidered with the dainty track. On this fair page of snow were recorded the nightly wanderings of the fox and skunk, whether direct or devious, hurried or deliberate, and also hints of their purpose. The hare, too, had made fresh inscriptions, but it could only be guessed whether a dozen had held a midnight revel or one had gone Mareh mad.

While the sap was being brought in, the kettle was kept boiling and the greedy

fire fed from hand to mouth, as many a household fire was a hundred years ago, when the near forest stood with bountiful hand outstretched to the door. Here it was held to the very fireside, where from a huge log the ready axe cut and split the proper lengths as needed. When store-trough and kettle were full and a supply of wood had been chopped, labor was not relieved by a play-spell, but only by a respite of alert leisure, wherein the wallowing caldron was frequently replenished, the fire fed, the snowshoes mended, the ripped mittens restitched, the gun oiled and its priming refreshed, or some fur-bearer's skin taken off and stretched.

Meal-getting came at irregularly recurrent periods, when hunger and opportunity were in conjunction, and was spiced with the excitement of uncertainty that always attends amateur cookery. The fried pork might chance to be done to a turn, or be rescued, half scorched and half raw, from the flaming pan; and the potatoes might come out of the ashes at the right minute, fit food for an Irish king, or, belated, be outwardly a cinder, inwardly desiccated emptiness. If the cook was luxurious enough to toast his rye-and-Indian bread on a forked stick, it was apt to fall into the fire at the last turn, but, though gritty with ashes, it was still a luxury when overlaid with sugar or syrup; and concerning the eggs boiled in sap in a convenient skillet there was no question.

One unreckoned item of cookery, the bit of fat salt pork suspended from the kettle bail, that kept the sap from boiling over, swallowed and cast up by the saccharine billows, was constantly boiled, but never eaten, except in the infinitesimal contribution to a sea of sap. A suspicion of its savor, lapped wafts of smoke, the subtle aroma of the woods' breath, wind-blown leaves, and bits of bark gave the old-time dark-colored maple sugar a wild, woody flavor that has been tamed out by the neater modern processes, just as modern culture has well-nigh taken the

tang out of our dialect, — refinements, no doubt, yet one likes to know a Yankee by the flavor of his speech, and maple sugar by its taste.

If the sugar-maker had a helper to share his labor, the loneliness was relieved; otherwise it was only mitigated by some visitor bringing into the woods a waft of humanized atmosphere from the farms, with neighborhood news, and possibly that of the world, but two or three months old, in the latest paper. There might be a grand invasion of the camp by a score of young folks coming to the feast of "sugaring-off," when the hot syrup was cooled into dabs of waxy sugar in sap-tubs filled with clean snow, and each tub was a centre of love-making and merry-making, and the old woods rang with an unwonted clamor of jest and laughter and song. When the merry-makers were gone, and the last echo of their departing voices had faded out far behind them, a deeper silence brooded in the forest and a heavier loneliness fell upon the enforced hermit, who invoked no blessings on the unknown inventor of maple sugar, though but for him there would have been no sweet for the pioneer save the uncertain spoils of the wild bees.

It might be that he, though solitary as the owl whose solemn challenge of the coming storm boomed through the starlit woods, was not lonely when alone, but was a true woods-lover, finding congenial comrades in the humblest visitors: the chickadees that came for scattered crumbs, the scolding jays, the jeering squirrels, the woodpeckers that explored his recent woodpile and hammered the logs of his shanty.

When daylight climbed out of the woods and departed from the mountain-tops, and night encompassed the camp, the fire was his boon companion, that for the bountiful food bestowed upon it fed his imagination with pictures in its shifting flames and pulsing embers. It sang roaring battle-songs to him. It fired booming cannon-shots and rattling vol-

leys of musketry of mimic battle, while armies of soot-sparks charged up the black slopes of the kettle toward the shore of the turbulent sea that surged and seethed under clouds of steam and smoke. It encircled itself with tall spectres that came and vanished, and came again; with shadowy goblins that danced in the edge of gloom, and leaped up as if snatching at other goblins that briefly soared on vaporous wings and then dissolved in darkness. Daylight itself could not give such cheer as the fire's warmth and radiance, nor greater protection; for the fire held at bay, far out in the darkness, unseen prowlers, whose slow steps could be heard stealthily crunching the snow-crust. It kept guard while the spent watcher slept. When he awoke at dawn it was burned to ashes and embers, snapping out with muffled explosions, and spinning slender threads of smoke that trailed away and unraveled into invisible air, and the quiet surface of the kettle gave off only a fluctuating web of vapor.

Perhaps a "sugar snow" had fallen while he slept, and he awoke to a transformed scene. The littered, dingy surface of the old snow was overlaid with immaculate whiteness, every branch and twig laden with it, the furrowed trunks inlaid with it, and yesterday's pervading gray so changed to universal whiteness that it all seemed like the unreal vision of a dream which further waking might dispel. It became a very apparent reality when the round of the tapped trees was made, and every trough and spout cleared; for though April snow has as great virtues as May dew, being a sovereign balm for weak eyes, a most excellent cosmetic, and a fertilizer of the earth, it will not make sugar nor improve it. He was fortunate who escaped a howling storm that filled the woods with the roar of the angry wind and the clash of naked branches, and blurred earth and trees and sky with a wild scurry of driven snow. The swinging kettle was a dusky blotch, the long crane reached

out of the misty chaos without visible support, and flame, smoke, ashes, and snow drifted alee along the ground in a torn, fluttering tangle. The beleaguered sugar-maker cowered under his blankets in the furthest corner of his shelter, sallying forth only to succor the fire; and thus coldly fed and housed, he waited in solitary discomfort till the fury of the storm was spent. After such a storm came the wearisome labor of mining for the drift-covered woodpile and various articles that lay unmarked beneath the new surface, and then the weary round on constantly loading snowshoes, and the toilsome delving for each buried trough.

So in fair weather and foul the work went on, while the breath of spring grew softer, and the tops of cradle-knolls, warm with color of last year's leaves and bright with patches of green moss, began to show above the coarse-grained snow. There was a wholesome odor of naked earth and the subtler fragrance of quickened trees; bees began to journey abroad in the tempered air, gathering diluted sweets along the slow trickle of the sap-spouts, and busy to little apparent profit over the scentless squirrel-cups just unfolded from their downy buds; a butterfly voyaged indolently in the flood of sunshine, and flies buzzed to

and fro in spasms of purposeless flight, and drowned themselves by scores in the troughs; the buds grew plethoric with swelling life, and tinged the gray woods with a blush of purple; and presently the hylas rang their shrill bells for the final run of sap, with the disposal whereof the sugar-making season closed and the sugar-maker departed.

The drifting last year's leaves and the fresh verdure of the forest floor began to obliterate the traces of human occupancy, covering the cold ashes and foot-worn mould with dun decay and verdant life. Nothing looked strange but the black dome of the inverted kettle. The shanty asleep in the thickening shade became the home of wood-mice and squirrels, the wildest wood-birds perched and sang on its roof, and the fox peered in at the open front with bold curiosity. The trees slowly healed their wounds, and one may find some patriarch of maples still bearing the scars of its ancient tappings, and in the black leaf-mould at its foot a shell of crumbling wood that was once a sap-trough.

These are the passing memorials of the old-time sugar-maker's rude craft, and you will scarcely find so distinct a trace of the woodsy flavor of his sugar in the product of his successor's art.

Rowland E. Robinson.

A SON OF THE REVOLUTION.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE HON. DAVID COBB TRUE, MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATURE FOR BLANKE COUNTY, IOWA, PREPARED FOR HIS SON, THEN AGED ONE YEAR AND THREE MONTHS.

THE year 1894 found me keeping the first anniversary of my marriage on my own farm. The farm was well worth ten thousand dollars, but I had bought it for thirty-eight hundred because of the cloud over the title. I have told you, my dear boy, how, the year after I was graduated

from the state university, I bought the farm, selling my share in my father's estate (which consisted of farm-lands in Scott County, mainly), and putting every penny I owned into this farm, the repairs and the stock. But the farm was a beauty. To be sure, there was the ques-

tion whether the squatter's title would hold water; and the Land Improvement Company had been fighting the squatters for ten years, winning in one court, and losing, maybe, in another. But the man who owned this property sold it to me the cheaper for that, and I was young enough to be both daring and sure of my own opinion. Ralph Haines, my best friend in college, and one of the best fellows in the world, was dead set against it. He maintained that the land belonged to the company, and not to the squatters, who, according to him, had no show either in law or in equity. Perhaps if I had heard him talk before I was really committed, and before the craving for the beautiful farm had gotten into my veins, — for I had an inherited love of the earth, come down to me from a long line of farmer's folk; I loved the very smell of the ground, and the lovely roll of the black, moist soil under my ploughshare, — perhaps, I say, if I had heard him talk before I saw the farm I might have heeded him. Ralph had plenty of sense. But I had seen the farm, I was committed; and I was not going to back off in my own tracks, not I! I am a slow man to decide, but having decided, your mother says I am stiff as a nail in a hickory board. I was resolved to risk it, and Ralph came with me for a year or two to work on shares. Ralph had no money, and had worked himself through the university. It was a good thing having him by me; and the way we worked that year — well, there is only one man who has described the way men can work on a farm, and his is the only adjective that names its quality rightly. Hamlin Garland calls the toil "ferocious." It was, that first year, in '91, and not much better in '92; but when '93 came, and I married your mother, I had paid every cent I owed on my stock and machinery, and had a pretty little house, as well as a splendid barn, ready for her when she came.

"And this is all yours?" she said, look-

ing at me, and then dropping her eyes in the pretty, shy way she has. "Oh, Dave, how could you think I should be lonely here?"

You see, son, she had been a teacher in the city, as I have told you, and I was afraid she would n't take kindly to the farm. I can remember how my heart seemed to turn a kind of somersault, and I felt a tingle of happiness all over. I guess my voice was n't quite steady as I answered, "It's all ours, dearest, and I'll try my best to make you happy."

It was the second I said it that something made me look up, and there at the window, outside, was Ralph's face. It was not the mere seeing him looking in on us which sent a chill through my mood; for if a man has n't the right to put his arm around his own wife, what rights has he? Not at all; it was the look on Ralph's face, — a look of compassion. I can't call it anything else now, though it only puzzled and worried me then. Instantly the face was gone; and in a minute Ralph, glowing with welcome and cordiality, was bowing at the door. Yet, try my best, I could n't get that sorrowful expression of his out of my mind. The next morning I understood it a little. Said Ralph, we being out in the barnyard milking the cows, "Say, Dave, Joe Mawdlin was here yesterday."

"Was he? What did he want?" I asked, not attending much, but watching the stream rattle into the pail, and thinking what a good bargain that red cow was, half Jersey I was sure.

"He wanted you to join with him and the other fellows in fighting the Land Improvement Company. Case appealed to the Supreme Court, you know."

"Did it go against us?"

Ralph nodded, not looking up. I felt as if the cow had kicked me in the head.

"I have spent two hundred dollars already, fighting that case," I growled, "and now, I suppose, he wants a hundred more from me."

"Hundred and fifty," says Ralph, still mighty busy with his milking.

I said nothing. I am not much of a fellow to talk when I am muddled in my mind, and that was the way I felt at this minute.

"The company had a man around, too," says Ralph, "offering to compromise. He wanted to see you; told me he'd take forty-five hundred for this place, — thousand down, and rest on long time."

That made me mad, somehow. I could feel my face getting warm. The image of the agent in his well-fitting clothes, with his shining cuffs and his ready cigars and his jokes, made my gorge rise. I thought of myself in the muck, toiling before the sun rose, and I ground my teeth.

"He says the farm is worth ten thousand, with the orchard and the fences and the buildings, and the land's rich."

"And who made it worth that?" I flung out savagely. "Who set out the trees, and built, and planted, and fertilized, and drained? Was it he or his d— company? I guess not! There was n't anything but prairie and scrub-oak trees and willow on the river when they bought it; and they bought it for a song, and paid so little they forgot they had it till better men than they came down, not knowing, and made homes here, and gave the value to the land, and now they jump on us. It is n't fair!"

"Well, you know they've always said they owned it."

"They have n't spent a lick on the land."

"They could n't very well," returned Ralph, with a laugh that somehow set my temper on edge, "when they had n't the land. They have spent a heap of money lawing."

"D— them!" said I, which was n't argument, but relieved my feelings.

"Razzer's compromised," said Ralph.

Old Simeon Razzer was the richest man in the county, reputed as shrewd as he was hard. That was a blow, but I

would n't show it to Ralph. I only grunted, and I milked the cow more gently, because I felt a currish impulse to vent my rage and fright on her, and bang her if she moved.

"Say you're right, and they *are* blood-suckers or anything else you want to call them." Ralph spoke earnestly now, and looked at me. But I would n't look up; I went on milking, with my jaws set. I hope when you come to read these things, David, boy, your father won't be the pig-headed idiot that he was then. "Call them anything, but don't you see, Dave, you're in the trap; and ain't it better to pay to get out than to stay swearing and be killed? Oh, I say, bluster a bit to the agent, if you like, — it may get you a better bargain; but close with him, after all; two good years will put you back to where you think yourself now, and better. What I say is, don't risk your farm, you a married man, on a chance! Razzer would n't have paid out six thousand dollars in cold cash if he'd thought there was any real show of winning."

"Razzer's an old man; he's lost his grip."

"Don't you believe it," said Ralph; "he's got plenty of sand in him still, but he's got more sense. Say, Dave, you know you've got the thousand dollars in bank, or will have when your corn is sold, and I've got five hundred; between us we can fix up a good bargain, and I'll give you my word to stay by you here till you have paid every last cent on your mortgage, — how's that?"

"That's mighty kind of you, Ralph," I said, softened, "but I won't throw away money that way."

Nevertheless I did turn it over in my mind, and if Ralph had had the wit to plant his arguments, and then leave them alone to sprout, he might have had his will with me; but he was young and hot-headed, and I was young, and as hot-headed as he, really, under my phlegmatic looks; and he began at me again.

I asked him did he really think those sharks were right? and he admitted that he did think it. And the uptake of the matter was that Ralph grew red under his freckles until his hair and his skin were the same hue, — he was a handsome fellow, but he had the reddest shock of hair I ever did see, — and he brandished his fists, and swore that the farmers out our way were a lot of socialists who wanted to repudiate their debts, and walked off in a huff. He came back and begged my pardon for his bad temper, inside the hour; but it was for his manner, and not for his words, and the sting of them rankled in me just the same.

I thought I would talk with the neighbors. We were four miles from a little town that depended on the farming country, but was working up some small manufactures, — a woolen mill, some saw mills and canning works; quite a bustling place. I used to go over and listen to the talk. Naturally enough, as I should have considered, almost every one having a squatter's title to his land, the sentiment was strongly against the company.

There were some gifted talkers in the "all sorts stores" of the town, who used to sit on barrels, and eat dried apples and hard prunes, and rail at the railroads and the Rothschilds, and right all the farmers' wrongs; and I spent many a half-hour listening to them, and many another half-hour pondering over their speeches. They all regarded the Land Improvement Company as a set of thieves who had no chance of collecting their claims, and they laughed at the agent.

"If they was to get a judgment, they could n't collect," Mawdlin declared furiously; "we would n't let 'em!"

I swallowed it all except that. "If the courts decide against us, for one, I won't resist them," said I. "My great-great-grandfather fought in the Revolution, and my father fought in '61, and there's been too much fighting in our family for this country for me to fight against her."

You see I had just joined the Sons of the Revolution (your mother is responsible for that), and I was fresh primed with the family history. You are a lineal descendant, Davy, of the famous General David Cobb, of Taunton, Mass., judge and general in the Revolutionary days; and your grandfather, Captain David Cobb True, although fortune did n't favor him with the opportunities of his mother's great-grandfather, was just as brave and faithful a man. "But," I went on, "I'm not in favor of compromising any more than the next man, and here's my check, Mr. Mawdlin, for my hundred and fifty." So in a fool moment I cut my bridges behind me, you may say.

The thought in all our minds was that if worst came to worst we might buy ourselves off, then as well as now, forgetting that the terms after a defeat are not likely to be the same as the terms before, and never dreaming that money might be less plentiful in future than it was now. Which shows what fools we were!

The years '93 and '94 were hard ones. In '93 came the panic, and never did Iowa know a crueller year on the crops than '94. Days of drought lengthened into weeks, and weeks into months; and then the hot winds rose to blast the poor, long-enduring corn. Did ever a welcome cloud soften the pitiless glare, it scattered while we were blessing it, and the horrible mocking sunshine was there as before. It was sickening to walk between the corn-rows and look at the wilted tassels and the yellow tips. With my windmill I brought water up from the creek, and I saved my corn; I saved some of my onions, not all. Ordinary years I can get two or three hundred bushels an acre on my onion land; I only got sixty that year; and what the bugs and the sun spared sprouted in the late rains, and were so poor I hated to haul them to market. The potatoes dried into marbles, and the cholera got into the hogs. I stamped that out by changing pastures

and burning the dead swine; but I lost ten big fellows before the disease had its last word with me. Then, on top of it all came the news that we had lost our case. It came on our anniversary day, too. Ralph knew it, but he would n't tell it. Ralph and I were at political loggerheads, and not the good friends we had been; still, he would not have spoiled the day with such tidings. No, it came in the most rasping way, old Simeon Razzer shouting it as he passed.

I would n't give him the pleasure of chuckling over my bitter discomfiture; so I pulled myself together and only nodded, as one who is hearing no news. But I rode to town and got the paper, and came home assured of the fact and in as black a mood as a man needs to be.

Your mother was waiting for me. And the minute I saw her I felt the fighting instinct climbing up in me; I had something to fight for. I was n't beaten yet by a long way, and I would n't be beaten. I held up my head and rode up to the gate, smiling.

"Oh, Dave, is n't it true, after all?" she cried.

"True as that this is a dirty, mean world, Honor," said I; "but what then? We are not so badly off. I know the year has been bad and we have n't made much, but I've put three hundred more into the bank on top of that thousand. I can make my first payment any time they want, and what's a thousand-dollar mortgage on such a farm as ours? We'll clear it off in no time. We've had two bad years; next year is bound to be a good one, and we'll be all right!"

"Oh, Dave," said she, "what a good farmer you are!"

You will have, when you fall in love, my son, a number of pictures of the woman you love, and a few that are unlike any of the others and stand out in your memory. I can shut my eyes and see the light in your mother's brown eyes, that always made me think of the water of a spring with strange lovely shadows

in it; and I can see her in her pink frock, standing poised a little on one hip, her pretty, sleek black head reared back and her chin drawn in, looking up quickly under those beautiful eyebrows of hers, the smile beginning to quiver about her mouth and the flush to creep up her soft cheek. Ah, I was a proud man to have brought that look, and a happy man as well, in spite of the Supreme Court!

But it was only for a moment; then "carking care," as the poet calls it, began to nibble at my heart again. I had a letter. The company had risen a bit in their demands, although it was true enough that they were not rising much. They asked five thousand now, or forty-five hundred cash. I had n't exchanged a word with Ralph on the subject. He would n't mention it, lest he should seem to be twitting me with his better foresight; and meanwhile I was calling him names because he was hard and unsympathetic. We had somehow gotten out of the old touch, and whatever either one did it was certain to rasp the other. One night, however, Ralph spoke. He came up the walk later than usual; he had been to town. I heard his steps under the poplar-trees. They were not elastic as usual; he walked like a desperately tired man, and when he entered the room he looked white.

"I'll get your supper, Ralph," said your mother, who always liked him, and was kind, smoothing over my blunders.

"No, thank you, Mrs. True," he answered in a subdued voice, not like his own. "I only wanted a word with Dave on business."

"I'll be getting your supper ready while you're having it, then," said she as she left us.

"Dave," said Ralph, sinking his voice, "have you got much money in the Templeton bank?"

I told him how much, and added, "Nothing wrong with the bank, is there?"

"I don't know," said he gloomily; "but I heard to-day of a good many

people quietly withdrawing their deposits, and I've been to town and made inquiries."

"Well?"

"The bank ain't fixed for a run; and that's what they'll have. They've lent a lot of money to farmers; and since the decision the security ain't worth much."

"The bank has other customers. You have n't any trust in anything, Ralph. It ain't the part of a good citizen to be drawing money out of his bank and maybe starting a run."

That set the discussion going. I admit that what I said was not suited to a brisk young fellow with the temper that goes with his hair, for I insinuated that his anxiety about the bank was only an excuse to ask for his money (what I owed him), which I said he might have any time for the asking. I could see that he changed color; he rubbed his wrists nervously under his sleeves.

"If you're willing to risk your money, then, I ain't willing to risk mine," said he sulkily. "Will you pay me what you owe me?"

"When? To-night?"

"If you please."

"Oh, very well," said I; and I drew him the check. "I guess you won't care to work with such a poor business man as you think me," I could n't help saying as I handed him the slip of paper.

"I did n't say I thought that," said Ralph sharply. "I only said you were so obstinate that if you'd put yourself in a hole you'd stay in it just to show you knew what you were about when you fell in, and that a hole was a nice place after all!"

"Oh, you've been making fun of me behind my back, have you?" I burst in furiously, for it put me beside myself to think of him turning on me when I was in such straits. "Well, I guess this farm can be run without your talents, unless they sell me out and you hire out

to them!" The minute the words were past my tongue I could have bitten it; I knew better.

Ralph went white. He spoke in a gentle, low voice: "If you think that, it is time for me to go." And he was out of the room before I could frame an apology that should not be too humble; for I was angry still.

Your mother was distressed when she heard the news. I put a careless face on it, but I felt sore myself at such an ending. We had been like brothers, Ralph and I, and I missed him at every turn; it seems strange, though it really is n't strange, that the more I missed him, the more my heart smote me, the sorer I was over his criticisms of me, and the less inclined I felt to yield to his judgment. I would n't show his fears the respect of going to town and looking up the bank: the hen-house needed white-washing, and I gave it two coats; I made some cribs for my corn.

But the third day, about one o'clock, Ralph raced down the road on a horse shining wet. He hailed me before he reached the gate.

"There's a run on the bank!" he yelled. He reined up his horse, looking down on me gaping at him. "Get your saddle on Prince!" he cried. "It will take you less time to saddle than to ride this horse; I got the best out of him coming here."

Under his fiery haste I saddled and rode away, only calling to your grandmother Matthews, who was with us that month, that I was going off on business, and would be back soon. As I saddled, Ralph explained: "I was out in the country; only came back this morning. I read the papers on the cars; then I went up to the bank. The run was on; it began yesterday. The bank has been sending right and left for help, but the trouble is, its correspondents have n't any confidence in its securities — Don't stand gaping at me, man; hurry, hurry for your wife's sake!"

I did hurry. Prince was as wet as Ralph's horse when I drew rein on the main street. The street was full of people, not walking or running, but huddled in knots; and women were mixed among the men, many of them weeping and wringing their hands, with their little bags swaying from their wrists. The men talked in loud voices, so that a strange kind of roar arose, pierced now and then by wails of the women crying aloud; and one man (who had lost his hat, and I remember the very look of his black hair matted on his wild white face) was shrieking curses against some one or something, quite unheeded. I did not need to ask a question; I was too late; the bank had closed its doors.

It was a bad failure, far-reaching in its effects. As it was the only bank in the county, farmers could get no money to market their crops. There seemed no sale for anything in the local markets. I was glad to sell my corn for twenty cents to a firm that had offered me thirty and been refused; and I worked like an ox to get the corn off to them, although I was to receive no ready money, only a note for ninety days.

When the bank shut down, the factories closed. At the same time the workingmen needed credit the worst, and the stores were afraid the most to give it; and you see it was hard times all over the country in '94. The year before the tramping armies had swept through our roads and been well entreated; this year there was no organized brigandage, merely miserable stragglers, a desultory and intermittent passage of haggard men and ragged, tramping women. They were none of them violent, and we had not the heart to send away their distress unfed. Often, though, while my wife would be telling me their stories, something would gripe my throat like a tiger's claw with the thinking how she and I and the baby that we thanked God was coming to us might be at the same pass, come next year, and I would jump up to strangle

the groan on my lips. I had no ray of hope except the money coming for my corn. I could get barter for my other crops, but no money, and I had no money to market them elsewhere. My credit, which in normal times would have helped me, was clean gone and useless. I had asked every man in the county accounted able to lend, and every man had refused me. I had no kin to help: my only brother was having all he could do to keep his own head above water; I could n't fall back on the women. Ah, it was a horrible time! A horrible month, that November, '94!

During it all I tried to hide my dreadful misgivings from your mother. I fancied that I had succeeded, she was so bright and cheerful.

There was only one chance—if you could call it a chance—that I had n't tried. I said that I had asked all the men accounted able to lend me money for my first payment. I said wrong. There was one man whom I had not asked, because to ask him seemed such a useless humiliation. I mean old Razzer. Now everything else had failed, I began to take that idea up. I could perhaps get him to discount my corn notes and lend me money enough to make my first payment, with a second mortgage as additional security if he demanded. The interest charges would be terrible, but the horse cannot talk back to the whip, so the end was I went to old Razzer's with my teeth set. Our latest interview had been at a store in town, and in it he had denounced the squatters, and given David True the option of being either a swindler or an idiot. He was too old a man for me to answer according to his spleen. I had simply laughed and gone away. I wondered whether there was anything aggravating and impertinent in that laugh. Well, time would tell, I had answered. Time was telling, and quite the wrong way.

Not far from his own gate I met the old man driving to town in a shabby

buggy, hunched over his dashboard, and flabbing the fat sides of his horses with his reins, like a woman. He was a withered, undersized man, with gimlet eyes and a handsome Roman nose, and he had a trick of continually chewing gum. The doctor told us once that he had been broken of an inordinate love of tobacco by that device. Now, as usual, his lank jaws were working. He had neither wife nor child, and was reputed a revengeful, hard man. But your mother made excuses for him, because, in pioneer times, he had been tarred and feathered, and beaten too (of course before the tarring and feathering), for a crime of which it later appeared he was innocent. She would have it that his sufferings had imbittered him; and she put a woman in the case, and the woman in the wrong, as tender-hearted women will. I used to tell her that it was a pity uncle Simeon could n't hear her pleading his cause. I am sure that day I wished heartily that he could have heard her. However, there was no retreat, and I gave a hitch to my courage and blurted out my errand.

"Humph!" he grunted. I did n't relish the way he blinked his keen little eyes at me. "Money's terrible tight nowadays, most terrible tight. I dunno when I ever seen it so tight. I guess it *never* was so tight. S'pose you know Clench and Haskins have failed?"

Clench and Haskins were the firm that had bought my corn. I felt dizzy, but I managed to say, "Is that so?"

"Ye-es. Pretty bad break, I hear. And Toomey, general merchandise, he's gone under, too. Bin carryin' the workmen at the mills, hopin' they would resoom, but resoomin' don't seem to be the order of things. Woolen factory's shet down, waitin' to see which way the cat'll jump. Consider'bul destitooshun, I hear."

"These are horrible times!" burst from me.

"Ye-es. 'Tain't so funny cheatin' your

creditors as you fellers expected. Time is tellin'. Ye-es."

"No, Mr. Razzer, it is n't a bit funny. I guess you were right, and I *am* a fool. But I'm not a swindler, and if you kindly would help me, I'd pay" —

"Ye-es, I guess you would be willin' to prommus to pay 'most anything, but maybe you would n't have it to pay. Sorry, son, but these, as you say, are horrible times, an' resky, an' the old man has got to hang on to what little he's saved."

I was conscious that he was getting solid, cruel satisfaction out of the sight of me, with my dry mouth, and my hands working on the reins, — for the life of me I could n't keep them steady, — and the beads of water thickening on my brow. But I kept at it, offering him a second mortgage and his own rate of interest. "It's a splendid farm," I pleaded, "well worth ten thousand. The mortgage would be safe" —

"Maybe, son, maybe," he interrupted, with a cynical grin: "but say, what's to hinder my buyin' that farm for myself, 'stid of *you*?"

I turned cold, but I hit back. "Nothing," said I, "but a conscience and a heart, two things you have n't got. I was a fool to come to you!"

"No, son," he chuckled, "you was a fool not to come a year earlier!"

"That's true, too," said I, "if it's any comfort to you to hear it. Good-morning."

I would n't let my head drop until I was past the corner, but then it hung until I became aware of my own fences. Good fences they were, woven wire, with poles I cut when I thinned the maple grove, a two by four railing, and a stout six-inch baseboard. I never knew a fence to keep out stock better. The fence was painted green. Ralph, your mother, and I painted it one day; took our luncheon and made a picnic out of it. I looked at the fence; I looked at the shorn fields where my beautiful corn had waved, and

the little house with its flower-garden in front and the white curtains tied with ribbon, my home, that was like heaven to me (you'll never know until you marry a good woman, my boy, — which God grant! — how happy she can make you, and how much dearer your wife will be than your sweetheart), — I looked as long as I could see, then I drove into the barnyard. I unharnessed those horses, and I sat down and cried, — I did. And I told your mother that I got a speck of sawdust in my eye; and she flicked it out, for I put it in on purpose. Whether that may be a lie or not, your great-grandfather, who was a minister and "an eminent man of God," will have to decide when we meet.

After dinner, which I could n't eat, I went out again; this time to town, having a load of potatoes for pretext, though I knew that there was no sale for them. The weather was warm for the season, and the sunlight lay on yards still green and moist almost as in summer, yet I had a grim fancy that had the town been scourged by pestilence it would have looked no otherwise. Half a dozen of the small brick stores had boards over their windows; three more flaunted big yellow cards bearing in black letters *To Let*. The customary cheerful bustle of red and green wagons and unhitched teams and men chaffering above the loaded wagons, — how could it be so utterly gone? Mine were the only wheels to make a noise. I even could imagine — since I was listening to my raven's croakings — that the men leaning listlessly over their deserted counters or sitting on their empty doorsteps had their faces drawn awry by a touch of helpless fright akin to that in the faces of a plague-smitten crowd. The man who sat on his stoop, his head sunk on his breastbone and his arms sagging, it would not be hard to suppose finished by the destroyer. In such wretched distraction of soul I allowed my horses to pick their own way. Therefore I presently found my-

self on Mill Street, so called because mostly workers in the mills lived there. Here more people were visible, but of no better cheer than on the other street. It struck me that the spirals of smoke from the chimneys were few and thin. And the men looked at my potatoes, scowling.

A woman lifted her hand to halt me. "Will you sell a nickel's worth?" said she.

I had seen her face before. In a second I remembered where: she was one of the crowd that had been too late at the bank.

"You lost money in the bank failure, did n't you?" said I. "How are you getting along?"

"Jest dying by inches," said she; "and I guess it's a good thing, too, if it was n't so slow. It would be better if there was a pawnshop. Say, you ain't wanting any furniture, are you?"

"I'm too poor to buy anything. I suppose they are bad off, too?" jerking my thumb back at the houses.

"We could n't be worse off, short of starving, mister," cried a man, "and by G— we'll be that soon!"

"That's so," wailed a woman.

"Well, the Lord help you," said I. "I'm almost as hopeless as you are, but you're welcome to these potatoes, anyhow."

It went to my heart to see how orderly the poor things were, and how of their own accord they would name absent women or sick men who ought to have a share. They were not voluble in their thanks, — the American workman is not used to charity, and has no taint of the beggar's unctuous civility; but I understood them, and my heart was sore for them. Nevertheless it was lighter than when I left home.

I talked with a good many people. One workingman's speech struck me. He said: "Some folks say it's the farmers' fault, and some folks say it's the Land Company's; nobody says it's the

workingman's fault, but I notice it's the workingman's got the heavy end to carry, jest as he always has. He's the one always suffers, no matter who's to blame. Now they talk of stopping the holding of the courts, so the company can't git out writs; maybe that'll help the farmers, but where's the help for us? It ain't going to put food in our children's mouths. Looks to me like the farmers tried to skin the Land Company, and now the Land Company is skinning them, and we're somehow getting skinned by mistake, too!"

Afterwards I thought a good deal of other things in that talk, but then I was all absorbed by what he said about the courts. It was the rumor in the air; and Mawdlin, whom I met not a block from Mill Street, told me that the next session of court would never meet this year. Half the county was on the delinquent list. What with the bank failure and the farmers going broke and the poor crops, men were desperate, striking at the first thing in sight. Mawdlin and his crew were ranting round the town, stirring up discontent and talking every sort of frantic nonsense. Repudiation was in every man's mouth. They did not seem to consider that the matter was gone beyond the state courts; all they thought was that if the evil day could be postponed the legislature might do something. Well, it's coming out right for most of the poor fellows now, the Land Company giving them such a long day; but it looked black then. Many a man saw the work of ten years swept away for nothing; and no wonder he lost his head. The minds of men were frenzied by such a succession of blows; they ran about aimlessly like horses in a fire, seeing destruction, yet rushing into it because they knew not which way to turn for safety.

"Come, True," says Mawdlin, "you're with us, ain't you?"

"No. I ain't," says I sulkily.

"Well, don't be, then: one man less

won't keep the courts a-runnin', and your farm will be saved to you jest the same!"

I kept thinking of that as I drove home. I could n't help a ghastly sense of comfort, yet I felt ashamed to the bone. Here was I sitting passive while the mob smashed the laws of my country! My father had fought for her. I kept the sword he waved at Donelson on our parlor wall, hanging below the engraving of the old Revolutionary general whose name I bore. I had a twinge whenever I looked at it. The words of the oath I took in the militia (where I served two years) nagged my ears. I began to be bitterly ashamed of my late vote and of my politics. Maybe a letter that came from Ralph about this time made me the more angry at myself. I had tried to find him to thank him for his warning about the bank; but not a sign of him was left. Instead, one day (when he must have known that I was away from home) he came, chatted in a friendly way (just like the old Ralph) with the women, and left a package for me. The package was a roll of bank-notes. And this was his letter:—

DEAR OLD DAVE, — You did n't suppose I took that money to keep, did you? I ate it to save it, as my mother used to say. I inclose it and the rest of the money I have; it may help you with your first payment. Don't you try to send it back, for you won't find me; I'm off on the tramp. But I'll turn up if they monkey with the court. Remember me kindly to the folks.

RALPH.

P. S. I never made fun of you behind your back. What I said, I said before you and old Razzer. You're a mule, David, but you're the best fellow I know.

I did remember. I remembered the very time. Of course it was then; why had n't I thought of it before? I was a pig-headed idiot to have doubted old

Ralph, who toted me off on his back and saved me when I sprained my ankle in that hazing scrape! Davy, boy, it 's bitter owning up to you what a cur your father was; but I want you to know the kind of a friend he had.

Now I began to see all things differently. As I sat with that letter in my hand and the sun glinting the hilt of my father's sword, I went over Ralph's arguments; and they hit me hard.

The land did belong to the company. They bought it when nobody else wanted it. There had been no underhand work with the squatters. They knew the risk, and they had taken it with their eyes open. My own squatter had not deceived me; and indeed I doubt whether he had charged me so much more than his work on the land was worth. The price paid him and the price demanded by the company, put together, were n't as much as I counted the land to be worth, myself. Bitterly I admitted that Ralph was right. And now he had gone away, stripping himself for me and mine in that stormy time. David, my son, don't you ever forget! Yet—I cannot understand it—my stubborn temper would n't entirely give way. I knew I was wrong; but I would n't come out and say so. I would n't do anything to stop the holding of the court, but I could n't bring myself to go to the sheriff and say, "Look here: what one man can do to protect the judiciary of his country I'm your man to try to do!"

No, I sat and stared moodily from the letter to the sword, and the old general's firm brows and powdered hair on the wall, and Rogers's clay soldier on the mantelpiece, aiming his last shot.

My head ached and my heart was heavy as lead. All at once I felt your mother's hand rumpling my hair. I lifted my own hand up to capture it and kiss it,—such a soft little hand!

"Dave," said your mother, "it 's awful about the courts, is n't it? Mr. Razer passed this morning, and he told me

that Mawdlin has raised a regular army of men to prevent the holding of the court or issuing any writs, and they are going to resist the officers if they try to eject the settlers. They are going to meet to-morrow before daybreak, at his house."

"Yes, it looks bad," said I, patting her hand.

"Do you suppose the old general knows about it?" said she, glancing up at the picture. He was one of her heroes; it was she found the engraving in a magazine and had it framed. "Dave, what did he do at Taunton?"

Now, Davy, she knew that old story as well as I; but I think she knew it would work me up to tell it. And it did.

"Why, it was after the Revolution. Manufactures, trade, all business was flat on its back. A silver dollar was worth seventy-five; corn was seventy-five dollars a bushel, board five hundred dollars a week. Landed property was worthless, and the taxes were something awful. So the general dissatisfaction turned on the courts and was going to prevent collections, just as they want to do now. Grandfather Cobb was a judge of the probate court; and when he heard that a mob was howling in front of the courthouse, he put on his old Continental regimentals, the old buff and blue, and marched out alone. 'Away with your whining!' says he. 'If I can't hold this court in peace, I will hold it in blood; if I can't sit as a judge, I will die as a general!' Though he was one man to hundreds, he drew a line in the green, and told the mob that he would shoot with his own hand the first man that crossed. He was too many for the crowd, standing there in his old uniform in which they knew he had fought for them; and they only muttered, and after a while dispersed. They came again the next term of court; but he had his militia and his cannon all ready for them, then; and this time when they got their answer they took it, went off, and never came back."

"And you are his descendant; are n't you proud of it?" said she, sliding her hand out of mine, and stroking my forehead.

I did n't dare to frown, for all the pain I was in, and I did n't dare to speak lest I should groan.

"They ought to hold the courts, ought n't they, Dave?"

I nodded.

"Dave, can't *you* do anything to help them hold them?"

"Honor," said I, "if they hold court to-morrow, I shall be a ruined man. I meant not to tell you."

"Do you mean about the farm, Dave? Why, I knew that all along."

I drew a deep breath; whatever might happen, the worst was over for me.

"But you will try just the same?" said she.

The tears choked me as I clasped her, and cried out to those dead men: "Look at her: do you see what a wife I've got? I'd be a cur if I would n't go now!"

I saddled my horse the next morning, early. I put a pistol in one pocket and a luncheon in the other. We made no long parting; I don't think people who feel intensely trust themselves with any needless pull on their emotions. She had a breakfast better than common for me; and we talked about the things to be done, and were cheerful. Only at the very minute of parting she clung to me for a second, and the look on her sweet face almost unmanned me. But instantly she was smiling, and telling me not to lose my mittens, and get something hot to drink.

About a mile from town a horseman caught up with me, Ralph himself. We had not seen each other's faces since the day of the bank run. But I said nothing of that; I called out, "Where you going so fast?"

"To the sheriff, to offer myself as a deputy. Where *you* going?"

"Same place, same errand," said I. "Let's go together!"

"Now you're talking!" he shouted, his voice breaking with a kind of laugh; and I laughed too.

So we galloped on together. There was no need of talk between us any more, except on our errand. Ralph said the soldiers had been summoned, but it would be three hours before they could get there.

We found the streets full. Down on Mill Street a fellow on a barrel was abusing the "plutocrats" until his voice cracked under his fury. "Join your brothers!" he screamed. "Fight for your rights!"

Then — but I really don't quite know how it happened — we had pushed him off the barrel, and I was on it, calling them to hear me. Perhaps they might not have listened, but a woman called out that I was the man with the potatoes.

"Talk away!" half a dozen voices answered, and the boys cheered shrilly, not as knowing anything, but glad of the chance for their lungs, which are always eager for noise.

I have a voice that reaches far; and I humbly believe that the Lord put words into my mouth that day. "Boys," said I, "this is none of *your* funerals; keep out of it! What will you gain if they do prevent holding the courts, and the troops come into the county, and it gets a bad name? The farmers think they stand to win something, but all the workingman will get or can get is the chance of being killed or crippled. Now, it is my funeral. If that court meets to-morrow I'm a ruined man; but I'm going straight to the sheriff to offer him my services. I bought my farm knowing the claim against it; and I'm man enough, when I play a game, not to howl when I lose. The law has decided against me: all right; it's more important that this country's laws should be respected than that I should have a farm. Where are we if we don't respect the laws? My father fought for this country and this country's laws; and his son is ready

to fight for them to-day." I went on. I don't know all I said; at such times a man is transported out of himself; I could feel the sparks fly out of my soul into theirs. I begged them to join me and help defend the courts.

"And get a dollar 'n' a half a day as deputies, every man!" shouted Ralph.

The men laughed, then they cheered; in short, we had them. We set forth in columns of four, very fairly aligned, considering, and marched through a gathering but peaceful crowd to the court-house.

The sheriff had hunted up two old cannon and two scared-looking gunners, whose heads kept oscillating the wrong way; and he had some ten gun-barrels bristling on the court-house steps. He hurried forward to meet us, waving a pocket handkerchief. He was a little man, with spectacles and a forgotten pen behind his ear. He did not look like a warrior.

"Why, it's Mr. True!" he exclaimed in a tone of relief, recognizing me. "Say, Mr. True, this is a bad business, opposing the laws of the United States."

"It is indeed," I answered, "and all these good men and true are of the same opinion." With that I stated our business.

He was so relieved he almost fell on my neck. He swore us in, just as we stood, we holding up our right hands and taking the oath together, for there was no time for ceremony. Then he distributed what arms he had, a mighty queer assortment. Ralph and I, being used to firearms, and thus able to load a gun without shooting either ourselves or our comrades (which is one of the principal dangers to the patriotic citizen soldiery), were entrusted with the only two Winchester in the possession of the county. Moreover, to my surprise, as the only military man present, I found myself virtually in command.

The first thing that I did was to change gunners, putting one of my own men (who

used to be in the fireworks business, and understood a fuse, if he did n't a gun) at one of the cannon, and his honor the judge at the other. The judge was a resolute man, and had a toy cannon at home which he used to blaze away with Fourth of July, so he understood the principle of the thing.

I wanted to change position, and haul the cannon out into a place to command the street; but before I could get one gun tackled to our horses the mob filled the place, running down a cross-street. But I had managed to have the big flag out, two lawyers having nailed it to the window. I did n't believe they would stone the flag, however little they minded stoning us, their old neighbors.

They came, choking the streets up in a twinkling, and heartening themselves with yells. I saw Mawdlin's tallow face and big black eyebrows. He was the only man with a sword. I could see it glinting in the sunbeams above the heads of the crowd. The same glance showed me, at one of the opposite windows, old Razzar, working his lank jaws as coolly as if at a sale.

The mob was partly armed with shot-guns and pitchforks, but most of them had nothing better than brickbats, which made a dull red spatter among their dark ranks. More than half the whole crowd were boys. Nobody knows how many boys there are in the world until there is a fire or a row! I did n't suppose we had so many in the county.

On the whole, I was rather cheered by the sight of the foe. The danger was a rush, which I hoped our men might stand (but was n't sure), and a lot of poor fellows getting hurt before we could beat them off.

"When are your soldiers coming?" I said, low, to the judge.

He muttered back: "The Grand Army men won't be here for two hours. Company B may get here by one."

I fell back on my ancestor's wits. First I had the gunners stand to their

pieces and make ready; then I gave the word, and all the line of bayonets, in pretty fair concert for beginners, dropped into present arms.

"They ain't any of them loaded, you know," whispered the sheriff, "nor we ain't got any cartridges 'cept blank ones, — only those you and your friend there have got."

This was a cheering bit of news; but since I was playing a bluff game, I saw my way thereby to play a stronger one. I never in the world should have dared to order those raw soldiers to cock their truly loaded weapons until ready to fire; but now I fearlessly gave the order, and the crowd (which was very still) could hear the rippling clink of the triggers running down the line. It is an ugly sound.

"How are they taking it?" said I to Ralph; and he answered, "They are looking mighty sober; two or three of them have quietly got rid of their brickbats."

I stepped out into the space between us and the mob, walking until I was close enough to touch the nearest with my outstretched bayonet. Ralph and the sheriff marched on either side; or, to be accurate, Ralph marched, and the sheriff wriggled along under my left arm. "If there is any mistake, and one of those cartridges is loaded, we'll be sure to get it in the back!" he whispered in an anguished tone. "Somebody'll be nervous and pull the trigger; and it's bound to be *that one!*"

I stopped, I drew a line in the dirt, I lifted up my voice to its strongest note: "If a man of you crosses that line, we fire!"

"In the name of the law, I command you all to disperse!" said the sheriff.

I doubt whether six people heard him. Every man in the crowd, however, heard the judge's ringing shout: "You know me, and I tell you I shall uphold the laws if it cost the life of every man here, including my own!"

Our men cheered that, and I could see a waver in the opposite ranks; then a boy, in a boy's foolhardy spirit, flung a brickbat. The next second, quick as the flash to a gun, Ralph, in one tiger spring, had hauled the boy out of the ranks, and before a man could stir to rescue he had administered two resounding kicks on the proper place, and actually flung young master over the nearest heads, bawling, "Tell your mother to finish!"

Anybody would have laughed to see the fellow sprawl in the air; his own party sent up a roar, — a moment of good humor that gave me my chance. I got upon the court-house steps and began to talk. Many of them knew me; they knew my case, — that I spoke truly when I said the court would bring judgment against me.

"Go home," I begged, "go home and talk it over with your wives. There's many a man here against his wife's will, who knows how nine times out of ten, when he goes against his wife's sense, he's sorry afterward. You're giving her another chance to throw it against you how she told you so!" (Here some one in the crowd laughed. After all, we were Americans together.) "Go home. You are in a bad fix; don't make it worse! The men who are promising you that everything will be all right, aren't they the same men who would n't let you compromise when you could have raised the money and done it? Did anything they ever promised you come true? Why are you believing them now? Those fellows have fooled me once, but they never shall fool me again. This they are advising you to do, do you know what it is? It's treason, that's what it is! It's worse to be a traitor than to make a bad bargain."

"That's right!" called a voice. "Mawdlin's a liar from Wayback!"

Then I appealed to them, picturing the risk they were running, and the sure defeat before them. No matter what I

said, I contrived to appeal to their latent misgivings and fears as well as their sense of fair play and patriotism. And it is always to be considered that a mob is never all partisans; a great portion always is composed of curiosity-seekers. I saw Mawdlin could n't hold his men. They began to slip away from the outskirts; they were no longer packed tight. It was time for our trump card.

"How would it do," I had said to the judge, "to have a little bonfire somewhere to divert them, and have the fire department charge down the street?"

Now the moment was come. "Dave, you're a daisy!" Ralph cried, as we stepped back; and the judge added, "You are going to pull us out of this serape without bloodshed, I do believe, Mr. True!"

Not to drag my tale, the device succeeded. The firebells rang; the firemen swept down the street, and the boys went to the fire. The boys eliminated from the crowd, there was n't much of a crowd. As the street cleared, the deputies (that's we) advanced with fixed bayonets, feeling mighty fine. In five minutes we held the square. In half an hour the judge opened court. The sheriff, on the steps, was just proclaiming (in a grand, loud voice, not a quaver about it), "Hear ye! hear ye! hear ye! The district court of the county of Blanke, of the State of Iowa, is now open!" when the drums of the National Guard beat, and we could see Company B marching down the street, in a hollow square, trig, determined-looking young fellows, whom we greeted with our heartiest cheer.

I served through the day. But I got

leave, for it was plain all was over, to come home at night. Your grandmother met me at the gate, smiling all over her face. "Don't make a noise, Dave," said she; "you'll wake the baby!"

And that is why you, who were to be called after your maternal grandfather, were christened David Cobb. Your mother would have it so. The first words she said to me, as I knelt beside her, sobbing in spite of myself to think that I should have been away from her in that mortal pain and peril, were, "We'll name him David Cobb, for I know what his father did this day; and the old general will be proud of him!"

And who do you suppose brought the news? Well, old Razzer. There he was on the porch, too, waiting for me; and I nearly fell off, so bewildered was I at the sight of him.

"S'prised, ain't you?" says he. "Well, True, you are a man, you are; and I'm willin' to lend you that money, myself. Of course at ten per cent. I kinder bin likin' you ever since you owned up you was wrong and sassed me so; and now I see you're safe!"

He was better than his word: he helped me not only then, but afterwards; and it is owing to him that I ran for the legislature next year, being in the way of making speeches, my wife said, and a good deal owing to him that I was elected. I wanted to call the baby Ralph Razzer, for the two friends who stood so stanchly by his father when he needed friends the worst; but when they both sided with your mother against me, what could I do? Only write this story out for you, boy, and bring you up to love and honor them both!

Octave Thanet.

AN ARCHER'S SOJOURN IN THE OKEFINOKEE.

LATE in March I entered the northern fringe of the great Okefinokee Swamp, having in mind a plot against the birds, most particularly the ivory-billed woodpeckers. My purpose was to collect facts and to do some good shooting with the bow. The dry conscience of a student had in this instance decorated itself with highly flamboyant garments of poetical stuff made to please a savage imagination. Once more I was alone in a wilderness, with a sennight of absolute freedom before me.

The man who conveyed me, bag and baggage, in his primitive ox-wain, to the dilapidated cabin had gone, promising to return at the week's end. No sooner was he out of sight than I began to make myself at home by stretching my hammock across one corner of the single large room; and after I had hung my bacon on one side of the fireplace and my bag of meal on the other, and had found a rude corner shelf for the rest of my simple supplies, out I went to look around. Getting one's bearings is of importance before beginning a campaign.

In front of the cabin, half a bowshot from the shutterless doorway, ran a sluggish, ditchlike stream, four yards wide and of a color suggesting weak coffee. The water had no bad taste, however, being quite free of vegetable or mineral impurities except the coloring matter, which must have come from dead leaves. All around stretched a heavy wood, here and there undergrown with cane. The cabin stood on what the Crackers call a "knob," which is a barely perceptible rise of the ground. It had been built by a party of surveyors, years ago.

A profound stillness pervaded the forest; the silence was unbroken; not even a bird twittered; and so my first impression was that I should see little of avian

life round about. This is not an uncommon experience in the wild woods, as I well knew, yet I felt a wave of misgiving pass through me. The sun was nearly down, and it was a decided relief to get my axe and chop some fat pine, or "lightwood," as they say in the South. Moreover, while my working mood was on, I constructed a shutter, or curtain, of brush for the cabin's doorway.

An outline of the Okefinokee Swamp is shown on any good map of Georgia and Florida. My *locus* may be approximately found by drawing a line exactly southeast from Blackshear, in the former State, a distance of twenty miles. Immediately west of the cabin, a vast shallow pond, thickly set with cypress-trees and fringed with cane and stretches of aquatic bushes and lily pads, marked the beginning of the swamp proper. Behind this gloomy region the sun went down, filling the treetops with a strange glow, while I was cooking my frugal dinner.

Doubtless the enjoyment to be had from

"a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,"

is due somewhat to temperament, and not every man will be able to get even a smack of it. As for myself, each new camping-place proves my susceptibility to the charm of solitude. A torch of lightwood burning on the sand hearth filled the cabin with its yellow splendor while night came on, and I find in my book of notes the following entry:—

"First dinner eaten. Comfortable cabin. Pitch dark out-doors, with a fog brewing. Cool enough to make fire pleasant to sit by."

Another note, jotted down on rising next morning, might be thought contradictory of the phrase "comfortable cabin;" for it records that "I lay awake

an hour late last night. The moon, which arose toward midnight, got the better of the fog, and stared at me through a large hole in the roof. What awoke me was a big owl. It lit on the rib-pole overhead with a startling whack. A little later it gave a yell savage enough to chill one's blood, and loud enough to compare well with a panther's scream. I was sitting bolt upright in my hammock fumbling for my bow, first thing I knew."

It is morning, I might say the first morning, after settling in a new camp, that gives the controlling impression. I awoke with a distinct thrill of delight, hearing a twitter in the trees, and a fresh breeze was playing upon me through the spaces between the logs of my cabin's wall. I bounced out, and ran, stripped to Adamic freedom, down to the little stream, a tributary or branch of the Sattilla, and wallowed in its chill water as long as I dared. Then a hard rub-down, clothes, and breakfast.

At the time of which I write there probably was not a dwelling within ten miles of me. Since then a railroad has been built across part of the swamp hard by. During my stay in the cabin and my excursions round about it I but twice heard sounds reminding me of mankind, and I saw no human being. The following entries in my notebook refresh my memory:—

"While eating breakfast heard an ivory-billed woodpecker cackling far over in the swamp. — Had a sloppy, happy time. Went after *Campephilus*, and got a wood-duck. — Shall have to carry two quivers when I go into the watery parts of this region to shoot: heavy arrows in one, light in other."

I remember that first long and fruitless chase, following the ivory-bill by his voice without once seeing him. It was mostly wading in from two to six inches of water, between close-set cypresses and water-oaks. Doubtless the wary bird could hear a long way the splashing noise of my feet, and so easily kept beyond

my vision. At all events, I had my toilsome tramp in vain, save the killing of the wood-duck on the stream near my cabin.

My next book-entry is explicit: "Got back at high noon. Plucked my duck, a fine fat young fellow, not a year old. It was a rattling good shot. Hit him at forty yards with a heavy, blunt arrow. Had got nearly back to cabin when I spied him on the brook. Shall have a roast of him for dinner this evening."

On a later page I find this: "Read nearly all the afternoon in Virgil's *Georgics*, and heard thrushes sing in the boskets eastward. Have eaten almost the whole of my duck. Delicious with bacon and ash-cake. Sorted and mended arrows. Am bound to get an ivory-bill to-morrow."

But I did not even hear an ivory-billed woodpecker next day, nor yet the day after. My notes show that I explored a considerable pine ridge two miles north-east of the cabin. "Saw large holes in dead trees, old nests of either log-cocks or ivory-bills. Two small, lank deer ran past me just after I had heard a gun in the remote distance." I remember that I found myself involuntarily skulking at the thought of a sportsman with a gun being anywhere in my wilderness. A panther would have been preferable.

Most of my notes were written by the light of fat pine splinters, at night, between dinner and bed. Here is one of a self-conscious turn: "Wonder how it would affect an average man of affairs to look in upon me here! This forlorn cabin deep in a primitive wood; I sitting tailor-fashion on the ground writing by torchlight; my bows leaning in the corner; beside them my quivers full of arrows; yonder my hammock; a smell of scorched bacon and broiled birds still lingering on the air. How little suffices to make a willing man happy!"

The chief element in my enjoyment of a sojourn like the one now under discussion is the sense of loneliness and isola-

tion always uppermost. Doubtless a perfect understanding of the anachronism in archery makes the Bowman of to-day seek primeval surroundings. I can say for myself that my first thought, when the time has come for an outing, is of some sylvan region where nature has never been seriously disturbed. There I can find true recreation. My cabin in the Okefinokee suited me, because it would not have suited any other civilized man, and because the life it offered was absolute freedom.

The big owl came every night, hitting the rib-pole harder each time, and yawping in a way that I could not get used to. What came of it appears in the following entry: "Was on the *qui vive* for my owl last night, and when it came I grabbed my bow, and peeped and peered, trying to get a glimpse of the monster through some crack in the roof, but must have failed had it not changed its perch from the rib-pole to the top of the rickety stick-and-dirt chimney. Then I saw how big it was, its entire bulk showing against the sky through the rent in the clapboards. I drew a steel-headed arrow clean up to the point and let drive. That ended my trouble." I found the old fellow next morning a rod from the house, dead enough; but my arrow had clipped right through, and gone I never knew where.

It has been my luck to have owls bother me in my lonely camps. More than once the persistent whining of screech-owls has made me leave a place otherwise very attractive. As for the big bird that I knocked off the chimney-top, he probably had a better claim than I to possession of the cabin; but I could not afford to be ousted by him. Indeed, so attached to the place had I grown that when my man of the ox-wain came promptly to bear me away, I sent for some more bacon, meal, rice, and sugar, and stayed ten days longer.

Spring came on with a rush in the swamp; everything flaunted rich green-

ery. By the 3d of April it was like June. Still there were not many birds, until one day they deluged the forest. It was as if a sudden tide had borne them up from the south. At daybreak I heard their chattering and twittering, their whistling, their warbling, a very pandemonium of early throat-swellings and syrinx-shaking; above them all the voice of an ivory-bill, a clarion call to his mate and a challenge to me.

Very few are the naturalists who have studied the ivory-billed woodpecker (*Campephilus principalis*) in its native haunts. I have been surprised to find that many persons priding themselves upon their ornithology are not aware that the log-cock and the ivory-bill belong to different genera. More than a hundred letters came to me in response to a slight paper I had printed on this subject, and in most of them I was informed that the ivory-bill had, until a few years past, been a bird quite common in the heavy woods near where each of the letter-writers lived. Of course it was the log-cock (*Hylotomus pileatus*), not the ivory-bill, that these persons remembered. The former is the great black woodpecker, about the size of a crow, which fifty years ago was common over a large part of our country east of the Mississippi River, and in some places farther west. But the ivory-bill, larger and more beautiful, has always been a rare bird. Neither Wilson nor Audubon knew much about it at first-hand, and nobody since their day has found out anything very notable on the subject. Hence my visit to the Okefinokee, and the enthusiasm of the following entries in my book:—

"Was out this morning at dayrack. Had heard an ivory-bill trumpeting eastward. Forgot to take my souse in the brook; ate not a bite of breakfast; seized my tackle and scurried away, buckling my quiver-belt as I ran. Delicious morning,—green leaves, sweet smells, and an ambrosial breeze. My rubber boots felt

almost cold to my feet and legs when I waded the brook. Had a glimpse of *Campophilus* while I was making a detour southward to pass between him and the swamp. Knew him by the sparkling white he showed and by a flare of carmine. I ran through a cane-brake, then over an acre of fallen dead trees and into a bay thicket, where I found good cover under which to creep. For a while I did not hear him; then he began hammering on a ghostly, barkless old pine. I could see parts of the tree, but not the bird. What blows! They sounded strangely through the woods. When I came within sixty yards of the tree, I let myself down and crawled to the thicket's edge. There he was, his broad back toward me, and his flaming red head flashing up and down while he pecked, or to this side and that when he peeped around the trunk to see if there was any danger. Now was my time. He was a magnificent specimen, in full plumage. Had an arrow ready, — the best of my lot, — pewter-headed, feathered with peacock. Drew up, but found my left arm shaky. Buck fever at sight of a woodpecker!

"I was excited. I knew very well that one shot would close the incident. Moreover, I should probably not have another such opportunity during my outing. And it came into my mind that the chances were many against hitting that bird. I let down my bow-arm and rubbed it, meantime trying to settle myself. But my big bird was about to fly, I knew by a certain wag of his body. Up went my bow again, and I pulled steadily, swiftly, with just a pause for aim. Aim! If I had time, I could write an essay showing that, in archery, aim is a point of life rich with a subtle extract of delight. You condense all your capacity and press it hard there. Your lungs are full, your brain is drawn to a focus, your steadfast eyes glitter. Look at that left arm! Outthrust like a boxer's when he punches, rigid as a cast-

iron bar, it points the way; and the right arm drawn back as if to strike, three fingers of its hand hooked upon the string. There's a statue for you! When you loose, the old note of Apollo rings far and free. And of course I missed. Such is luck; but it was a close call. My arrow's pewter head hit with a loud 'rap-p-p-p,' which echoed like an axe-stroke, an inch or two (call it three) above him and to the right."

I killed two perfect specimens during my stay and examined several old nests, besides observing with my glass a whole morning's work of a pair of ivory-bills at nest-making. They had chosen a large pine-tree, dead for years and quite stripped of its boughs, and were delving a hole into it just below a projecting knot. I could not get very near them, as the tree stood in an open space; but with the glass I could see all their proceedings, of which here is my note made on the spot:—

"Male ivory-bill at work about fifty feet up, making a round hole about four inches in diameter. He strikes five or six blows, then flings out fragments of rotten wood. Very suspicious and watchful, stopping often to look all about, wagging his head. Great red topknot and snow-white beak. When he reaches into the hole he disappears, save his tail, which is slightly spread. Female came and relieved him, going briskly to work in his place. He flew away."

From what I know of other woodpeckers, it probably was a matter of two weeks' time finishing that excavation. The ivory-bill usually digs deep, making a jug-shaped cavity, the entrance being at the top of the neck. I have examined many of these pits, mostly in the wildest lowlands of Mississippi, Georgia, and Florida, and they are all of the same form, albeit differing in the length and course of the neck, which is controlled by the nature of the wood through which it is dug.

Day after day I was tireless in my

explorations. The great swamp had so many secrets to taunt me withal that I could not be idle. Not even the dark nights could keep me in the cabin. Once I groped my way for a long distance northward, trying to get a shot at some large animal which I could hear, but could not see. Of this incident I find the following note :—

"Awoke last night. Some animal sniffing at a crack near my hammock. Listened ; heard it shuffling along in the leaves ; then it sniffed again and made a raucous sound, between a whine and a cough. Got up slyly, slipped on boots, took bow and quiver, and went to the door. Heard a snarling cry ; not loud, but strange. Slipped through the brush door-curtain and stepped forth, ready to shoot. Footfalls just around corner of cabin. Very dark ; could not see, but went in that direction with bow half drawn. Animal hissed like a cat and moved away slowly. I followed, straining my eyes. Sky clear, packed with stars ; a pleasant temperature, no air stirring ; wood still, silent, gloomy. Followed the thing on ; heard it trot through a pool of water and stop ; felt my way a little farther ; thought I saw it ; let drive at it ; but off obliquely to the right it snarled and moved on. So it led me a stumbling, fumbling chase, all to no end, save that when at last it loped away for good I discovered that I did not know where I was, and I lay down right there and slept till daylight, to find that I was nearly a mile from the cabin. When I got back, lo, my bacon was gone !"

Every sportsman of adequate experience will understand the following entry : "While I had the bacon I ate very little of it. Now it's gone I am raving hungry for it."

Wherefore it behooved me to shoot something edible, and a later note runs thus : "Breakfast, dinner, and supper, rice and ash-cake. Out all the morning, viciously alert ; tramped miles in

swamp and on hammock ; saw nothing to shoot."

Next day I had better luck, when I found a marshy glade with an irregular pond in the middle, and had two hours of unmixed delight skulking from point to point, under cover of grass tufts and marsh shrubs, outwitting some killdees. It is of indescribable interest to me now, remembering how I shot till my arms ached. The birds were shy, and the shots were long ; moreover, I had to use my tackle in very trying attitudes, as I could not stand upright without discovering myself to my quarry. The arrows would hit in the mud and knock up a spray of it close to the flickering, seesawing game, and then what flying ! But the glade seemed to have them charmed, for not a bird left it ; they merely winged a circle or two and dropped in another part. I got a small bag of them in the long run,—five the record states,—and in due time spitted them at my cabin fire. A laconic note sums up the result :—

"Birds like tangled shoe-strings ; meat clung to skeleton as if sewed fast. Fragrant enough, but dry as chips. And now it is raining."

I had to dig a trench in the ground to drain out the water falling into the cabin through the ample rent in the roof ; but, fortunately, my hammock was in a dry place, and I took great care of the provisions. It rained all night, furiously a part of the time, and I slept half awake. Next day was clear, cool, glorious, with a sea-smell in the air. This fine weather held during the rest of my stay, bringing out the full power of spring, and I was loath to go : almost tempted, against duty, to dicker with my ox-wain man for another week. Any reader must sympathize when the following notes meet his eye :—

"To-day has been my best, and it is my last here. Found an enchanted spot this morning, a pond lightly fringed with rushes. High bank of dry sand on one side, where I lay and dreamed, looking

through a window-like opening in the growth at the shallow water's edge thirty yards away. I could see clean across to the rushes, reeds, and heavily wooded swamp beyond. And while I looked there came a stately white heron of full plumage wading across my vision. Slowly, step by step, with awkward yet supremely graceful motion, it passed and was gone. That was a poem of the Okefinokee."

"Good thing men are not all alike, else this solemn old swamp would to-day be swarming with pleasure-seekers, and my occupation would be gone."

"If there were nothing to prevent, how gladly I would go on living here, eating ash-cake and rice, shooting, studying, being free!"

"For seventeen days I have been here, as happy, healthy, and busy as any bird, and it has cost me, all told, three dollars and forty cents!"

There may be malaria in the Okefinokee at certain seasons, though persons who are supposed to know say the contrary. I was not troubled with mosquitoes, saw few snakes, no frogs, and the air felt and smelt pure. Twice there was fog at night, which lifted soon after sunrise without disagreeable influence. I drank the water of the stream by my cabin, and found it good enough. No sweeter sleep ever refreshed a tired man than fell upon me night after night in my hammock.

I could tell the greatest stories of my bow-shooting, had I archers to listen, for I did keep the air buzzing with my arrows early and late, and therein was the chief fascination of it all. I took great comfort in my notebook, making of it a familiar confidant. Reading the pages now gives me wafts from the swamp, and I hear the birds at dawn begin to flute from distance to distance.

In one sense "desolation" is the fit word for the Okefinokee, and in every

sense the whole region is, and probably will always be, a solitude given over to solemnity and silence. Yet it has its glowing spots, its nooks and corners of intense expression. By the following note — my book has many like it — a glimpse is afforded of an oasis, so to call it, in the flashy cypress waste: —

"This day, 9 April, I found a place where the ground was almost hidden under yellow flowers of the pitcher-plant, acres and acres of them. They have a moonshine flash when the wind tosses them; and when still the whole field shimmers dreamily, a smouldering fire of straw-colored gold."

Apparently, there are few birds' nests in the swamp proper, but in the thickets and brakes which fringe it around I saw many. Even the log-cocks and ivory-bills choose the pine-trees rather than the cypresses. Near the sluggish little streams there are wild haw thickets. In these I noted jays, cardinal grosbeaks, various thrushes, and many warblers. Of woodpeckers, my list contains ivory-bill, log-cock, golden-wing, red-cockade, red-belly, downy, hairy, yellow-belly, and red-head. The belted kingfisher was abundant beside the streams and open ponds, but herons were scarce.

Departing from the Okefinokee, I had my Parthian shot, as this note reminds me: "Wagon had not gone two miles when I saw a pair of jays in a clump of bushes. The first glimpse of them showed something unusual in their coloring. Jumped out of wagon with bow and quiver. Driver waited while I went sneaking along. Birds were Florida jays. Got one, male, at second shot. A beautiful specimen, and far north of its reputed limit."

Among my many outings, I remember none with more pleasure than that which I have named *An Archer's Sojourn in the Okefinokee*.

Maurice Thompson.

SOME MEMORIES OF HAWTHORNE.

III.

My first frequent companionship with my father began in Italy, when I was seven years old. We entered Rome after a long, wet, cold carriage journey that would have disillusionized a *Doré*. As we jolted along, my mother held me in her arms, while I slept as much as I could; and when I could not, I blessed the patient, weary bosom upon which I lay exhausted. It was a solemn-faced load of Americans which shook and shivered into the city of memories that night. In Monte Beni, as he preferred to call The Marble Faun, my father speaks of Rome with mingled contempt for its discomforts and delighted heartiness for its outshining fascinations. "The desolation of her ruin" does not prevent her from being "more intimately our home than even the spot where we were born." A ruin or a picture could not satisfy his heart, which accepted no yoke less strong than spiritual power. Before our farewell to it, the Eternal City had painted itself upon our minds as the sunniest, most splendid precinct in the world. In the spring my sister wrote: "We are having perfectly splendid weather now, — unclouded Italian skies, blazing sun, everything warm and glorious. But the sky is too blue, the sun is too blazing, everything is too vivid. Often I long for the more cloudy skies and peace of that dear, beautiful England. Rome makes us all languid. We have to pay a fearful price for the supreme enjoyment there is in standing on the very spots made interesting by poetry or by prose, imagination or (which is still more absorbing) truth. Sometimes I wish there had never been anything done or written in the world! My father and I seem to feel in this way more than the rest. We agree about Rome as we did about England."

In the course of the winter my mother had written of our chilly reception thus:

NO. 37 VIA PORTA PINCIANA, 2D PIANO,
PALAZZO LARAZANI, ROME.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH, — I could not have believed I could be in Rome a day without announcing it to you in words and expressions which would have the effect at least of the bell of St. Peter's or the cannon of St. Angelo. . . . But my soul has been iced over, as well as the hitherto flowing fountains of the Piazza di San Pietro. I have not been able to expand like corn and melons under a summer sun. Nipped have been all my blossoming hopes and enthusiasms, and my hands have been too numb to hold a pen. Added to this, Mr. Hawthorne has had the severest cold he ever had, because bright, keen cold he cannot bear so well as damp; and Rosebud has not been well since she entered the city. It is colder than for twenty years before. We find it enormously expensive to live in Rome; our apartment is twelve hundred a year.

But I am in Rome, Rome, *Rome*! I have stood in the Forum and beneath the Arch of Titus, at the end of the Sacra Via. I have wandered about the Coliseum, the stupendous grandeur of which equals my dream and hope. I have seen the sun kindling the open courts of the Temple of Peace, where Sarah Clarke said, years ago, that my children would some time play. (It is now called Constantine's Basilica.) I have climbed the Capitoline and stood before the Capitol, by the side of the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, — the finest in the world [my father calls it "the most majestic representation of kingly character that ever the world has seen"], — once in front of the Arch of

Septimius Severus. I have been into the Pantheon, whose sublime portico quietly rises out of the region of criticism into its own sphere, — a fit entrance to the temple of all the gods. How wise was the wise and tact-gifted Augustus to reject the homage of Agrippa, who built it for his apotheosis, and to dedicate it to the immortal gods! It is *now* dedicated to the Immortal God.

And I have been to St. Peter's! There alone in Rome is perpetual summer. You have heard of the wonderful atmosphere of this world of a basilica. It would seem to be warmed by the ardent soul of Peter, or by the breath of prayer from innumerable saints. One drops the hermetical seal of a curtain behind, upon entering, and behold, with the world is also shut out the bitter cold, and one is folded, as it were, in a soft mantle of down, as if angels wrapped their wings about us. I expanded at once under the invisible sun. There have been moments when I have felt the spell of Rome, but every one says here that it dawns gradually upon the mind. It would not have been so with me, I am convinced, if I had been *warm*. Who ever heard of an icicle glowing with emotion? What is Rome to a frozen clod? . . .

We were not able to seize upon the choicest luxuries of living, as our accommodations, even such as they were, proved to be expensive enough to hamper us. We had all expected to be blissful in Italy, and so the inartistic and inhuman accessories of life were harder to bear there than elsewhere. I remember a perpetual rice pudding (sent in the tin ten-story edifices which caterers supply laden with food), of which the almost daily sight maddened us, and threw us into a Burton's melancholy of silence, for nothing could prevent it from appearing. We all know what such simple despairs can do, and, by concerted movement, they can make Rome tame. If we had sustained ourselves on milk, like Romulus

and Remus, and dressed in Russian furs, we might have had fewer vicissitudes in the midst of the classic wonders on all sides. But spring was faithful, and at its return we began to enjoy the scenes of most note within and beyond the walls: the gleaming ruins, and fresh, uncontaminated daisies that trustfully thrived beside some of them; the little fountains, with their one-legged or flat-nosed statues strutting grotesquely above them, — fountains either dry as dead revelers or tinkling a pathetic sob into a stone trough; the open views where the colors of sunlit marble and the motions of dancing light surrounded the peasants who sprang up from the ground like belated actors in a drama we only keep with us out of childish delight.

My father had never looked so serious as he did now, and he was more slim than in England. He impressed me as permeated by an atmosphere of perception. A magnetic current of sympathy with the city rendered him contemplative and absorbent as a cloud. He was everywhere, but only looked in silence, so far as I was aware. The Marble Faun shows what he thought in sentences that reveal, like mineral specimens, strata of ideas stretching far beyond the confines of the novel. While he observed Rome, as he frequently mentions, he felt the sadness of the problems of the race which there were brought to a focus. Yet it is a singular fact that, notwithstanding this regret for her human pathos, perhaps the best book he ever wrote was created among the suggestive qualities of this haven of mercy, — the book which inculcates the most sterling hope of any of his works. I saw in my walks with him how much he enjoyed the salable treasures and humble diversions of the thoroughfare, as his readers have always perceived. Ingenuous simplicity, freedom from self-consciousness and whitewash, frank selfishness on a plane so humble that it can do little harm, — all this is amusing and restful after long hours with transcen-

dental folk. My father looked in good spirits as we moved along. When he trafficked with an Italian fruit-vender, and put a few big hot chestnuts into his pocket, with a smile for me, I (who found his smile the greatest joy in the world) was persuaded that really fine things were being done. The slender copper piece which was all-sufficient for the transaction not only thrilled the huckster with delight, but became precious to me as my father's supple, broad fingers held it, dark, thin, small, in a respectful manner. He caressed it for a moment with his large thumb, — he who was liberal as nature in June, — and when the fruit-vender was wrought up to the proper point of ecstasy he was allowed to receive the money, which he did with a smile of Italian gracefulness and sparkle, while my father looked conscious of the mirthfulness of the situation with as lofty a manner as you please. As for the peasant women we met, under their little light-stands of head-drapery, they were easily comprehensible, and expressed without a shadow of reserve their vanity and tiger blood by an openly proud smile and a swing of the brilliantly striped skirt. The handsomest men and women possible, elaborately dressed, shone beside tiers of the sweetest bunches of pale violets, or a solitary boy, so beautiful that his human splendor scintillated, small as he was, sat in the pose and apparel that the world knows through pictures, and which pigment can never well render any more than it can catch the power of a sunset or an American autumn. The marble-shops were very pleasant places. A whirring sound lulled the senses into dreamy receptiveness, as the stone wheel heavily turned with soft swiftness, giving the impression that here hard matter was controlled to a nicety by airy forces; and a fragrance floated from the wet marble lather, while the polishing of our newly-picked-up mementos from the ruins went on, which was as subtle as that of flowers. A man or two, hoary

with marble-dust and ennobled by the "bloom" of it, stood tall and sad about the wheel, and we handed to these refined creatures our treasures of giallo-antico and porphyry and other marbles picked up "for remembrance" (and no doubt once pressed by a Cæsar's foot or met by a Cæsar's glance), in order to observe the fresh color leap to the surface, — yellow, red, black, or green. Far more were we thrilled at finding scraps of iridescent glass lachrymals, containing all the glories of Persian magnificence, while pathetically hinting of the tears of a Roman woman (precious only to herself, whatever her flatterers might aver) two thousand years ago.

The heart of Rome was acknowledged to be St. Peter's, and its pulse the Pope. The most striking effect the Holy Father produced upon me, standing at gaze before him with my parents, was when he appeared, in Holy Week, high up in the balcony before the mountainous dome, looking off over the great multitude of people gathered to receive his blessing. Those eyes of his carried expression a long way, and he looked most kingly, though unlike other kings. He was clothed in white not whiter than his wonderful pal-lor. My father implies in a remark that Pio Nono impressed him by a becoming sincerity of countenance, and this was so entirely my infantile opinion that I became eloquent about the Pope, and was rewarded by a gift from my mother of a little medallion of him and a gold scudo with an excellent likeness thereon, both always tenderly revered by me.

Going to the Pincian Hill on Sunday afternoons, when my father quite regularly made me his companion, was the event of my week which entertained me best of all. To play a simple game of stones on one of the gray benches in the late afternoon sunshine, with him for courteous opponent, was to feel my eyes, lips, hands, all my being, glow with the fullest human happiness. When he threw down a pebble upon one of the squares

which he had marked with chalk, I was enchanted. When one game was finished, I trembled lest he would not go on with another. He was never fatigued or annoyed — outwardly. He had as much control over the man we saw in him as a sentinel on duty. Therefore he proceeded with the tossing of pebbles, genially though quietly, not exhibiting the least reluctance, and uttering a few amused sounds, like mellow wood-notes. Between the buxom groups of luxuriant foliage the great stream of fashion rolled by in carriages, the music of the well-trained band pealing forth upon the breeze; and in the tinted distance, beyond the wall of the high-perched garden which surrounded us, the sunset shook out its pennons. Through the glinting bustle of the crowd and the richness of nature my father peacefully breathed, in half-withdrawn brooding, either pursuing our pebble warfare with kindest stateliness, or strolling beside lovely plots of shadowed grass, fragrant from lofty trees of box. An element by no means slight in the rejoicing of my mind, when I was with him of a Sunday afternoon, was his cigar, which he puffed at very deliberately, as if smoking were a rite. The aroma was wonderful. The classicism which followed my parents about in everything of course connected itself with my father's chief luxury, in the form of a bronze match-box, upon which an autumn scene of harvest figures was modeled with Greek elegance, and to this we turned our eyes admiringly during the lighting of the cigar. At last it would grow too late to play another game, and my father's darkly clothed form would be drawn up, and his strongly beautiful face lifted ominously. Before leaving the hill we went to look over the parapet to the west, where stood, according to Monte Beni, "the grandest edifice ever built by man, painted against God's loveliest sky."

Among the friends much with us was the astronomer, Miss Maria Mitchell,

whom we had long known intimately. She smiled blissfully in Rome, as if really visiting a constellation. Her voice was richly mellow, like my father's, and her wit was the merry spray of deep waves of thought. The sculptor, Miss Harriet Hosmer, it was easy to note, charmed the romancer. She was cheerfulness itself, touched off with a jaunty cap. Her smile I remember as one of those very precious gleams that make us forget everything but the present moment. She could be wittily gay; but there was plenty of brain power behind the clever *mot*, as immensities are at the source of the sun-ray. Many friends were in Rome, both as residents and as tourists, and in all my after-life our two winters there were the richest of memories, in regard both to personalities and exquisite objects, and to scenes of artistic charm. Yet, as I have said elsewhere, if the tall, slender figure of my father were not at hand, even my mother's constantly cheering presence and a talkative group of people could not warm the imagination quite enough. He says, in speaking of the Carnival, "For my part, though I pretended to take no interest in the matter, I could have bandied confetti and nosegays as readily and riotously as any urchin there." These few words explain his magnetism. The decorous pretense of his observant calm could not make us forget the bursts of mirth and vigorous abandon which now and then revealed the flame of unstinted life in his heart. And I, watching constantly as I did, saw a riotous throw of the confetti, a mirthful smile of Carnival spirits, when my father was radiant for a few moments with a youth's, a faun's merriment.

Having quoted a letter of my sister's which expresses his opinion and her own of the irksomeness of sight-seeing, however heroic the spot, I will add this little paragraph from the next winter's correspondence, when, though only fifteen, she wrote very well of Europe and America, concluding: "It shows you have not lived

in Europe, dear aunt, and do not know what it is to breathe day after day the atmosphere of art, that you can think of our being satisfied. We have seen satisfactorily, but the longer we stay, the higher and deeper is our enjoyment, and the more are our minds fitted to understand and admire, and the nearer do our souls approach in thought and imagination to that fount of glory and beauty from which the old artists drew so freely."

My mother's letters describing my sister's illness with Roman fever recall the many persons of interest whom we saw in Rome. She writes: "Carriages were constantly driving to the door with inquiries. People were always coming. Even dear Mrs. Browning, who almost never goes upstairs, came the moment she heard. She was like an angel. I saw her but a moment, but the clasp of her hand was electric, and her voice penetrated my heart. Mrs. Ward, also usually unable to go upstairs, came every day for five days. One day there seemed a cloud of good spirits in the drawing-room, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Story, and so on, all standing and waiting. Magnificent flowers were always coming, baskets and bouquets, which were presented with tearful eyes. The American minister constantly called. Mr. Aubrey de Vere came. Every one who had seen Una in society or anywhere came to ask. Mrs. Story came three times in one day to talk about a consultation. The doctor wished all the food prepared exactly after his prescription, and would accept no one's dishes. 'Whose broth is this?' 'This is Mrs. Browning's.' 'Then tell Mrs. Browning to write her poesies, and not to meddle with my broths for my patient!' 'Whose jelly is this?' 'Mrs. Story's.' 'I wish Mrs. Story would help her husband to model his statues, and not try to feed Miss Una!' General Pierce came three times a day. I think I owe to him, almost, my husband's life. He was divinely tender, sweet, sympathizing, and helpful."

The entries in my mother's diary so abound in names of persons met day by day, names both unknown to the world and familiar to it, that it is hard to see how there was time for sight-seeing or illness, or the reading which was kept up. The wife of a distinguished sculptor in Rome afterwards said in a letter that this year of 1859 was remarkable for its crowd of tourists, and added that 1860 proved very quiet. It does not sound quiet to hear that she had just enjoyed a horseback ride with Mr. Browning; but Americans and English certainly did have rich enjoyment in Italy in those days, and grew exacting. The jottings of the diary stir the imagination quite pleasantly, beginning January 16, 1859. "Mr. Browning called to visit us. Delightful visit. I read *Charlotte Brontë* for the second time. — Mrs. Story sent a note to my husband to invite him to tea [my mother being housed with my sick sister] with Mr. Browning. — Horatio Bridge spent the evening. — Read *Frederick the Great*. Oh, such a rubbishy style! — Mr. Motley called, and brought *Paradise Lost* for Una. — I went to the sunny Corso with my husband, who is far from well. Mrs. Story asks us to dine with Mr. de Vere, Lady William Russell, Mr. Alison, Mr. Browning, and other interesting people. — Lovely turquoise day. I prepared Julian's Carnival dress. Went to the Hoars' balcony, and the Conservatori passed in gorgeous array. The George Joneses took Una to drive in the Corso, and the Prince of Wales threw her a bouquet from his balcony. I read the *Howadj* in Syria as I sat at the Hoars' window. — I had a delightful visit from E. Hoar. She saw the Pope yesterday, and he blessed her. Mrs. Story looked very pretty in a carriage at the Carnival, with a hat trimmed with a wreath of violets. — Mr. and Mrs. Story called for us to go to the Doria Villa. We had a glorious excursion, finding rainbow anemones and seeing wonderful views. Mr. Christopher

Cranch joined us. — I went to the Vatican for the first time this year, with E. Hoar. We met there Mr. Hawthorne escorting Mrs. Pierce and Miss Vandervoort. We went through all the miles of sculpture. — Una and I called on Mrs. Pierce, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Pickman, Mrs. Hoar, and met Mrs. Motley. In the afternoon I went with E. Hoar to Mr. Story's studio. Mrs. Pickman called on me. — Mr. Hawthorne and I and Julian went to call on Miss Cushman, and to Mr. Page's studio. Mr. Motley had made a long call early in the day, and teased Mr. Hawthorne to dine with him, to meet Lord Spencer's son. — Mrs. Story brought Una the first lilies-of-the-valley that have bloomed in Rome this year. I went with Rose to Trinità dei Monti to hear the nuns sing vespers. Coming out, I met Miss Harriet Hosmer. — Superb day. I went with my husband to call at Miss Hosmer's studio, and met the Hon. Mr. Cowper, who stopped to talk. Mr. Browning darted upon us across the Piazza, glowing with cordiality. Miss Hosmer could not admit us, because she was modeling Lady Mordaunt's nose. — Governor Seymour called. — I took Rose to a window in the Carnival. It was a mad, merry time. A gentleman tossed me a beautiful bouquet and a bonbon. — Julian and I went to the Albani Villa with Mrs. Ward and Mr. Charles Sumner. A charming time. — In the twilight I went with Mr. Hawthorne to the Coliseum and the Forum. It grew to lovely moonlight. — After dinner I went to the Pincian gardens with Mr. Hawthorne and Julian. It was moonlight. — Mr. Sumner made a long call."

Between our two winters in Rome we spent the summer in Florence, to which we journeyed by carriage over a road that was hung like a rare gallery with landscapes of the most picturesque description, and bordered close at hand by many a blue or crimson or yellow Italian anemone with its black centre. This ex-

perience was all sunshine, all pastime. On the way, stopping at Lake Thrasy-mene, my mother wrote: —

May 20, 1858.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH, — I have just been watching the moon rise over the lake, exactly opposite the window of our parlor. We thought to go out and see the moonlight this evening, when I saw on the horizon what seemed a mighty conflagration, which I immediately supposed must be the moon, though I had never seen it look so red. The clouds were of a fiery splendor, and then the flaming rim of the moon appeared above the mountains, like the shield of some warrior of the great battle between Flaminius and Hannibal on this spot, rising with its ghostly invisible hero to see how it was now on the former field of blood. The "peace supreme" that reigns here this evening distances all thought of war and terror. We left Perugia this afternoon at three o'clock, with the finest weather. Our drive was enchanting all the way, along rich valleys and up mountains. And when climbing mountains we have two milk-white steers which majestically draw us along. Their eyes are deep wells of dark, peaceful light, that seem to express broad levels of rich waving grain, pure lapsing streams, olives and vines, and every other sign of plenty and quiet husbandry, with no end of dawns, twilights, and cool thickets. The golden age of rural life slumbers in their great orbs. Byron calls them "the purest gods of gentle waters."

June 7th. Here we are, then, in enchanting Florence! I shall try to send you a journal by the Bryants, who are here now. The Brownings are close by, and we are going to see them soon. The language has yet to be made in which to describe beautiful, beautiful Florence, with its air of nectar and sherbet and soft odors, its palaces, Arno, and smooth streets, arched bridges, and all its other charms and splendors. . . .

We were hot in the city of Florence. My only consolation was to eat unnumbered cherries and apricots, for I did not as yet like the figs. My brother and I sometimes had a lurid delight in cracking the cherry and apricot stones and devouring the bitter contents, with the dreadful expectation of soon dying from the effects. Altogether I considered our sojourn in the town house, Casa del Bello, a morose experience; but it was, fortunately, short. My mother had a different feeling: she wrote home to America, "It is a delightful residence." Without doubt it contained much engaging finery. Three parlors, giving upon a garden, were absorbed into the "study" for my father alone; and my mother was greatly pleased to find that fifteen easy-chairs were within reach of any whim for momentary rest between the campaigns of sight-seeing. To add to my own arbitrary shadow and regret of that time, the garden at the rear of the house was to me damp; full of green things and gracefully drooping trees, doubtless, but never embracing a ray of sunshine. Yet it was hot; all was relaxing; summer prevailed in one of its ill-humored moods. To make matters worse, my brother had caught in this Dantesque garden a brown bird, whether because sick or lame I know not. But an imprisoned bird it certainly was; and its prison consisted of a small, cell-like room, bare of anything but the heart-broken glances of its occupant. My father objected to the capture and caging of birds, and looked with cold disapproval upon the hospitable endeavor of my brother to lengthen the existence of a little creature that was really safer in the hands of Dame Nature. Presently the bird from the sad garden died, and then indeed Florence became intolerable to me! I wandered through the long, darkish hall that penetrated our edifice from front to back, and I sometimes emerged into the garden's bosky sullenness in my unsmiling misery. Again my mother's testimony proves my

mind to have been strangely influenced by what to her was "a garden full of roses, jessamine, orange and lemon trees, and a large willow-tree drooping over a fountain in its midst," with a row of marble busts along a terrace: altogether a place that should have filled me with kittenish glee. The Note-Books, to be sure, suggest that it harbored malaria. I looked with painful disappointment upon the unceasing dishes of fresh purple figs, which everybody else seemed to enjoy. I saw pale golden wine poured from poetic bottles braided with strands of straw, like pretty girls' heads of flaxen hair; and I was surprised that my father had the joyousness to smile, though sipping what he was later to call "Monte Beni sunshine."

That nothing of misery might be excluded from my dismal round of woe, the only people whom I could go to see were the Powers family, living opposite to us. Mr. Powers petrified me by the *sang-froid* with which he turned out, and pointed out, his statues. Great artists are apt to be like reflections from a greater light,—they know more about that light than about themselves; but Mr. Powers seemed to me to defy art to lord it over his splendid mechanical genius, the self he managed so well. To prove beyond a doubt that material could not resist him, he would step from the studio into an adjoining apartment, and strike off button-like bits of metal from an iron apparatus which he had invented. It was either buttons or Venuses with him, indifferently, as I supposed.

Gray to me, though "bright" to my mother, were the galleries and narrow halls of marble busts, where started back into this life old Medicean barbarians, of imperial power and wormlike ugliness; presided over, as I looked upon them in memory during my girlhood, by that knightly form of Michelangelo's seated Lorenzo de' Medici, whose attitude and shadowed eyes seem to express a lofty disapproval of such a world.

A morning dawned when the interest in living again became vigorous. A delicate-looking, essentially dignified young gentleman, the Count da Montaùto, seemingly considerably starved, but fascinatingly blue-blooded, appeared in our tiresome house. I heard that we were to remove to a villa at Bellosguardo, a hill distant fifteen minutes' drive from the city, where the summer was reasonable; and as the count owned this haunt of refreshment, I became enthusiastically tender in my respect for him. For years afterwards my sensibilities were exercised over the question as to where the count was put while we enjoyed the space and loveliness of Montaùto; I did not know that he had a palace in town. His sad, sweetly resentful glance had conveyed to me the idea, "Must I still live, if I live beneath my rank, and as a leaser of villas?"

One day, happy day, we toiled by carriage, between light-colored walls, sometimes too high for any view, — that once caused my mother a three hours' walk, because of a misturn, — over little hot, dusty roads, out and up to the villa. My father and brother had already walked thither; and my brother's spirits, as he stood beside the high iron gateway, in front of the gray tower which was the theme, or chief outline, of the old country-seat, were pleasant to witness, and illustrated my own pent-up feelings. He shouted and danced before the iron bars of the gate like a humanized note of music, uncertain where it belonged, and glad of it.

Our very first knowledge of Montaùto was rich and varied, with the relief from pretentiousness which all ancient things enjoy, and with the appealing sweetness of time-worn shabbiness. The walls of the hall and staircase were of gray stone, as were the steps which led echoingly up to the second story of the house. My sister exclaims in delight concerning the whole scene: "This villa, — you have no idea how delightful it is! I think there must be pretty nearly a hundred rooms

in it, of all shapes, sizes, and heights. The walls are never less than five feet thick, and sometimes more, so that it is perfectly cool. I should feel very happy to live here always. I am sitting in the loggia, which is delightful in the morning freshness. Oh, how I love every inch of that beautiful landscape!" The tower and the adjacent loggia were the features that preëminently sated our thirst for suggestive charm, and they became our proud boast and the chief precincts of our daily life and social intercourse. The ragged gray giant looked over the road-walls at its foot, and beyond and below them over the Arno valley, rimmed atop with azure distance, and touched with the delicate dark of trees. Internally, the tower (crowned, like a rough old king of the days of the Round Table, with a machicolated summit) was dusty, broken, and somewhat dangerous of ascent. Owls that knew every wrinkle of despair and hoot-toot of pessimism clung to narrow crevices in the deserted rooms, where the skeleton-like prison frameworks at the unglazed windows were in keeping with the dreadful spirits of these unregenerate anchorites. The forlorn apartments were piled one above the other until the historic cylinder of stone opened to the sky. In contrast to the barrenness of the gray inclosures, through the squares of the windows throbbed the blue and gold, green and lilac, of Italian heavens and countryside.

At the dangers of the stairway my father laughed, with flashing glances. He always laughed (it was a sound peculiarly passionate and low, full, yet unobtrusive) at dangers in which he could share himself, although so grave when, in the moral turmoil, he was obliged to stand and watch uneven battle; not the less sorry for human nature because weakness comes from our ignoring the weapons we might have used. But on those trembling stairs he approved of the risk we ran, while cautioning me not

to drop through one of the holes; and then stumbled within an inch of breaking his own neck, and laughed again.

"While gropingly descending these crazy steps one dusky evening, I gratified Julian exceedingly by hitting my nose against the wall," he admits in the Note-Books. Who would not enjoy seeing a monarch come to so humble a contact with the bulwarks of his tower? Especially if he were royal enough not to take offense at one's mirth, as this one never did. Reaching the topmost heights of the stone pile, shaggy with yellow moss, we eagerly pressed to the battlements and drank in the view, finding all Florence spread out before us, far down from the breeze and light and prospect of our perch, — understanding the joy of falcons that are long hooded, and then finally look.

On one side of the tower was the lawn, hemmed round by a somewhat high semicircular stone wall. In front of it was Florence, pinnaced and roof-crowded, across the gentle valley. Not far away rose Galileo's rival tower, and the habitations of one or two friends. On another side of the keep the valley dipped more decidedly; and in the foreground clustered a collection of trees upon a grassy slope, divided from the villa lawn by a low wall, over which my father and mother sometimes bought grapes, figs, pomegranates, and peaches grown upon the place, which were smilingly offered by the count's *contadini*. These from their numbers were unrecognizable, while their prices for the exquisite fruit were so small that it was a pleasure to be cheated. Behind the tower stretched lengthily the house, its large arched doorway looking upon all comers with a frown of shadow. Still further behind basked a bevy of fruit gardens and olive-tree-dotted hillsides with their vines of the grape. We used to sit on the lawn in the evenings, and sometimes received guests there; looking at the sky, moon, comet, and stars ("flowers

of light," my mother called them) as if they were new. Any mortal might have been forgiven for so regarding them, in the sapphire glory of an Italian night. My mother's untiring voice of melodious enthusiasm echoed about the group in ejaculations of praise.

Some of the rooms I studiously avoided. The forlorn cavern of a parlor, or ball-room, I remember to have seen only once. There was a painful vacuum where good spirits ought to have been. Along the walls were fixed seats, like those in the apse of some morally fallen cathedral, and they were covered with blue threadbare magnificence that told the secrets of vanity. Heavy tables crowded down the centre of the room. I came, saw, and fled. The oratory was the most thrilling place of all. It opened out of my sister's room, which was a large, sombre apartment. It was said to attract a frequently seen ghost by the force of its profound twilight and historic sorrows; and my sister, who was courageous enough to startle a ghost, highly approved of this corner of her domain. But she suddenly lost her buoyant taste for disembodied spirits, and a rumor floated mistily about that Una had seen the wretched woman who could not forget her woes in death. In Monte Beni this oratory is minutely pictured, where "beneath the crucifix . . . lay a human skull . . . carved in gray alabaster, most skillfully done . . . with accurate imitation of the teeth, the sutures, the empty eye-caverns." Everywhere the intense picturesqueness gave material, at Montauito, for my father's romance. Stella, whom he invited into her story without changing her name, was a sympathetic object in my now somewhat alarmed and lonely days. I call her an "object," because I could not understand a word she said, and she soon gave up opening her lips when we were together. She looked kind, in spite of her rocky hardness of Italian feature, and she fed me on dried melon-seeds when I was

at the lowest tide of depression. Sometimes she was to be found at the well, close to the entrance-arch. There the faithful servant let down a bucket by its heavy chain with a doomsday clank. The sunlight revealed the smallness and brilliancy and number of her black braids and the infinite multitude of her wrinkles, as well as the yellowness of her dangling gold earrings and the texture of her parchment-like arms, which were the color of glossy brown leaves. Sometimes she would awaken me from soporific melancholy by allowing herself to be found upon her knees in her bedroom, a bare and colorless region, her great black crucifix hanging in majestic solitude upon the wall above her handsome old head. I thought her temporarily insane to pray so much, and at all to an audience; but I recognized the gentleness of the attacks, and I somehow loved her for them. Even to the ignorance of error truth can be beautiful. To give a clearer glimpse of the villa, which with our life there became one of the most precious of our memories, and a glimpse also of one or two people and events, I will insert this letter from my mother:

August 14, 1858.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH, — Una and Rose were getting pale for the first time in their lives, and Mr. Hawthorne was languid and weary of the city life, and an English lady, a friend of the Brownings, told us of this villa, which the Count da Montaùto wished to let this summer, though never before, and so we tried for it and got it. It is a most enchanting situation, and the villa is immensely large and very nice. We have an old mediæval tower at the oldest end, in which Savonarola was confined, and from its summit we have a view which one might dream of, but seldom see. We are so high, however, that from the first floor we have a sweeping view, and look down on the most sumptuous valley of the Arno from our western windows, —

a level plain, cultivated every inch with grapes and olives and other fruits; and all round rise up soft hills, and the Apennines afar off where the sun sets. We see the noble white steers slowly moving in the valley, among the trees, ploughing as in the days of Cincinnatus. An infinite peace and quiet reign. We hear birds, and in the evening the cue owl utters his melodious, melancholy one note. The world does not disturb us. The air is as pure and fresh as air can possibly be, blowing from the sweet, carefully tended plain, and sweeping down from the mountains. Near us is the villa and tower of Aurora Leigh, just at the end of our estate, and farther off is Galileo's tower, where he studied the heavens. Northeast from us lies the beautiful Florence, burning in the bottom of the cup of hills, with all its domes and campaniles, palaces and churches. Fiesole, the cradle of Florence, is visible among the heights at the east, and San Miniato, with its grove of cypresses, is farther off to the south. There is no end of beauty and interest, and the view becomes ideal and poetic the moment the sun begins its decline; for then the rose and purple mists drape the hills, and mountains — the common earth — turn to amethysts, topazes, and sapphires, and words can never convey an idea of the opaline heavens, which seem to have illimitable abysses of a penetrable substance, made up of the light of pearls. Literally and carefully I speak of the *light* of pearls, with the opaline changes. I am quite happy that I have seized the image. The effect is of a roundness with the confused yet clear outline of a pearl, an outline which also is not one, and the light looks living and absorbing. One evening, after the sun went down, rays of blue and rose came from it in a half-wheel shape, so ineffably delicate that if we looked too pryingly they were not there, but if we glanced unawares there they were. It was more like the thought of them than the realities. This summer we have our

first sight of Italian sunsets, for we were assured we should have fever if we were out at the hour in Rome. We began by watching them from the bridges over the Arno, which are perhaps the finest points of view, because the river is added. It flows east and west, and so we have all the glory by standing on either of the bridges. The arches, the reflections in the waters, the city's palaces and churches, the distant hills, all come in for a part of the pomp and splendor, — all that man can do, all that God has done, for this lovely land. Una's chamber is in the tower [but approached from the house], a large, lofty, vaulted chamber, with an oratory attached, full of Madonnas, pyxes, "and all sorts," as Mr. Browning says. There is a regular chapel besides. Mr. Hawthorne has a delightful suite of study, saloon, dressing-room, and chamber, away from all the rest of the family.

August 25th. Last evening Miss Ada Shepard and I went to a neighboring villa to see some table-turning, which I have never seen, nor anything appertaining to spirits. Mr. Frank Boott was there and a Fleming, Una's drawing-master. We tried patiently for two hours with the table, but though it trembled and wavered, nothing came of it; so Miss Shepard then took a pencil and paper for the spirits to write, if they would. [The attempt on Miss Shepard's part was now, and always afterwards, successful. My mother speaks of several somewhat vulgar spirits who caused great merriment.] Then Ada felt quite a different and new power seize her hand, rapidly writing: "Who?" "Mother." "Whose mother?" "Mrs. Hawthorne's. My dear child. I am with you. I wish to speak to you. My dearest child, I am *near* you. I am oftener with you than with any one." Ada's hand was carried forcibly back to make a strong underline beneath "*near*," and it was all written with the most eager haste, so that it agitated the medium very much, and me too; for I had

kept aloof in mind, because Mr. Hawthorne has such a repugnance to the whole thing. Mrs. Browning is a spiritualist. Mr. Browning opposes and protests with all his might, but he says he is ready to be convinced. Mrs. Browning is wonderfully interesting. She is the most delicate sheath for a soul I ever saw. One evening at Casa Guidi there was a conversation about spirits, and a marvelous story was told of two hands that crowned Mrs. Browning with a wreath through the mediumship of Mr. Hume. Mr. Browning declared that he believed the two hands were made by Mr. Hume and fastened to Mr. Hume's toes, and that he made them move by moving his feet. Mrs. Browning kept trying to stem his flow of eager, funny talk with her slender voice, but, like an arrowy river, he rushed and foamed and leaped over her slight tones, and she could not succeed in explaining how she *knew* they were spirit hands. She will certainly be in Rome next winter, unless she goes to Egypt. You would be infinitely charmed with Mrs. Browning, and with Mr. Browning as well. The latter is very mobile, and flings himself about just as he flings his thoughts on paper, and his wife is still and contemplative. Love, evidently, has saved her life. I think with you that "Aurora Leigh overflows with well-considered thought;" and I think all literature does not contain such a sweet baby, so dewy, so soft, so tender, so fresh. Mr. Hawthorne read me the book in Southport, but I have read it now again, sitting in our loggia, with Aurora's tower full in view. . . .

This loggia opened widely to the air on two sides, so that the opalescent views were framed in oblong borders of stone that rested our rejoicing eyes. Under the stone shade, in the centre of the Raphaellesque distances, many mornings were passed ideally. Visitors often joined us here. Among them was Miss Elizabeth Boott, afterwards Mrs. Duveneck,

who came with her little sketch-book. She made a water-color portrait of my father, which, as the young artist was then but a girl, looked like a cherub of pug-nosed, pink good nature, with its head loose. I can see that little sketch now, and I feel still a wave of the dizziness of my indignation at its strange depiction of a strong man reduced to dollhood. Miss Boott being a true artist in the bud, there was, of course, the eerie likeness of some unlike portraits. It became famous with us all as the most startling semblance we had ever witnessed. I sincerely wish that the ardor with which the young girl made her sketch could have been used later on a portrait, which certainly would have been superbly honest and vigorous, like all the work that has come from her wonderfully noble nature and her skillful perception. Another young lady appeared against the Raphaellesque landscape. She was very pretty in every way, and my mother was delighted to have her present, and showered endearing epithets upon her. Her large brown eyes were alluring beyond words, and her features pathetically piquant and expressive. Her face was rather round, pale, and emphatically saddened by the great sculptor Regret. She sat in picturesque attitudes, her cheek leaning against her hand, and her elbow somewhere on the back or arm of her chair; yet her positions were never excessive, but eminently gentle. She had been disappointed in love, and one was sure it was not in the love of the young man. She was too pretty to die, but she could look sad, and we all liked to have her with us, and preferred her charming misery to any other mood.

The roads going to and fro between the cream-colored stone walls of the surrounding country were unsparingly hot. I can feel now the flash of sunbeams that made me expect to curl up and die like a bit of vegetation in a flame. I tried to feel cooler when I saw the peasant women approaching, bent under their

loads of wheat or of brush. If they had no shading load, it made me gasp to observe that their Tuscan hats, as large as cart-wheels and ostensibly meant to shadow their faces, were either dangling in their hands or flapping backward uselessly. It seemed to be no end of a walk to Florence, and the drive thither was also detestable, — all from the heat and dust, and probably only at that time of year. The views of many-colored landscape, hazy with steaming fields, were lovely if you could once muster the energy to gaze across the high road-walls when the thoroughfare sank down a declivity. After a while there were cottages, outside of which ancient crones sat knitting like the wind, or spinning as smoothly as machines, by the aid of a distaff. Little girls, who were full-fledged peasant women in everything but size, pecked away at their knitting of blue socks, proud of their lately won skill and patient of the undesired toil. They were so small and comely and conformable, and yet conveyed such an idea of volcanic force ready to rebel, that they entranced me. Further inside the heart of the city upstared the intoxications of sin and the terrible beggars with their maimed children. I never lost the impressions of human wrong there gathered into a telling argument. The crowded hurry and the dirty creatures that attend commercial greed and selfish enjoyment in cities everywhere weltered along the sidewalks and unhesitatingly plunged into the mud of the streets. It seemed to me even then that something should be done for the children maimed by inhuman fathers, and for their weeping mothers too. My father did not forget in his art the note he found in beautiful Florence, though it was too sad to introduce by a definite exposition, and falls upon the ear, in Monte Beni, like a wordless minor chord.

I sometimes went with my mother when she called at Casa Guidi, where the Brownings lived. I had a fixed idea

that Galileo belonged to their family circle; and I had a vision of him in my mind which was quite as clear as Mrs. Browning ever was (although I sat upon her lap), representing him as holding the sun captive in his back yard, while he blinked down upon it from a high prison of his own. The house, as I recall it, seemed to have a network of second-story piazzas, and the rooms were very much shadowed and delightfully cool. Mr. Browning was shining in the shadow, by the temperate brightness of mind alone, and ever talking merrily. Cultivated English folk are endowed with sounding gayety of voice, but he surpassed them all, as the medley of his rushing thought and the glorious cheer of his perception would suggest. Mrs. Browning was there: so you knew by her heavy dark curls and white cheeks, but doubted, nevertheless, when you came to meet her great eyes, so dreamy that you wondered which was alive, you or she. Her hand, usually held up to her cheek, was absolutely ghostlike. Her form was so small, and deeply imbedded in a reclining-chair or couch-corner, that it amounted to nothing. The dead Galileo could not possibly have had a wiser or more doubtfully attested being as a neighbor. If the poor scientist had been there to assert that Mrs. Browning breathed, he would probably have been imprisoned forthwith by another incredulous generation. My mother speaks, on her second visit to Rome, of the refreshment of Mr. Browning's calls, and says that the sudden meetings with him gave her weary nerves rest during the strain of my sister's illness. She could not have rejoiced in his spirited loveliness more than the little girl by her side, who sometimes languished for direct personal intercourse in all the panorama of pictures and statues, and friends absorbed in sight-seeing. I had learned to be grateful for art and ruins, if only they were superlative of their kind. I put away a store of such in my fancy. But Mr.

Browning was a perfection which *looked at me*, and moved vigorously! For many years he associated himself in my mind with the blessed visions that had enriched my soul in Italy, and continued to give it sustenance in the loneliness of my days when we again threw ourselves upon the inartistic mercies of a New England village. He grouped himself with a lovely Diana at the Vatican, with some of Raphael's Madonnas and the statue of Perseus, with Beatrice Cenci and the wild flowers of our journeys by *vettura*, besides a few other faultless treasures deeply appreciated by me. We all noticed Mr. Browning's capacity for springing through substances and covering space without the assistance of time.

My mother says in her little diary of Rome, "I met Mr. Browning; or rather, he rushed at me from a distance, and seemed to come through a carriage in his way." It was as if he longed to teach people how to follow his thoughts in poetry, as they flash electrically from one spot to another, thinking nothing of leaping to a mountain-top from an inspection of "callow nestlings," or any other tender fact of smallest interest. Not one of all the cherubs of the great masters had a sunnier face, more dancing curls, or a sweeter smile than he. The most present personality was his; the most distant, even when near, was the personality he married. I have wondered whether the Faun would have sprung with such untainted jollity into the sorrows of to-day if Mr. Browning had not leaped so blithely before my father's eyes. "Browning's nonsense," he writes, "is of a very genuine and excellent quality, the true babble and effervescence of a bright and powerful mind; and he lets it play among his friends with the faith and simplicity of a child." Contrasts such as these which I have hinted at excite the imagination like fine old wine, and I have always enjoyed knowing that my father had such an abundance of them in Italy.

I think I must be right in tracing one of the chief enchantments of the story of Dr. Grimshawe to these months upon the hill of Bellosguardo. For at Montaito one of the terrors was the cohort of great spiders. There is no word in the dictionary so large or so menacing as a large spider of the Dr. Grimshawe kind. Such appear, like exclamations, all over the world. I saw one as huge and thrilling as these Italian monsters on the Larch Path at the Wayside, a few years later; but at Montaito they really swaggered and remained. We perceive such things from a great distance, as all disaster may be perceived if we are not more usefully employed. A presentiment whispers, "There he is!" and looking unswervingly in the right direction, there he is, to be sure. I could easily have written a poor story, though not a good novel, upon the effectiveness of these spiders, glaring in the chinks of bed-curtains, or moving like shadows upon the chamber wall or around the windows, and I can guess my father's amusement over them. They were as large as plums, with numerous legs that spread and brought their personality out to the verge of impossibility. I suppose they stopped there, but I am not sure. No wonder the romancer humorously added a touch that made a spider of the doctor himself, with his vast web of pipe-smoke!

The great romance of Monte Beni is thus referred to by Mr. Motley and his wife; I give a few sentences written by the latter, a friend of many years' standing, and I insert Mr. Motley's letter entire:—

WALTON-ON-THAMES,
April 13, 1860.

DEAREST SOPHIA, — . . . My pen continues to be the same instrument of torture to me that you remember it always was in my youth, when I used to read your letters with such wonder and delight. This spell is still upon me, for I appreciate the magic of your mind now

as much as I did then, and have treasured up every little bit of a note that you wrote me in Rome. I like your fresh feminine enthusiasm, and always feel better and happier under its influence. . . . I am glad that you were so much pleased with Lothrop's letter of praise and thanksgiving; a poor return at best for the happiness we had derived from reading Mr. Hawthorne's exquisite romance. . . . I shall not now attempt to add any poor words of mine to his expressive ones, except to assure you of my deep sympathy for the infinite content and joy you must feel in this new expression of your husband's genius. We were so much pleased to find that he was willing to come to us in London, which we hardly dared to hope for. . . . At least I can promise to *attend* to him as little as possible. . . . We have taken for the season a small house in Hertford Street, 31, which belongs to Lady Byron, who has fitted it up for her granddaughter, Lady Annabella King. . . . The eldest brother, Lord Ockham, is a mechanic, and is now working in a machine-shop in Blackwall Island, where he lives. This eccentric course is rather, I fear, the development of a propensity for low company and pursuits than from anything Peter the Greatish there is about him. His father, who is the quintessence of aristocracy, has cast him off. . . . Lothrop was very much gratified by all the fine things you said about him, and so was I; for praise from you means something and is worth having, because it comes from the heart. There is another volume written, . . . but another must be written before either is published.

Ever your affectionate M. E. M.

The "letter of praise and thanksgiving" referred to above is as follows:—

WALTON-ON-THAMES.

MY DEAR HAWTHORNE, — I can't resist the impulse to write a line to you,

in order to thank you for the exquisite pleasure I have derived from your new romance. Everything that you have ever written, I believe, I have read many times; and I am particularly vain of having admired *Lights from a Steeple*, when I first read it in the *Boston Token*, several hundred years ago, when we were both younger than we are now; and of having detected and cherished, at a later day, an *Old Apple Dealer*, whom I believe that you have unhandsomely thrust out of your presence, now you are grown so great. But the romance of *Monte Beni* has the additional charm for me that it is the first book of yours that I have read since I had the privilege of making your personal acquaintance. My memory goes back at once to those (alas, not too frequent, but that was never my fault) walks we used to take along the Tiber or in the Campagna, during that dark period when your *Una* was the cause of such anxiety to your household and to all your friends; and it is delightful to get hold of the book now, and know that it is impossible for you any longer, after waving your wand, as you occasionally did then, indicating where the treasure was hidden, to sink it again beyond the plummet's sound. I admire the book exceedingly. I don't suppose that it is a matter of much consequence to you whether I do or not, but I feel as much disposition to say so as if it were quite an original and peculiar idea of my own, and as if the whole world were not just now saying the same thing. I suppose that your ears are somewhat stunned with your praises, appearing as you do after so long an interval; but I hope that, amid the din, you will not disdain the whisper from such sincere admirers as I am myself, and my wife and daughter are. I don't know which of the trio is the warmest one, and we have been fighting over the book, as it is one which, for the first reading at least, I did not like to hear aloud. I am only writing in a vague, maundering, uncritical way, to express

sincere sympathy and gratitude, not to exhibit any dissenting powers, if I have any. If I were composing an article for a review, of course I should feel obliged to show cause for my admiration, but I am now only obeying an impulse. Permit me to say, however, that your style seems, if possible, more perfect than ever. Where, oh where is the godmother who gave you to talk pearls and diamonds? How easy it seems till anybody else tries! Believe me, I don't say to you half what I say behind your back; and I have said a dozen times that nobody can write English but you. With regard to the story, which has been slightly criticised, I can only say that to me it is quite satisfactory. I like those shadowy, weird, fantastic, Hawthornesque shapes flitting through the golden gloom which is the atmosphere of the book. I like the misty way in which the story is indicated rather than revealed. The outlines are quite definite enough, from the beginning to the end, to those who have imagination enough to follow you in your airy flights; and to those who complain, I suppose nothing less than an illustrated edition, with a large gallows on the last page, with Donatello in the most pensive of attitudes, his ears revealed at last through a white nightcap, would be satisfactory.

I beg your pardon for such profanation, but it really moves my spleen that people should wish to bring down the volatile figures of your romance to the level of an every-day novel. It is exactly the romantic atmosphere of the book in which I revel. You who could cast a glamour over the black scenery and personalities of ancient and of modern Massachusetts could hardly fail to throw the tenderest and most magical hues over Italy, and you have done so. I don't know that I am especially in love with *Miriam* or *Hilda*, or that I care very much what is the fate of Donatello; but what I do like is the air of unreality with which you have clothed familiar scenes

without making them less familiar. The way in which the two victims dance through the Carnival on the last day is very striking. It is like a Greek tragedy in its effect, without being in the least Greek. As I said before, I can't single out any special scene, description, or personage by which to justify or illustrate my feeling about the book. That I could do better after a second reading, when it would be easy to be coldly critical. I write now just after having swallowed the three volumes almost at a draught; and if my tone is one of undue exhilaration, I can only say it was you gave me the wine. It is the book — as a whole — that I admire, and I hope you will forgive my saying so in four pages instead of four words.

Is there any chance of our seeing you this summer? We expect to be in London next month. It will be very shabby of you not to let us have a glimpse of you; but I know you to be capable of any meanness in that line. At any rate, you can have little doubt how much pleasure it will give us. Pray don't answer this if it is in the least a bore to you to do so. I know that you are getting notes of admiration by the bushel, and I have no right to expect to hear from you. At the same time it would be a great pleasure to me to hear from you, for old (alas, no, — new) acquaintance' sake.

I remain very sincerely yours,

J. L. MOTLEY.

Of the discussions about Monte Beni I remember hearing a good deal, as my mother laughingly rehearsed passages in letters and reviews which scolded about Hawthorne's tantalizing vagueness and conscienceless Catholicity. My parents tried to be lenient towards the public, whose excitement was so complimentary, if its usually heavy inability to analyze its best intellectual wine was fatiguing. My father never for a moment expected to be widely understood, although he no

doubt hoped to be so in certain cases. He must have easily deduced something in the way of chances for appreciative analysis from prevalent literature. He struck me as a good deal like an innocent prisoner at the bar, and if I had not been a member of his family I might have been sorry for him. As it was, I felt convinced that he could afford to be silent, patient, indifferent, now that his work was perfected. My mother put into words all that was necessary of indignation at people's desire for a romance or a "penny dreadful" that would have been different and ineffective. Meantime, such rewards as Mr. Motley offered weighed down the already laden scales on the side of artistic wealth.

Perhaps it will not be impertinent for me to remark, in reference to this admirable and delightful letter, that its writer here exemplifies the best feelings about Hawthorne's art without quite knowing it. We see him bubbling glad ejaculations in the true style of an Omar Khayyám who has drained the magic cup handed to him. It is delicious to hear that he was not sure he cared about the personages of a story that had clutched his imagination and heart, until he reeled a little with responsive enchantment; though it is hard to say about what he cared if not about the romancer's powerful allies, who carried his meaning for him. Mr. Motley tries to attribute to the scenes he knew so well in reality, under their new guise of dreamy vividness, the spell which came, I believe, from the reality of moral grandeur, in both its sin and its holiness, but which we so entirely ignore every precious hour by sinking to the realities of bricks and common clay. Miriam and Donatello may seem at first glance like visions; but I have always been taught that their spell lay in our innate sense that they were ourselves, as we really are. The wine of great truth is at first the most heady of all, making its revelations shimmer.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

THE SCOTCH ELEMENT IN THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

WHEN we seek information concerning the origin of the people of the United States, we quickly find that the questions of to-day did not suggest themselves to our forefathers. If the good folk of old had only foreseen our quests, they would have provided a great deal in the way of statistics about immigration, so that we might have known whence came the hosts who sought refuge in America, and something of their conditions when they came. As it is, we are left with only bits of general information where we desire accurate data. Yet even the fragmentary truths which can be gathered enable us to know much that is of interest as to the share for good or ill that the various European peoples have had in the upbuilding of our nation. In the case of the Scotch the outlines of the story are clearer than in that of any other of the immigrants. Scotchmen leave a broad and enduring wake in the sea of life; whether they be Lowlanders or Highlanders, we can by names and qualities trace their stock even where, by the strange neglect of traditions so common among the illiterate people of this country, the families have lost all memory of their origin.

Before undertaking to follow the path of the Scotch in America, the reader should clear his mind of certain common misjudgments concerning the folk as they are here, or rather in their own country. It is usually assumed that these people are of essentially one origin: this view is a mistake; the evidence goes to show that the Lowland population is in large measure derived from the Scandinavians, who in the time of the excursions of the Norsemen occupied the fertile tracts south of the mountains, the neighboring districts of Durham and Yorkshire, as well as the more southern parts of eastern British shore. With this blood

of the Dane and Celt was combined that of the more southern peoples of Britain; so that for a thousand years or more this Lowland district has been the seat of a mixed people, composed of varied stocks, all powerful. An addition of ability appears to have come to it in the refugees who fled from the tyranny of the Norman invaders of England.

On the north, in general, but imperfectly separated from the Lowlands, in the characteristic Highlands of Scotland, the more purely Celtic people long held themselves apart from the civilization of this southern country, which interested them only as a field of forays. The obdurate resistance of these people to the war power of Rome, and England as well, as representing the influences of civilization, has perhaps never been equaled by any other race which has shown a capacity for high culture. With their admirable qualities of body and mind they have shown a curious insensibility to the changes which have affected their neighbors. They held by the Stuart line and by the Roman Church, bearing most valiantly all the sore burdens which their loyalty brought upon them. It may be said that the Highland Scotch are the latest to be modernized of all the peoples of Europe who have taken a large share in its affairs.

There is a common notion that the Highlander is the characteristic Scotchman; that from his part of the realm have come the literature and the quality of men which have given such deserved fame to Scotland. This is far from being true; it is from the mixed blood of the Lowlands that has come nearly all the genius and talent in literature, statecraft, science, and war that has so distinguished the Scotch people. The Highlander remains the braw, sturdy, altogether admirable man of the ruder employments, but

if he had held the land south to the Tweed, Scotland would have been denied the first place among the communities of equal numbers in the modern world, which, measured by the accomplishments of its children, we have to assign to it.

The quality which, for the inquiry we now have in view, is most interesting in the Lowlander is his singular capacity for rising in the world. The accident of birth has little determining value in his history. Youths from the peasant households quickly become free to the palaces; education of the higher sort is common in a way unknown in other countries. In fact, the essential American condition of social elasticity exists in southern Scotland quite as much as in our own land. This condition is perhaps due, in both countries, to the considerable admixture of what we may term high-grade blood, to ancestral strains from families of quality and social experience occurring even in families of the poorer sort. The history of the population of the Lowlands, so far as it is known to the writer, appears to support this conjecture.

To whatever may be due the remarkable capacity of the Lowlander to win his way upward, this characteristic makes him the best possible man to go abroad in the world, for it indicates a rare association of qualities, in which laboriousness and adaptability, the two prime needs for successful immigration, play an important part. It is perhaps to this same capacity for independent and well-directed action that we may ascribe the noteworthy fact that the Lowland Scotch have been little disposed to found colonies, but have usually preferred to steer forth alone, seeking their own wherever they might find it. In this regard they seem to differ from the Highlanders, who are less content to merge their lives with the masses of men, and are less skillful in so doing.

The result of this independence of action among Scotchmen, especially among the Lowlanders, makes it difficult to trace

them in this country. We can say that here and there, along the Atlantic coast in particular, we have English, French, German, Swedish, and other settlements: we can trace from them migrations of the descendants of the original settlers westward for it may be a thousand miles from the parent station. Not so with the Scotch: excepting the settlement, mostly of Highlanders, in Nova Scotia, of which special mention will be made soon, there is nothing that can be called a Scotch colony on the Atlantic coast. This absolute independence in their migrations seems peculiar to the Scotch.

Like all other general statements, the last needs a measure of qualification. There have been sundry instances in which large numbers of Scotch have come at about the same time to occupy certain parts of this country; the most distinct colony is that of Nova Scotia, or rather Cape Breton, which was originally an independent province. This settlement, which came late in the history of our colonies, being founded after the deposition of the French, was made up almost altogether of Catholic Gaels, the characteristic Highlanders. To this day it remains in quality and in faith what is perhaps the largest and purest body of Scotch Gaels outside of their native country, where the traveler on unfrequented roads may journey the furthest without finding any one to speak English. The obdurate conservatism which has so long held them back in the mother country belongs to them still: they hold to the old faith of Rome and to the songs of their people. I remember an all-night ride in a wagon with half a dozen of these unchanged Caterans, who mixed their whiskey with a ceaseless crooning of songs in their native tongue, and also their oppressive but fruitless desire to bring the stranger into their primitive fun. They have the singular endurance of alcohol which characterizes their kindred over the sea, as is shown by the fact that they are never too drunk

to be clever. One evening I was puzzled to find all the men who were on the road exceedingly drunk, too much so to give any account of the occasion for the festivity. At last, selecting one of the revelers, who was on horseback, I addressed him as Tam O'Shanter, — a compliment which he fully appreciated in his toper's merry way, — and asked the reason for his own state and that of his neighbors. "What will ye gie me an I till?" said Tam. "What do ye ask?" "A drink o' whiskey." "Agreed," said the questioner. "Gie me the drink first." When he had emptied the small flask, "It's nae muckle," said he sadly, looking at the little vessel as if the pay were inadequate, but he gave the due. "Din ye ken this is confession day? and doom a mon who will not get drunk when he has confessed." For all their retardation and love of drink, the population of Cape Breton is one of the finest in America. It is enough to make any one who has ever recruited a command feel a touch of sadness to see these shapely fellows, so admirably built to be soldiers, going to waste in the ordinary dull uses of civilization.

So far as can be determined by the aspect of the people, — which, be it said, is not very far, — the Scotch of the Nova Scotia peninsula differ from those of the island district in that they are more generally derived from the Lowlands; in fact, as we go west from the Gut of Canso the Gaelic manner and face gradually disappear, until in the meridian of Halifax and progressively further westward the people of southern British origin appear to be as numerous as those of Scottish descent.

It is curious to note that in certain ways the relations of New Scotland and New England reproduce in a more limited field of action those of the mother countries to each other; in each case, the more southern land offers enlarged opportunities to the talent of its poorer and thriftier neighbors of the north. New England is very fortunate in the immi-

grants it has received from Nova Scotia. These people are mostly from the peninsular district; so far as I have been able to learn, few come from Cape Breton. Although long upon American soil, these people are characteristically Scotch; even their brogue has departed little from that of the mother country. While the New Englander affects something of the contempt for the "Bluenose" that the southern Britisher expresses for the "Sawny," he knows, as does the southern Englishman, that the stranger is altogether as good a man as himself; withal he likes him, and welcomes him to a share in his life more cordially than he does any other foreigner. This is a high tribute, for of all the people of this country the Yankee is the least tolerant of outlanders.

As the Nova Scotians are a strong and prolific people, there is reason to expect — indeed, we may say to hope — that in the future the tide of emigration from their country will become of much importance to the New England district. The draft which the western parts of the United States are making, and are likely to make for some generations to come, upon the original population of the States east of the Hudson River renders it improbable that the original stock of New England will retain the mastery of it. For a while it seemed likely that the Canadian French, prolific as they are, and accustomed to deal with a stubborn soil, would fall heir to the land. There is now reason to believe that the movement of this obdurately foreign element of our American people is to be mainly to the westward, following what may be termed the law of the displacement of our population, and that the same law of movement may bring the people of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to fill the vacant places which the Yankees have left for more attractive fields. This issue we can view with much satisfaction, for the essential qualities of the New England folk are most likely to be perpetuated by emigrants from the mari-

time provinces. They inherit the same courage of the sea that goes with the viking blood. More than any other American people, they possess the combination of qualities which fits men to meet the trials which await those who have to deal at once with a stubborn earth and with a boisterous ocean. So far, but one stock, that derived from the Scandinavian peninsula, has proved itself able, under such conditions, to rise to a high state. Among the many evils which are likely to arise from a continuance of an insensate hostility towards our kindred English, we shall have to reckon on the arrest of this natural movement of the people from the colonies about the mouth of the St. Lawrence into the New England district.

In Canada, the descendants of the Scottish immigrants are everywhere a conspicuous element in the population; there more than elsewhere in America the Lowlanders have kept on the frontier, doing the good work of pioneers. In part, their position as borderers has been due to the fact that the Hudson Bay Company, which for a long time held the wilderness of the Dominion, was accustomed to select its factors and other servants largely from the Scotch. Those people to a considerable extent intermarried with the Indians, and their descendants, whether of pure or of mixed blood, seem likely to shape the societies which are to develop in the hyperborean realm lying in the great central valley of the continent, — a region which, though endowed with a fertile soil and rich in mineral resources, needs Scandinavian strength for its development.

From the maritime provinces southward along the Atlantic coast we have to journey far before we find any distinct body of people who are of Scottish blood. To New England, in the early days, the Scotch came but seldom, and apparently in no organized movement. The reason for this is not clear; it might have been presumed that the likeness of religious aims would have attracted at least the

Calvinistic Lowlanders. The colonists of this region, however, were well known to be rather indisposed to tolerate even slight differences of religious opinion. To this humor we may perhaps attribute the fact that the largest and most characteristic settlements of Scotch made within the limits of the United States were established in the region south of the Potomac, in the colonies of Virginia and North Carolina. The movements which brought this immigration took place in the eighteenth century; they appear to have been due mainly to the disturbances which attended the long struggle between the Stuart dynasty and the English people that led to a century of disorder in northern Britain and in Ireland.

To the southern district came excellent samples of the two varieties of Scotch. In large part the Lowland element settled in the region north of the James River, while the Gaelic folk betook themselves mainly to the elevated table-land district of North Carolina which lies between the coastal plain and the southern Appalachians. To the last-named region, after the battle of Culloden, came a considerable number of Highlanders, including the famous Flora McDonald, who is said to have sheltered the Pretender under her petticoats when he was in danger of capture. Only a part of these settlers took firm root in the country; many of them, with the curious perversity of loyalty which so often characterizes the Celtic peoples, refused to cast in their lot with the colonies in the time of the Revolution, and returned to their native country. Those who remained long kept together, retaining their language and habits; it is said that the Gaelic speech and even some of the churches survived until the time of our civil war. Here and there, in the central and western parts of North Carolina, the observant traveler can still note little communities where the aspect and the speech of the people denote their Highland blood. In general, however, it has

become mixed with that of the Scotch of the Lowlands and of southern Britain, to form one of the sturdiest elements of our American population.

In Virginia as elsewhere, it is the Lowland Scotch and the Scotch-Irish who have left their mark upon the population and upon the history of the country. The immigrants generally found their place on the western borders of the colonized areas in the Piedmont district and beyond the Blue Ridge. In these fields they were exposed to the Indians and their French allies. Thus placed, their habit of war was not likely to disappear. There are no statistics which serve to show the number of the Scotch immigrants in colonial times. That they came in considerable numbers is indicated by the abundance of the Lowland family names, and by the fact that many Calvinist churches were founded, some of which have remained to this generation. A friend who knows this part of the country well told me that he had attended one of these covenanter churches, and here had heard a hymn with the anti-Darwinian lines:—

"The race is not to him that's got
The longest legs to run,
Nor the battell to that peepell
That shoots the strongest gun."

The Scotch traditions are still to be traced in the characteristic fanatical adhesion to the Jewish method of observing the weekly holyday which still prevails in many of the mountain valleys of southwestern Virginia. A bit of personal experience will show the persistence of this custom. Some years ago it became necessary for me to leave a camp on the Kentucky line before dawn, on a summer morning, for a long horseback journey. I reckoned on a breakfast for myself and my horse at the first house where I should choose to seek refreshment; but the reckoning was without the host. Again and again I was

turned from the doors of good people, who sternly yet sorrowfully told me that I was a Sabbath-breaker, and must go my way unfed. At last, in the afternoon, while there were many miles before me, my horse began to fail, so that I had to dismount and lead him. Coming to a ferry, I begged the ferryman for indulgence. After much debate he agreed that the "critter" should not suffer; in fact, after a while he confessed that as for himself, he did not much believe in this "tie-up Sunday." It may be noted that ferrymen, like shoemakers, are an advanced lot of people; their occupation gives them time for thought. To my suggestion that he might bring me some food from the house, he said that he "dassent do it," but that I might try to argue it out with his wife, though it was a poor chance. After a long absence he asked me into the dwelling, where, in the kitchen and very near the door, sat the stern-faced dame, evidently prepared to give judgment against me. It was a situation which called for skillful pleading; so with my prelude "beginning doubtfully and far away," I managed to make it clear that my journey was one of some necessity, and not a mere perverse violation of the law. Then, at the right time, a tolerably apt quotation from Scripture, as a counter to the sermon I was receiving with due humility, brought the judge to the conclusion that the criminal should receive an allowance of bread and milk. This point gained, the way to the well-stocked larder opened, it proved easy, with other selections from the good book, to secure a succession of courses, each forthcoming as a reward for some bit of ancient lore. It is pleasant memory, this, of a hard-featured backwoods saint making her successive expeditions to the pantry, while the hungry fellow was searching the closets of his memory for the wherewithal to pay the price of his meal.¹

¹ Among the descendants of the Scotch, in the South as elsewhere, a knowledge of the

Bible is the surest and broadest basis for human intercourse. These people have so given

When, in the latter part of the last century, the time arrived for the great movement of the Virginia and North Carolina people into the valley of the Ohio, the first emigrants came from the border folk and those who had been engaged in the Revolutionary War. At that time the Scotch families had been long enough on the soil to have reared their children, and even their children's children. Adventurous people, with a well-affirmed proclivity for war as well as for gain, they freely joined the westward movement. Those of Scottish blood who went to Kentucky were clearly much fewer in number than their comrades of southern British extraction, but, after the manner of leaven, they did much to lift and shape the vast state-making work in the Western realm. The effect of this element in the Ohio Valley, and especially in Kentucky, is most traceable, it seems to me, in the excellent business quality of the people, — that combination of enthusiasm and discretion which at once moves men to extended enterprises and makes them deliberate in action. The spirit of the canny Scot may be traced in every stage of history in the Western commonwealth, from the time when it was seeking its independence of Virginia, through the long and complicated negotiations for admission into the Federal Union, its struggles with the ills of wild-cat money, the moral and political trials of the civil war, down to its last decisive action, when, but a few months ago, it pronounced against the debasement of the monetary standards, and smote the gubernatorial candidate of the Democratic party for his failure to abide on the platform on which he was pledged to stand. In all these matters of large politics the people have shown a gravity of themselves to it that it has completely driven out all trace of their ancient culture. I have never been able to find among them a trace of their ancient ballads or other romances. The truth probably is that people, even those of large intellectual mould, can really appropriate but a limited amount of literature; so

understanding which, as compared with other like-placed communities, is exceptional. It may indeed be termed unique. Problems which other States have treated with thoughtless passion they have dealt with in a practical business manner which indicates the existence of some unusual elements. As these qualities are what we know to belong with the large-minded Lowland Scotch nature, it seems not too much to attribute their manifestations to the considerable element of that blood which is known to exist in the commonwealth.

Those who are well acquainted with Kentucky, and who also know Scotland, are apt to remark the frequent likeness of the physical form and the mental quality of the people of the two communities. In each we find plentiful examples of the braw men, — rude-featured giants of the old Scandinavian mould; outgiving in speech in a way that may deceive the unwary into the notion that they are easily seen through, though they are really more hidden than the silent men of other races. In a certain measure this likeness extends to the quality of the voices. An ear attentive to the varied intonations of our people can find traces of the Scotch burr in pronunciation which is so marked a feature among the people of Scotland. I may note the fact that, although I am no sharer in the Scottish blood, and never have been brought into very close relation with any native of Scotland, the impression left by my early life in Kentucky to this day leads people to take me for a Scotchman. Repeatedly it has happened that chance acquaintances of Scotch birth have unhesitatingly addressed me as a fellow-countryman. Before I had ever set foot in the "land o' cakes," one of when, with the advent of Protestantism, the great body of literary matter contained in the Bible, in quantity much more than can be commanded by any ordinary intelligence, was delivered to the Scotch, it excluded their native traditional lore. Like many more tutored folk they could not command two literatures.

these fellows, a betting man, offered to wager a hundred pounds that I was a native of that country.

There is a curious difficulty in tracing the distribution of the Scotch, or at least of the Lowland people, which arises from the readiness with which they distribute themselves over any land, — indeed, we may say over the wide world, — and the celerity with which they mingle in the social and business life of the places wherein they cast their lot. In the case of the Irish, the Italians, and the people of some other nationalities which send us large numbers of recruits, the immigrants follow certain beaten paths of westward going; they gather into clanlike aggregations which show how much they depend for support on their original environments. The southern Scotchman, however, shows his larger nature by his capacity to submit himself to any environment and to reconcile himself therewith.

This disseminative capacity of a people is perhaps the best gauge of their fitness to be adopted into our commonwealth. Where it is slight the process of adoption may be very slow, as in the case of the Pennsylvanian Germans; who have not become well diffused at the end of near two centuries' residence in this country. Where it is great we may have the quick blending which marks the movements of the Lowland Scotch. The government statistics appear to show that, in a general but very indicative way, the disseminative motive is related to the education of the folk. The evident tendency of the illiterate immigrants is to fall into the sinks of the larger cities of the seaboard, while those who can read and write move on into the interior. In a word, as the understanding is broadened, the desire of the man to seek rather than blindly to accept a lot is enlarged. It is due, probably, to the better education of the Lowland Scotchman, as well as to his larger share of constructive imagination, that he has shown a readiness to take the world for his province.

It has often been remarked that wherever you find a Scotchman he is likely to be at the top. Even drunkenness, the besetting sin of his and other strong peoples, does not seem to reduce him to the abject condition to which it brings milder folk. His ascendancy is manifest in every field of action, but it is best indicated in business enterprises of large sort. It would be interesting to trace the influence of Scotchmen in the greater commercial undertakings of the New World, but it cannot be done here. It is well, however, to remember that the admirable Darien scheme of William Paterson, which two hundred years ago, but for the supine conduct of the British government, might have given the control of the isthmus to our race, was chartered by the Scotch Parliament, and with a singular enthusiasm promoted by the Scottish people. That wonderful man, Paterson, from a lowly station rose to a position which enabled him to found the Bank of England, accumulate a great fortune, lose his wealth in the greatest speculation of the age (unless that of his countryman, George Law, be given precedence), rise from his ruin and almost from the grave, gain the confidence of his king, and, at his most untimely death, be in a fair way to succeed in the imperial scheme. Packman, preacher, buccaneer, pioneer, a poet in projects, with a genius for shaping them for use, Paterson should have developed in Chicago or South Africa, where the men of his race and quality find in this day their appointed fields. Those who have noted American business life, and have been curious enough to look a bit into the origin of the men who are its guiding spirits, have had occasion to remark how often their names and aspects denote their Scotch descent. As has already been said, this fact is in no wise peculiar to America; it is world-wide in its generality. It would be most interesting to ascertain what were the circumstances of origin and nurture which have served to

shape the capacities of these people. To those who are concerned in the great experiment of folk-making which is going on in our country the question is one of exceeding interest. Without overmuch confidence in the results of inquiries as to what goes to the making of men we may essay one answer.

It is well to note, in the first place, that, imperfect as is our knowledge as to the origin of the Lowland Scotch, it is yet evident that the people are of very mixed blood. Upon an indigenous population, probably of Celtic stock, there has been engrafted a body of Scandinavian folk of a kind selected by circumstances for their strength. To this hybrid stock have been added contributions from time to time of southern English who have sought refuge from the religious and political disorders of past centuries. The long and intimate relations between Scotland and France, which are marked in the vocabulary of the first-named country, doubtless led to a considerable importation of Gaelic blood; and the endless wanderings of the soldiers of fortune in war and trade may have brought about a like though lesser resort to Scotland of people from many other European countries. Thus, before the modern quality of the Lowlander began to make its great mark in history, conditions favored the gathering into his country of a varied lot of men, who, by the circumstances of their coming, were probably subjected to a considerable measure of selection. Celt, Northman, Saxon, French, and whatever else, were there, united by an intense local life into which there entered a wide range of political, religious, and social loves and hatreds, in a neat little pot of a state that could be conveniently kept boiling by the crackling of abundant thorns.

Add to the other conditions of the Lowlander an early devised and very effective system of public education,—unequaled unless it may be by that of Iceland, — which opened to every likely

lad the ways into the broad world, and we have the assemblage of conditions which, so far as we can discern, brought forth this admirable variety of man. If Scotland had been a wide realm instead of a little cradle-place for a race, it would probably have become dominant in Great Britain, if not in northern Europe. With a very small area of tillable soil, the people have had to send forth unending swarms to win chances in other fields. In a way the eastern part of the United States repeats the conditions for the nurture of men which exist in Scotland. During the generations down to the beginning of this century there was here a like mingling of races, with a free though less tumultuous life to bring them into association; less of strife and of personal loyalty, but enough, perhaps, for the quickening of wits which comes therefrom; education has had a like place. The result is that, all things considered, the average American of the older States is in his general quality more nearly like the Scotch than like the people of southern England, though the latter are his closer kinsmen. The facts are clearly in favor of the view that the best the world can afford in the way of human product is obtained by mixing the blood of strong, related, but varied peoples.

It is interesting, from this point of view, to compare the mixed race of Scotland with the relatively pure-blooded children of Judea. Those two stocks are clearly the ablest that come into competition in this country, if not in the world at large. They are both very successful in almost all callings; they ring alike well to all the tests we apply. Yet it seems to me evident that the Scotch are distinctively the stronger men. Even in commerce they are prepotent. Going through the streets of Edinburgh, I found no Jew names on the signs. Making an excuse to talk with an old bookseller, I asked him to explain the lack. His answer was, "Jews do not do well in Scotland, and if they go to Aberdeen they

get cheated." So, too, in those parts of this country where the Scotch and their descendants abound the Hebrew people are absent or seldom found. In higher politics, the Scotch are likewise successful with us in a degree not attained by the Semitic folk.

A comparison of the Irish in this country with the Scotch—here again the Lowlanders—has been ably made by the writer of the paper which treats of the Irish in *American Life*.¹ There remain, however, some matters of contrast, which it was not in his purpose to touch upon, that may find a place here. It is an important point that the Celtic Irish are an unmixed race, perhaps the purest blooded in western Europe; their geographic isolation having kept them from the intermixture due to the Germanic and other migrations. Along with the Highlanders, the Celtic Irish have dwelt in substantially the same physical conditions as the Lowland Scotch. Like as are these two bodies of Celts to each other, their unlikeness to their neighbors of southern Scotland cannot well be exaggerated. Measured by results, it may be said that the mixed Lowlander succeeds just where the Irishman fails, and fails where he succeeds. As far as civilized men may be so, they are the antipodes of each other, both in their virtues and in their vices. The pure Celt has, to those who know how to take him, the value and charm which belong to a rather primitive man of a high order. The rich fund of simple human nature; the keen, uncalculating sympathy, with its attendant sportive wit; the immediate joy in living, at its best in the moment, with a scant sense of the morrow; and an honesty that

makes him the least furtive of men, are combined with a remnant of the old man-slaying brutality which greatly inclines him to violent deeds. For all his admirable qualities, the Irishman fails to fit into the complex of our civilization, apparently for the reason that his talents are too little inwoven with the capacities which go to make up the modern successful man. On the other hand, the Lowland Scot has his original quality, whatever that may have been,—presumably it was Celtic, overlaid by motives of thrift and forelooking,—qualified by a body of impulses which exactly fit the machinery of our civilization and enable him to command all its great engines. He is a much less likable fellow than his primitive neighbor, for the reason that he rarely appeals in so direct a way to the ancient and common body of understandings. His wit and humor—for all said to the contrary, he has a large share of each—are rarely of the fresh, sympathetic character, but relate to a deeper insight; they are apt to be sardonic. The touchstone of his capacity is his business power, that capacity which is the product of civilization, and in a rough way the best gauge of its development; in this characteristic the Scotchman is clearly the first of his kind. In his ability to win success he has the leading place among men. Against these elements of strength we have only to set the vices of strong men: as a whole the Scotch have the reputation of being addicted to drink, and of being less continent than their neighbors. These qualifications are but general, though they seem to be supported not only by public opinion, but by statistics as well.²

Nathaniel Southgate Shaler.

¹ See *The Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1896.

² It should be observed that it has been found impossible in this paper to treat the question of the Scotch element in America with any profit in a statistical way; figures could have been presented, but these confound under one

designation the people of the Highlands and the Lowlands, of tolerably pure Celtic and of very mixed blood, with the result that the data have no indicative value. It has therefore seemed best to deal with the question in the very general manner adopted in this essay.

BESIDE THE STILL WATERS.

I.

AH God! To lie awake at deep of night,
 And hear the rain down-dripping overhead,
 And know that joy is quenched and hope is fled,
 And from all earth have faded glow and light!
 Have mercy, Father! On my smarting sight
 Let dreamless sleep its grateful shadows spread;
 Give me a while to rest as one who, dead,
 Can reckon of nothing! When the east grows white
 I will be strong, will bravely face once more
 This dry-eyed agony, not as of yore
 Soothed by swift-gushing tears! Now, all my soul,
 All prayers, all yearning, but reach out and set,
 Athirst, ablaze, towards one receding goal—
 One hour's oblivion—to forget, forget!

II.

My God, I thank Thee! Ah, I cannot know
 By what still waters and what pastures green,
 Close maybe to those secret fountains unseen,
 All human finding fathoms deep below,
 Whence life itself takes its mysterious flow,
 Thou hast my spirit led in sleep, to glean
 Healing and strength! Grief lingers, yet its keen,
 Fine throb grows dimmer, fainter, in the slow
 Advancing dawn. A lark will soar and sing
 While still a tiny clod of earth may cling
 To her glad breast: and so, dear Lord, I too
 Rise from the ground, and, lifting up my voice,
 As golden morning flushes into view,
 Remember still, and yet rejoice—rejoice!

Stuart Sterne.

THE ALASKA BOUNDARY LINE.

"In endeavoring to estimate its character I am glad to begin with what is clear and beyond question. I refer to the boundaries fixed by the treaty."

These words form the opening of the magnificent speech of Charles Sumner in the United States Senate in 1867, in advocacy of the ratification of the treaty by

which Russia ceded to the United States her entire possessions in America. The distinguished orator, whose address on that occasion was an exhibition of profound historical and geographical research and far-sighted statesmanship which has seldom been equaled, does not appear to have suspected that by coming into pos-

session of the great territory whose purchase he so ably advocated the United States would find itself involved, a quarter of a century later, in two controversies, both with Great Britain, one of which should concern what he then declared to be "clear and beyond question."

What is generally known as the "Bering Sea controversy," but which might be called with greater propriety the "fur seal controversy," has had its beginning, unfortunately not its end, within the last decade. In Sumner's day nothing was known which indicated the possible existence of conditions such as have given rise to this dispute. It is a little difficult to understand, however, that so able a diplomat as Sumner could have studied the definition of the boundaries of the new territory as found in the treaty of cession without seeing therein the seed of future complications with the English nation. That he began by assuming the boundaries to be "beyond question" must have been due in large measure to the fact that, as far as related to the land lines, they were turned over to us exactly as they had been agreed upon by treaty of Russia with Great Britain more than forty years earlier, during which period no controversy over them had arisen. He was aware, of course, of the controversies between Russia and both the United States and Great Britain, in the first quarter of the century, regarding territorial and maritime rights and privileges, but the vagueness, in certain important respects, of the English-Russian treaty of 1825 does not seem to have impressed itself upon him. As a matter of fact, the superior importance of southeast Alaska, which is the only part whose boundary is likely to be in controversy, was not generally recognized at that time, and reliable information about the whole was so scanty that little attention was likely to be given to mere "metes and bounds." Since the occupancy of this part of the territory by Americans and its fairly full exploration by government officers, its

importance has been admitted by us and recognized by the English to the end that the boundary line dividing it from British Columbia and the Northwest Territory bids fair to become a matter of dispute between the two nations, and one of no mean proportions. Though not of such a nature as to demand immediate settlement, it is not unlikely that it may be involved with two or three other questions at present pending, and about which not only diplomats, but the people generally have been, and are, deeply concerned. The Alaska boundary line is quite worthy of separate consideration on its own account, and it will be a misfortune if any ill-considered act shall result in its being merged with other questions of really less importance, and subjected to the by no means uncertain chances of arbitration.

In the treaty which determined the cession of the Russian possessions in North America to the United States, concluded March 30, 1867, the geographical limits (on the east) of the territory transferred are defined as follows:—

"The eastern limit is the line of demarcation between the Russian and the British possessions in North America as established by the convention between Russia and Great Britain of February 28, 1825, and described in Articles III. and IV. of said convention in the following terms:—

"Commencing from the southernmost point of the island called Prince of Wales Island, which point lies in the parallel of $54^{\circ} 40'$ north latitude, and between the 131st and 133d degree of west longitude (meridian of Greenwich), the said line shall ascend to the north along the channel called Portland Channel as far as the point of the continent where it strikes the 56th degree of north latitude; from this last-mentioned point the line of demarcation shall follow the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast as far as the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude (of the same meridian), and finally, from said

point of intersection, the said meridian line of the 141st degree, in its prolongation as far as the Frozen Ocean.

"IV. With reference to the line of demarcation laid down in the preceding article, it is understood:—

"1st. That the island called Prince of Wales Island shall belong wholly to Russia (now, by this cession, to the United States).

"2d. That whenever the summit of the mountains which extend in a direction parallel to the coast from the 56th degree of north latitude to the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude shall prove to be at the distance of more than ten marine leagues from the ocean, the limit between the British possessions and the line of coast which is to belong to Russia, as above mentioned (that is to say, the limit to the possessions ceded by this convention), shall be formed by a line parallel to the winding of the coast, and which shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom."

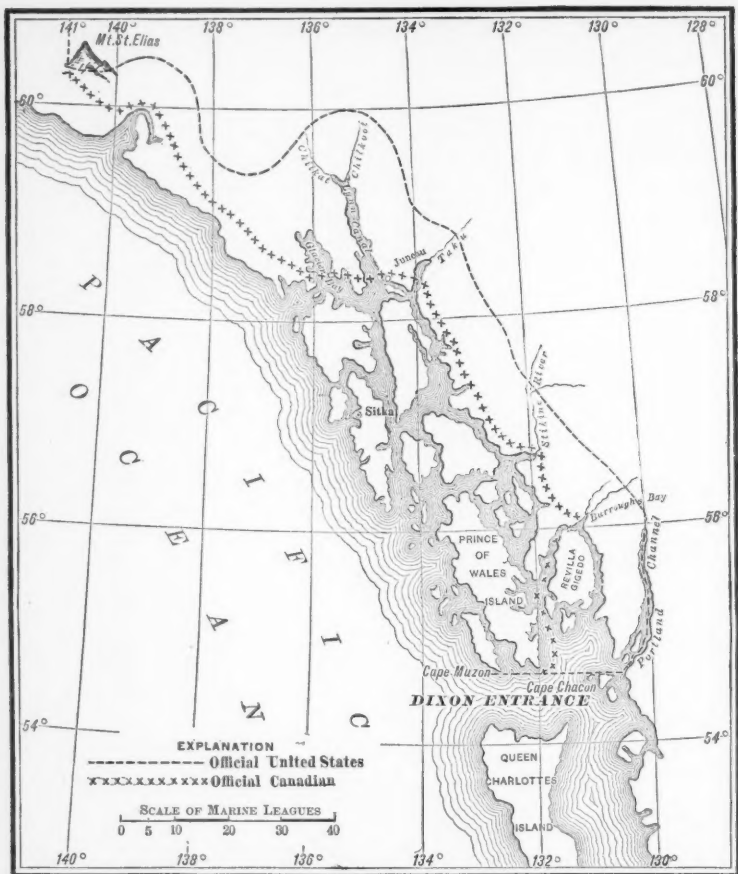
Nearly all boundary-line treaties have been found more or less faulty in construction when subjected to rigorous tests such as are sure to come sooner or later. This is doubtless to be attributed in a great degree to the fact that they are usually framed by politicians rather than by geographers; the advice of the latter being often ignored. The political diplomat is generally possessed by a single dominant idea in entering into a convention, to which all others must be subordinate, and to the realization of which all other features of the treaty must lead.

The convention of 1824 between the United States and Russia, and that of 1825 between Russia and Great Britain (in which are to be found the boundary-line articles quoted above), were the result of a determination on the part of the two English-speaking nations to break down the Russian Emperor's ukase of 1821, in which territory extending as low as 51° north latitude was claimed by Rus-

sia, as well as complete jurisdiction over nearly all water north of this line, thus threatening the fishing and whaling interests and the carrying-trade of both nations. The limitation of Russian possessions to that part of the coast above 54° 40' north latitude and the granting of certain maritime privileges for a limited time were the principal results sought after and accomplished, and unquestionably little thought was given to the definition of a boundary line which traversed a region esteemed to be of little value, either present or prospective. In consequence of this indifference and the apparent absence of geographical instinct in framing the treaty, we have an agreement through which it is now proposed to "drive a coach and six" in the interests of the ever aggressive and persistently expanding British Empire.

It is therefore important for intelligent Americans to understand the weakness of the articles of agreement upon which our Alaska boundary claims are assumed to rest. They can best be considered in the order of definition in the treaty.

In the first paragraph is found the not uncommon but always unfortunate error of "double definition," or rather, in this particular case, of attempting to fix an astronomical position by international treaty. It could not be known in 1825, and, as a matter of fact, it is not now known, that the southernmost point of Prince of Wales Island is on the parallel of 54° 40' of north latitude, for it is almost absolutely certain not to be on this parallel. No harm comes from this, however, as in a subsequent article (IV.) the possibility of this definition resulting in a divided jurisdiction over the lower extremity of that island is prevented by the provision that the whole island shall belong to Russia (now to the United States). The incident is quite worthy of note, however, as illustrating the claim that the *dominant idea was the 54° 40' line*. The prominence of this idea, in-



SKETCH-MAP OF SOUTHEAST ALASKA.

Showing Points in Controversy, and the Boundary Lines as drawn on Official Maps of the United States and Canada.

deed, in the minds of the several powers was so great as to give rise to the second ambiguity in the boundary-line definition, which follows immediately upon the heels of the first. The description says, "Commencing from the southernmost point" (Cape Muzon), etc., "the said line shall ascend to the north along the channel called Portland Channel." Now, an examination of the sketch-map of Alaska, shown above, will make it clear that, beginning with the point of departure as defined above, one must proceed to

the east for about fifty miles in order to reach the entrance of Portland Channel, or Portland Canal, as it is often called. On the absence of anything in the treaty in reference to this eastward line has been founded a claim that the use of the name "Portland Channel" is an error, an oversight, and that the line was meant to be drawn by turning to the north as soon as possible, which would be after passing Cape Chacon, the easternmost of the two capes at the southern extremity of Prince of Wales Island, and

"ascending to the north" through Clarence Strait and Behm Canal, and finally intersecting the 56th parallel of north latitude in Burroughs Bay. The effect of this would be to throw the whole of the great Revilla-Gigedo Island, together with a large territory between that and Portland Canal (all of which has been almost universally recognized as belonging to Alaska), over to the British side. Preposterous as is this claim, it has for some years received official support at the hands of the Canadian authorities, who have so drawn the line on several of their official maps. It is found on a general map of the Dominion of Canada published by the Interior Department in 1887, and it is drawn in the same way upon what purports to be a copy of an official Canadian map of 1884 (accompanying Executive Document 146, Fiftieth Congress, second session), although an original, now before me, of same date and title, and with which the copy is almost identical in other respects, exhibits the line as following the Portland Canal, in accord with the traditional claims of the United States. In recent English dispatches it has been announced that new facts relating to the treaty have been discovered which greatly strengthen the later Canadian interpretation of this part of the line, but it is hardly to be believed that English diplomats will consider this line in any other light than as affording excellent material with which to "trade" in convention, or on which to "yield" in arbitration.

On entering the mouth of the Portland Channel, which is struck almost in the centre by the $54^{\circ} 40'$ line, we meet with another claim of comparatively recent date. Just to the north of what must be admitted to be the real entrance to this channel are two considerable islands, Wales Island and Pearse Island. North of these is a narrow, dangerous channel separating them from the mainland, and joining Portland Canal above with the open sea. It is claimed that, admitting

Portland Channel, as laid down on the maps, to be the real channel referred to in the treaty, this comparatively narrow passage is a part of it, and the boundary line must be drawn through it so as to put Wales Island and Pearse Island on the Canadian side. This claim is not recognized on the official Canadian map referred to above, dated 1884, but it is upon that of 1887. It can have but little value, except when it comes to the "general scramble" which is evidently being prepared for.

The Portland Canal presents another difficulty in the fact that it does not actually reach the "56th degree of north latitude," as seems to be implied in the language of the treaty, and this has been used as an argument to prove that Portland Channel was not really the channel through which it was originally intended to draw the boundary line. But this canal comes to within a very short distance of the 56th parallel, probably falling short of it by not more than three or four miles, and possibly by not more than a fraction of a mile. The Salmon and Bear rivers debouch into this canal at its head, and the bed of either may represent the extension of the inlet to the 56th parallel. In any event, it is a matter of no great importance, as some sort of hiatus must necessarily exist in a line passing from the level of the sea to the summit of mountains.

Altogether the most serious trouble is to be anticipated in the interpretation of that part of the treaty which defines the line as it is to be drawn from the head of Portland Canal to the 141st meridian of west longitude near Mount St. Elias.

In Article III. the language used is that "from this last-mentioned point" (where Portland Channel strikes the 56th degree of north latitude) "the line of demarcation shall follow the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast as far as the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude," etc. But as there was, apparently, even

then a doubt as to the position if not the existence of such a range, the second paragraph of Article IV. was inserted, defining the distance of the line from the winding of the coast, in case the assumed mountain range might be found to run further from the shore than was then supposed. Although most interested in the other features of the treaty, it is evident that British diplomacy, with its accustomed shrewdness, was looking after secondary as well as primary questions, and was by no means disposed to trust to the possible meanderings of any little-known range of mountains, even though drawn upon the map by its own explorers. It was provided, therefore, that while the "summit of the mountains parallel to the coast" should furnish the boundary line whenever such line would be ten marine leagues, or less, from the coast, if it should appear in the future that said mountains carried their summits to a greater distance inland, then the line was to be drawn "parallel to the winding of the coast," and so as never to "exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom." It is important to note that this article may be regarded as containing something stronger than a quasi-admission on the part of Great Britain that the strip of territory conceded to belong to Russia should be in width ten marine leagues from the coast line: it also implies that this is the *maximum* width to which she will consent, and that there is nothing in the treaty to prevent her making it one league or half a league, if, in the future, she is able to do so and the *mountains parallel to the coast* do not stand in the way.

When this treaty was made, and indeed until a comparatively recent date, the charts of the region prepared under the direction of Vancouver were the most reliable at hand. One of them (it is likely to have been the French edition) was doubtless before the authors of the articles defining the boundary line. All show a well-defined range of mountains,

running nearly parallel to the coast line, and removed from it by a varying distance, sometimes as great as forty miles or more. It is now known, however, and has been known for several years, that the very regular and neatly drawn mountain ranges which Vancouver's map exhibits owe their origin to the imagination of his draughtsman more than to anything else; that is, as far as their form goes. Indeed, it is probably just to say that they were intended only as conventional representations of the fact that mountains were seen in almost every direction, and especially in looking from the coast toward the interior. Within the past few years many topographical maps have been executed, and many photographs have been made of these mountains as viewed from the summits of some of those which are accessible. Very excellent views have been obtained from elevations of four thousand and five thousand feet, looking towards the interior and extending far beyond any claim of the United States. These show a vast "sea of mountains" in every direction, generally increasing in elevation as the distance from the coast increases. Seen from a distance or from the deck of a ship at sea, they might easily create the impression of a range or ranges "parallel to the winding of the coast." As a matter of fact, there is nothing of the kind, but only the most confused and irregular scattering of mountains over the whole territory, at least until the Fairweather range, south of Mount St. Elias, is reached. Of course it is quite possible to draw a series of lines from mountain summit to mountain summit, which would form a line parallel to the coast, or any other assumed line, but no one can deny that the language of the treaty implies a range of summits extending "in a direction parallel to the coast." As the mountains which actually exist cover the territory down to the water's edge, the logical application of the mountain-summit definition, if it is to be applied

at all, is to draw the line from peak to peak along the seacoast, and this our friends on the other side have not hesitated to do. It is so drawn on the official Canadian map dated 1887, and also by Dr. G. M. Dawson, director of the Dominion Geological Survey, on his map submitted to show proposed conventional boundary lines. Naturally, this line, in common with all recently drawn maps of the Canadian government, practically leaves little to us except the group of islands lying off the mainland. While nominally allowing us a narrow strip, which is perhaps not quite all covered by high tides, it makes several short cuts which serve to break the continuity of our coast line, and to give considerable seacoast to British Columbia.

Against the mountain-summit theory, the contention of the United States is, or should be, that as it is unquestionably proved that no such range of mountains exists as was shown on the charts of Vancouver, and as the high contracting parties evidently had in mind when they agreed to the treaty, it becomes necessary to fall back upon the alternative definition, which places the line "parallel to the winding of the coast," and not more than ten marine leagues distant therefrom. It may be claimed that this was to have application only in localities where the range of "mountains parallel to the coast" was more than ten marine leagues from the coast, and that it vanishes when said range disappears. In reply it may be said that there are indications strongly pointing to the actual existence of such a range far beyond the boundary limit towards the interior; but even if it be finally known that no such range exists, either more or less than ten marine leagues from the sea, the *intent* of the agreement can be distinctly proved; and in the impossibility of executing one of its provisions, an alternative, specially provided for the failure of that one, must be accepted.

But as soon as we suggest that both the

spirit and the letter of the treaty would be satisfied by drawing the line ten marine leagues from the coast, we are met with some astounding arguments as to what is meant by the coast. A well-known English authority has contended, in effect, that the coast line from which this distance should be measured should be drawn tangent to, and so as to include, the islands lying along the coast. The effect of this would be practically to exclude us from the mainland, and to throw valuable parts of the islands themselves over to the Canadian side. In the face of the plain statement that the line is to be drawn "parallel to the winding [*sinueosités*] of the coast," it is not believed that this point can be seriously urged.

Should it be found possible to project a line satisfactory to both parties, from Dixon's Entrance, at some point of which it must begin, to the region of the Mount St. Elias Alps, there will be no difficulty in agreeing upon the remainder of the boundary. From the point where it strikes the 141st meridian west longitude it is to be extended along that meridian "as far as the Frozen Ocean." Since it is an astronomical line, its position can be ascertained as accurately as circumstances require.

In order to remove a not uncommon but erroneous impression that the Alaska boundary line is now, and has been for some time, in a state of adjudication, it may be well to say that thus far nothing has been done except to execute such surveys as have been thought desirable and necessary for the construction of maps, by which the whole subject could be properly presented to a joint boundary-line commission whenever such should be appointed, and on which the location of the line could be definitively laid down if a mutual agreement should be reached. Such a survey was first brought to the attention of Congress in a message of President Grant in 1872. It was not until 1889, however, that the work was begun by the United States

Coast and Geodetic Survey, which sent two parties to the valley of the Yukon, in the vast interior of the territory, with instructions to establish camps, one on that river, and the other on its branch the Porcupine, both to be as near the 141st meridian as possible. These parties were to carry on a series of astronomical observations for the purpose of determining the location of the meridian, to execute such triangulation and topographical surveys as were necessary for its identification, and to establish permanent monuments as nearly as might be upon the meridian line.

They remained at their posts, under stress of weather and other unfavorable conditions, for two years, during which their work was done in a manner quite sufficient for any demands ever likely to be made upon it. The two most important points on the boundary, where it intersects the two great rivers named above, were thus determined, and a year or two later the position of the boundary meridian in relation to the summit of Mount St. Elias was established. It is difficult to see what more will be required for a long time to come, as far as relates to this part of the boundary line. In southeast Alaska, where all the uncertainties as to definition of the boundary line exist, peculiar and in a certain sense insuperable obstacles are met with in the actual survey or "running" of a line in the ordinary sense. In nearly all of the proposed routes most of the line passes through a region practically inaccessible, or at least not accessible without the expenditure of enormous sums of money and many years of time, wholly disproportionate to the end to be gained. To attempt to make anything like a detailed topographical survey of the wide region covered by the several claims, of sufficient accuracy to satisfy the conditions, and to "run" a line wherever it should finally be located, would involve labor and expense impossible to estimate in advance, but sure to be extraordinarily

great. In view of these facts, it was determined to make such a survey as would enable a boundary-line commission to fix upon any one of several "conventional" lines which had been suggested already as satisfactory substitutes for that of the treaty, now generally admitted to be impossible of realization. In July, 1892, an agreement was entered into between the United States and Great Britain for the execution of a joint or coincident survey of this region, for boundary-line purposes. It was agreed by the commissioners appointed to make this survey to carry out, in effect, the plan mentioned above. Astronomical stations were to be established at the mouths of the principal rivers which flow across the boundary line, namely, at the head of Burroughs Bay, the mouths of the Stikine and the Taku, and the head of Lynn Canal. A series of triangles were to be run from these up the river valleys, until a point beyond the probable or possible location of the boundary was reached. Topographical sketches were to be made and a good deal of photographic topography was to be done, especially by the Canadian parties. This plan, which was successfully carried out, received the approval of the Department of State, and the representatives of the two governments coöperated in its execution. It is believed to have furnished all information, besides what had been previously accumulated, necessary to a full discussion and a complete settlement of the controversy. One of the important results of this work has been the accumulation of evidence, if indeed any were needed, of the impossibility of the "mountain-summit" line, and the consequent necessity of falling back upon a line at a measured distance from the coast. That this distance, in accordance with the spirit and intent of the treaty of 1825, should be practically ten marine leagues is apparent from the treaty itself and from contemporaneous history. It was evidently meant to convey, or rather

to confirm, to Russia a "strip of the coast," complete and unbroken, from the parallel of $54^{\circ} 40'$ north latitude to Mount St. Elias. The word *lisière* used in the treaty to describe this strip, and which becomes "line" in the English version, means much more than that, being originally equivalent to "border," "selvage," "fringe," or "list" of cloth, always standing for something of very definite width and continuity. Contemporary writers might be quoted, showing a common belief among Englishmen themselves that the treaty accorded to Russia a very definite and continuous strip of the mainland, which, by cutting off direct access to the coast, "rendered the great interior of comparatively little value."

In conclusion, the situation may be summed up as follows :—

Our purchase of Alaska from Russia in 1867 included a strip of the coast (*lisière de côte*) extending from north latitude $54^{\circ} 40'$ to the region of Mount St. Elias. This strip was thought to be separated from the British possessions by a range of mountains (then supposed to exist) parallel to the coast, or, in the case of these mountains being too remote, by a line parallel to the windings (*sinuosités*) of the coast, and nowhere greater than ten marine leagues from the same. As the advantage of an alternative line could hardly have been intended to accrue to one only of the contracting parties, and as Great Britain would benefit by every nearer approach of the alleged mountain range than ten marine leagues, it must be inferred that the spirit and intent of the treaty was to give Russia the full ten leagues wherever a range of mountains nearer to the coast than that did not exist. For more than fifty years there was, as far as is known, no claim on the part of Great Britain to any other than this simple interpretation of the treaty, and up to a very recent date all maps were drawn practically in accord with it. Above all, it is clear, both from

the language of the treaty and from contemporaneous history, that the strip of coast was intended to be *continuous* from the parallel of $54^{\circ} 40'$ north latitude. The right of complete jurisdiction over this coast, exercised so long by Russia without protest from Great Britain, became ours by purchase in 1867. Since that date the development of the north-west has shown the great value of this *lisière*. Its existence has become especially disagreeable to Great Britain, because through its waterways and over its passes much of the emigration and material supplies for her northwestern territory must go. The possession by us of the entire coast of North America north of $54^{\circ} 40'$ to the Arctic Ocean is not in itself in harmony with her desire or her policy. The Alaska boundary-line dispute offers an opportunity to break the continuity of our territorial jurisdiction, and by securing certain portions of the coast to herself greatly to diminish the value of the remaining detached fragments to us. The wisdom of this from the Downing Street standpoint cannot be questioned. Those of us who desire to assist in its accomplishment have only to urge the importance of submitting every controversy of this kind, no matter whether we are right or wrong, to the court of arbitration. Arbitration is compromise, especially when two great and nearly equally strong nations are engaged in it. No matter how much or how little a nation carries to an arbitration, it is tolerably certain to bring something away. Once before a board of arbitration, the English government has only to set up and vigorously urge all of the claims referred to above, and more that can easily be invented, and it is all but absolutely certain that, although by both tradition and equity we should decline to yield a foot of what we purchased in good faith from Russia, and which has become doubly valuable to us by settlement and exploration, our *lisière* will be promptly broken into fragments,

and, with much show of impartiality, divided between the two high contracting parties.

It is to be regretted that our share in recent important events has tended to lead us toward this end rather than away from it. We have thrust ourselves into a controversy over a boundary line on another continent, in which we can have no interest, except perhaps that which grows out of a very foggy and uncertain sentiment. We have assumed that a European power is about to "extend its system" to a part of the western continent, or that England is on the point of "oppressing" the people of a South American republic, or of "controlling the destiny" of their government. Against this we have made an active and aggressive protest, and have clearly intimated that if Great Britain does not submit this boundary question to arbitration we shall make trouble. In so doing we have once more put ourselves exactly where far-sighted English statesmanship would have us. Under ordinary circumstances our attitude on this question would be considered as almost an offense, and the channels of diplomatic correspondence

would not be as clear and uninterrupted as they now are.

The truth is that Great Britain is meeting our wishes in this matter with almost indecent haste, because the arbitration of the Alaska boundary line, by which she hopes and expects to acquire an open seacoast for her great northwest territories, and to weaken us by breaking our exclusive jurisdiction north of 54° 40', is enormously more important to her than anything she is likely to gain or lose in South America. Having driven her to accept arbitration in this case, it will be impossible for us to refuse it in Alaska, and we shall find ourselves again badly worsted by the diplomatic skill of a people who, as individuals, have developed intellectual activity, manliness, courage, unselfish devotion to duty, and general nobility of character, elsewhere unequaled in the world's history, but whose diplomatic policy as a nation is and long has been characterized by aggressiveness, greed, absolute indifference to the rights of others, and a splendid facility in ignoring every principle of justice or international law whenever commercial interests are at stake.

T. C. Mendenhall.

LATTER-DAY CRANFORD.

It is the eccentric dower of some to grow quite as hot-headed and tremulous over a prospective needle in a haymow as ever Midas could have been on receiving his gift. To such, Knutsford, in Cheshire, offers a perfect hunting-ground for that sort of plunder so humorously resembling Gratiano's reasons: "You shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search." No more satisfying occupation can be invented in this ancient world than the pursuit of what does not absolutely exist, if only the hunter

be just credulous enough; bold in belief, yet "not too bold." He must cling to his guesswork with a dauntless zeal; at the same time, he shall, for his own ease, recognize the probable futility of such doggedness. For to reconstruct a habitation on the base of some foregone romance is to strike a balance between special disappointment and a vague general joy.

The present Knutsford, *in toto*, is emphatically not the Cranford of Mrs. Gaskell's homely chronicle, but it glitters with links of similitude; moreover,

a certain quaintness all its own is continually stimulating the mind to comparison between the fancied and the real, as living perfumes summon forth old memories. Here, at least, Mrs. Gaskell was a child, the little Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson, storing up fragmentary impressions easily retraced by one who has lived even a full day in the town; here she was married, and in the green and pleasant yard of the old Unitarian Chapel she lies, with her husband, under lilies-of-the-valley and the constant evergreen. The prospect of figuring in biography was never quite to her taste, and the simple facts of her life offer little temptation to literary gossip-mongers. Her mother was a Holland, of the family represented now by Lord Knutsford. Little Elizabeth was born at Chelsea in 1810, and it was after her mother's death that she was sent to live with Mrs. Lumb, a widowed aunt, at Knutsford, where she remained until marriage took her to permanent residence in Manchester. Both her husband and her father were Unitarian clergymen, and one can guess at her own gracious influence among that slowly growing sect, a power as moving as in literature and the practical walks of trade. It is an old story that her fiction taught the rich some of those trenchant lessons known at first-hand only by the poor; but another deed, more golden yet, shall be remembered of her, — the creation of *Cranford*, a book to be loved so long as there are smiles and tears in this April world. Who could aspire to uncover its living presentment? One might as well hope, some fortunate London hour, to stumble on Queen Bess setting forth in state to bull-baiting or the play.

The region skirting Knutsford on every hand is rich in memories, but, better still, it offers a loving welcome to the eye. It is a placid, smiling country, diversified by great estates and happy in fat farmlands. Great herds of cows idle about, given over to that industry which is no

more than a drowsy day-dream; cropping and chewing, and transmuting the riches of the common sod into such milk and cheese as need only naming for praise. Within the circle of this abounding prosperity lies the little town (ford of the great Canute, some say, with reason), a lovable spot, irregular and pleasing, with individual corners and passages covered by the dust of years, and delighting in their burial. It is presided over by two precise and respectable inns, both mentioned "by name" in *Cranford*. So many of the strings of trade here are held by women that it is still approximately, as in *Cranford* days, "in possession of the Amazons." No state of things could be more pleasing to us who would have time "stand still withal," and on the strength of it we may undoubtedly assume that, even in our present year of grace, "to be a man" is, in this delectable place, "to be 'vulgar.'"

Our course thither lay through Manchester (Drumblie), where we made brief halt to glance at the Unitarian Chapel, the old preaching-ground of the Reverend William Gaskell, and we reached Knutsford on the eve of a festival calculated to rend dear Miss Matty with deeper doubts than such as imbibed her first half-hour at Signor Brunoni's exhibition. For the next afternoon had been set apart for May-day celebration, and Knutsford was already the scene of a wild saturnalia. It had lost its head in anticipatory delirium. It was baking and brewing for a probable influx of visitors by excursion train. The very air was tinged with the aroma of hot cakes, and landladies who on any other day would have curtsied profoundly in Shenstonian welcome, actually held their door-stone against us as though we were marauding Scots, or the rogues and vagabonds of a later interdict, explaining: "It's so very, very awkward, miss, but to-morrow I shall be so busy, and I could hardly give you the attention I should wish. I'm very sorry, miss, but you see how it is,

miss, I'm sure;" with that ingratiating lift at the end of the sentence so commendable on an English tongue.

And so perforce we went to a hotel, choosing, in deference to Cranford prejudice, one under the firm and affable sway of two ladies. At that modest choice, said we, the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson would have been the better pleased. All that evening the delirium of hope and expectation continued. Swings had been erected on the large open space still known as "the Heath." Red-and-gold gondolas, cannily set upon springs, were gayly sliding about in a magic circle, — a lurid Venice. A strange aerial railway consisted of one strong wire high in air; little wheels with handles on either side were arranged to fit it, and Darby or Joan, holding to the handles with desperate grip, went trundling through space like gibbeted criminals taking to the sky. The company of psychologists shall henceforth be augmented by the man who classifies the soul according to the bodily contortions induced by an aerial railway. I know not what he should be called, but his course of action will be plain. Especially in the case of womankind might he pronounce an unerring judgment; for some among the lassies curled their dangling feet decently beneath their skirts, some let them fly amain, others swayed like willow wands, but the many swept on their playful way like very statues. In all there was one strange likeness: they took their pleasure "sadly," as became true Britons. No face relaxed; not a feature gave way to emotion lighter than a rigid determination to reach the goal. With the onlookers the same seriousness prevailed, so that when the transatlantic observer gave way to hysterics of mirth, she was regarded, not frowningly, but with a solemn compassion which was in itself hopelessly upsetting. And over all the din of decorous joy amid which the Knutsford youth thus disported itself arose the voice of china-venders and toy-merchants, the cry of those who would

fain cloy their countrymen with gruesome lollipop and other sweets, made only to be shunned. Miss Debōrah could never have approved! We tried to cloak our delight under a decent thoughtfulness, and went home to bed. I think we should even have read a counter-irritating chapter of *Rasselas* had that very eminent work been at hand.

Next day Knutsford dissolved in rain, and the bakeries may well have wept also. No crowd of excursionists to race into the town like an invading flood, some ripple of which must surely inundate the humblest eating-houses! They sank beneath their sweets, like Tarpeia under her bribe, and the cardboard legend of "Tea" at every door fell into pulp and sadness. We too had hoped for a sunny May-day, but, being mortal, we could not refrain from an acrid reflection that many a landlady must now be repenting her short-sighted refusal of us. Last night we were minnows, for there were other fish in the sea. To-day we loomed as the leviathan, and we bore ourselves proudly.

Only a few optimistic citizens had summoned the spirit to sand the sidewalk in front of their houses, an ancient custom once accompanying Knutsford weddings, and still employed on days of high festival. Still, no one exerted his genius to the utmost; for though the sand had been applied in patterns, they were quite simple, suggesting none of that elaboration and originality of design in which Knutsford can indulge when she chooses. But though the rain could bully her into curbing her handiwork, it could not dampen her poetic ardor. Across the street, from one sandless sidewalk to the other, swept a banner, and this was the proud legend thereof: —

"All hail! All hail thee, Queen of May!
For this is our universal holiday!"

A melancholy dryness, flecked by uncertain gleams of sun, succeeded the forenoon, and we betook ourselves, with an unadulterated joy, to the Heath, where

we sat, chilled and happy, on the grand stand, watching the festival, and reconstructing the play-day of Old England from the too sophisticated pleasures of the New. This was May-day decked out in modern fripperies for the public entertainment, but it was not impossible to spy, beneath its lendings, the simpler sports of a long-past time. The procession was an historical pageant of high degree. Here walked Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Nelson, the Duke of Wellington, Dick Whittington, and Robin Hood, none of them over four feet high. Jack-in-the-Green danced, bear-wise, under an inverted cone of hemlock; the morris-dancers (lithe, bonny youths, dressed in blue velvet kneebreeches, white shirts, plaid sashes, and stockings of a vivid pink seldom seen outside a lozenge jar) wove a simple rhythm of movement entrancing to the eye, and the May queen rode in state, a pygmy lady of fashion, clad in white satin, elaborate, frosty, like a wedding-cake. But one would fain have seen her in simple white muslin enriched only with posies of her own plucking, gathered with the dew on them while even Corinna slept. "Wake and call me early," that I may hook myself into a ball dress and send for my wired bouquet! Some bathos comes with time.

But of all that winding throng one object alone had power to thrill the mind,—an old sedan chair, borne midway in the procession. Do you remember it in the annals of Cranford? Within that very chair did Miss Matty sit, tremulous but resolved, after the social evening at Mrs. Forrester's, when the dear ladies scared one another into panic with confession of the bogies most to their mind. From its unsafe seclusion did she cry aloud when the men "stopped just where Headingley Causeway branches off from Darkness Lane: 'Oh! pray go on! What is the matter? What is the matter? I will give you sixpence more to go on very fast; pray don't stop here.'"

Dear relic of a time more real than our to-day! Knutsford holds nothing more precious.

The May-pole dance was given over to a set of decorous little girls in flower-like dresses, green and pink. They tripped it prettily, they braided and wove their ribbons round the pole, but the spontaneous joy of Old and Merrie England was not in them. A dancing-master had trained them for the public eye. Step and look were no longer the springing welcome to a day when lads and lassies should no more be able to hold their fervor than trees their budding strength. To watch these puppets tripping it was to give way for a moment to sadness, reflecting that nowadays we are ashamed to be merry after we have come to man's estate. We give over our great festivals to children, and then sit looking on with a maddening tickle in the bones that ache to join them.

With another day Knutsford had assumed her wonted air of quiescent decorum. It proved easier to see her now for what she is, a Georgian town imbued with the spirit of elegance and precision; easy, too, to find Cranford in her every look and word. On that morning began our trial of local intelligence and belief. But a step from the Angel Hotel (where Lord Mauleverer very wisely took up his quarters, though doubtless when it still remained on the other side of the way) stands the Royal George, once living content under its swinging sign of the saint militant, but now thrown into self-contradiction by the swelling adjective assumed after the Princess Victoria and the Duchess of Kent had spent a night under its roof. (An affectionate trait in this loyal people, to weaken a saint's patronymic by courtly prefix.) Now, it was this same George which was sought out by Miss Pole on an idle morning, when nothing more importunate prevented her from strolling up the staircase, on benevolence intent. For, said Miss Pole, "my Betty has a second-cousin who is chambermaid

there, and I thought Betty would like to hear how she was." And, quite by chance, she found herself in the passage leading from the inn to the Assembly Room, and then in the room itself, where Signor Brunoni was making his preparations to juggle the wits out of Cranford the very next night. This was the room where, on that bewildering evening, the ladies of Cranford were so astounded by the resources of magic that they began to debate whether they had been in the right "to have come to see such things," and settled down to an unalloyed enjoyment of the evening only on learning that the "tall, thin, dry, rusty rector," insured against feminine wiles by a cohort of National School boys, sat "smiling approval." Memory more endearing still, it was the Assembly Room where Miss Matty sighed a little over her departed youth, and walked "mincingly, . . . as if there were a number of genteel observers, instead of two little boys with a stick of toffy between them with which to beguile the time." To seek it out was like dreaming over a bit of dear Miss Matty's shawl or a print of her turban.

The George is rich in modern antiquities, — carven balustrades, beautiful old clocks, and precious work in brass. It is a living example of the actual magnificence which may be wrapped about an inn when it has maintained itself in dignity, and conceded nothing to the flight of time or change of ownership. Something stately lies in its hospitable repose. Like the ladies themselves, it clings resolutely to old possessions though all the world without may clamor for the changes falsely named improvement. Owing to that deplorable lack of understanding which is incident to the present of any age, we were conducted, with flourish of pride, through the George to the new Assembly Room, aggressively fresh against the background of Cranford legends, and that night tricked out with masonic regalia. "Is this *all*?" cried we, in unhappy duet. "Has the

old hall been quite swept away?" By no means! Did we wish to see that? "A very plain room, miss!" And thither were we led, to find it shabby, ancient, lovable; its tinted walls, dull as a fading memory, reflecting to the seeing eye a hundred scenes of innocent yet decorous revelry. Here Miss Matty took her dainty steps in the *menuets de la cour*, her young head, crowned with its soft thick locks ("I had very pretty hair, my dear," said Miss Matilda), sinking in shyness superadded to decorum when young Holbrook came to lead her to the dance. Here she should have worn the muslin from India that came to her too late, poor Matty! Here, too, Miss Pole gleaned the fruitful grain of gossip, to sow it carefully again; for in youth as in age Miss Pole must ever have been the mouthpiece of the world which tattles and denies. Somehow I can never connect Miss Debörah with the Assembly Room. I fancy she was but an abstracted figure at the balls; wishing herself away in a more serious atmosphere, dreaming over the ponderous delight of sitting at home and writing the charges of the archdeacon she was so eminently fitted to marry.

In the old days the George had gates of its own, but now a free passage leads under the building (somewhat in the fashion of Clovelly's wayward street), past the stables, and up a slope, where, directly facing the pedestrian who ascends that way, stands a shop, pointed out by universal acclaim as the one where, after the downfall of her fortunes, Miss Matty sold tea and scattered comfits. It is presided over by an excellent chemist, a man of solemn aspect and an unconscious humor. A tradition lurks in Cranford that he was once sought out by the Unitarian clergyman of the town, on the supposition that he was an adherent of that faith. The crucial question was asked.

"Oh, ay," responded master chemist, "I am a Unitarian. Indeed, sir, I'm

almost an agnostic!" Rude, belligerent word to have penetrated the sacred pale of Cranford!

We entered the tiny establishment on some ostensible errand.

"Is this Miss Matty's shop?" we inquired incidentally, the while our purchase was sought.

"Yes, miss," was the unhesitating answer. "We are repairing the back room a bit, or you could see the little window she used to peep through when she heard a customer."

Was reality so wedded to fiction? Actual windows and imaginary Miss Mattys were here in strange conjunction. Further questioning elicited a reason akin to the immortal argument that "the bricks are alive to this day to testify." For it seems that there was in town an aged gentlewoman, the only existing link between old times and new, who chanced to enter the shop after the paper had been torn away, disclosing this tiny window; and she, from her stores of memory, drew the assertion that this was Miss Matty's window, because she had seen it many a time and recognized it at once. Amorphous logic and fortunate conclusion!

"Now," said we encouragingly to master chemist, "of course you know all the places mentioned in Cranford?"

"Oh yes, miss," was the cheerful reply.

"Where did the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson live?"

He hesitated. He looked at us wildly. "Amen stuck in" his "throat."

"Give me time to think," he rejoined appealingly; and, being merciful, we gave it.

Yet, returning that afternoon, and the next day also, with the query, "Have you had time to think?" we were always courteously but sadly answered, "No."

But authorities are not far to seek. The Reverend George A. Payne knows his literary Knutsford as the Reverend

Henry Green knew its historical and archæological aspect, and his guesses are both satisfying and clever. He suggests that the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson occupied a prosperous-looking house near the lower end of the town, where the old Unitarian Chapel still holds its place. I am glad to think so. It is a residence eminently fitting for that social paragon, and it requires no impossible stretch of fancy to see Carlo lumbering about the yard, winking at the ladies whom he mulcted of cream, or to catch at least a glimpse of majestic Mr. Mulliner reading the *St. James's Chronicle*, while the Cranford dames regard him from without in controlled and impotent wrath. Not far away, moreover, inclosed by high, invulnerable walls, is Darkness Lane, subject of that ever memorable controversy on the night of the panic, when Miss Matty would fain have had the sedan chair "go on very fast," and Miss Pole outbid her by sixpence and induced the men to strike into the less ominous Headingley Causeway.

At the other end of the town, not far from the gates of Tatton Park, still sleeps the old vicarage, a modest dwelling in a circling yard, — that yard where poor Peter played his little comedy destined to end in grief. Who does not remember it, — how Peter dressed himself in Deborah's gown and bonnet, and juggled a pillow into the semblance of a baby in long clothes, and how the rector came upon him as he paraded himself and his charge before the gaping townsfolk? The rest of the story is too sad for any but sunny days; for Peter was flogged and ran away to sea, as every one knows, while the rector repented his angry vengeance in the ashes of old age, and the gentle house mother died awaiting her boy's return.

The actual spots connected with Mrs. Gaskell's life in Cranford need no broidery of fancy. Looking over the Heath stands the comfortable, dignified house where she lived with Mrs. Lumb. Hers

was not an altogether untroubled childhood, suggests Mrs. Ritchie, and she pictures the little girl running "away from her aunt's house across the Heath," hiding "herself in one of its many green hollows, finding comfort in the silence, and in the company of birds and insects and natural things." At that time the Heath was less of a trodden village common than to-day, more populous with birds, richer in furze and leaf. But though the identical house has been enlarged and repaired, its character of homelike comfort is unchanged. There are happy windows, with great window-seats, looking out over the Heath and into the garden at the back. Sun and light are everywhere, and in the garden beds lie the richness and beauty of old-fashioned flowers.

But of all spots made to please the memory and stir it with suggestions not to be denied is Sandlebridge Farm, where lived the Hollands who were Mrs. Gaskell's maternal ancestors. An agreeable though unexciting walk leads to it, between fields green with the wonderful grass that goes to the making of Cheshire cheese, and parcel-gilt with buttercups. Such far reaches of field and valley are here as to make a not unpleasing loneliness in the land, even under full sunlight; and when, approaching the farm, you come to a smithy and mill dedicated to the uses of life, still the illusion is not dispelled. For in the smithy two or three leisurely men lean and look in the intervals of smiling talk, and the mill, sweet and dusty from the breath of grain, goes on working quite by itself. Great wooden beams, heavy wheels, and dusty hoppers seemed, that day, to be living a life of unaccompanied yet happy activity, and from without came the *plash, plash* of willing water and the trickle of the feeding stream. In the hazy distance loomed Alderley Edge, a mammoth ridge rising above the hidden caverns where nine hundred and ninety-nine horses stand "ever caparisoned and ready for war."

Mrs. Gaskell, when a little girl, must often have visited the farm to play with the Holland children; but the spot has another distinction, more potent still, for Sandlebridge is Cranford's Woodley, where Mr. Thomas Holbrook lived, and read "my Lord Byron," and ate his peas happily without the aid of a fork, and where Miss Matty came to him too late. The great stone balls are gone from the pillars beside the gate (the great Lord Clive used to jump from one to the other, when he was a schoolboy at Knutsford), and the ancient decorum of the manor has subsided into the well-being of a prosperous farm; but the spot is full of a slumberous peace. We were entertained in the stone-flagged kitchen, with its dresser of blue dishes on the wall and its flitches of bacon hanging from the hooks above, and we drank our milk and ate the sweet farm bread with a drowsy sense that somehow dear Miss Matty was with us, and perhaps the sonsy Mary who tells the tale. Do you remember how Mary walked about the garden with that antique lover who loved no more, listening to his comments on flower and leaf; and how she afterwards went with him to the fields, where he forgot her and strode on to the measure of his dearest rhymes? No beauty of the growing world had lain afar from his full and lonely life. With us, too, did he walk that day. The sweet-smelling plants were such as his eye must have cherished; the cropping cattle over the happy slopes were of one family with those he had fostered; and the trees, black-branched and glossy in their greenness, had made the tutelary deities of his land. It is not easy to tell how peacefully these fields and meadows slept under the warm sky, nor how lavishly they promised response to loving tillage.

Slight hints, garrulous suggestions, are constantly appealing to one in Knutsford, not as literal duplicates of Cranford customs, but as links in an affectionate chain of inference. Fiction is not portraiture,

but it may easily become a record of those fleeting impressions which make an intrinsic part of the mental tissue. Names familiar to a writer's youth have a way of creeping into her work; nooks and corners, remarkable for no story of their own, crop up again when her dreams demand actual habitat. In reading the history of Cheshire, it is curious to note the number of Peters of eminent memory, and more curious still to stumble on the name in the yard of the little parish church. It was not only of good repute, but very commonly used. Cranford, too, has adopted it; for did not the local grandee of Turveydropsical memory figure as Sir Peter Arley, and was not the rector's erring Peter named for him? And let it be said incidentally that no one who visits that churchyard should omit reading the epitaph of the Reverend John Swinton, of Nether Knutsford; for it must assuredly have been written by Miss Debōrah herself, under direct inspiration from the ever admirable Dr. Johnson. Thus it runs:—

"He was happy in an excellent natural Genius, improv'd with every Branch of polite and useful Learning. His Compositions were correct, elegant, nervous, edifying, and deliver'd with peculiar Force and Dignity. His Conversation was courteous, entertaining, instructive, and animated with a striking Vivacity of Spirit. As a Husband a Friend and a Neighbor He was affectionate, faithful, benevolent, A zealous Assertor and an able Defender of religious and civil liberty. With Talents which would have adorn'd the highest Station in the Church For Reasons to himself unanswerable He declin'd repeated Offers of Preferment from his Friends many Years before his Death. He bore his last Affliction with a Firmness and Fortitude truly Christian and died lamented by the Wise, the Learned and the Good Dec. 10th 1764, in the 70th Year of his Age."

Surely six-footed eulogy can no further go!

Another suggestion of Cranford lies in the fact that an actual Arley Hall exists to this day, the seat of the Warburtons, within easy driving distance of Knutsford. Mrs. Gaskell aimed at no needless portraiture or exact topography; but names doubtless got into her mind, and lived there, like an old song, till memory shook them forth. The Cranford scare, moreover, when an hysteria of panic prevailed, and blew prudence out of the ladies' heads while it coaxed some goblin in,—what was that but a reflux wave of Mrs. Gaskell's possible shrinking when, a child, she heard the common reminiscences of the highwayman Higgins? This was the Duval of Knutsford, who lived at the Cann House on the Heathside (neighbor to Mrs. Lumb), and who made nothing of flying over the roads to commit a murder at Bristol and returning again, within forty-eight hours, to prove his alibi. It was Higgins who, living the jolly life of a prosperous gentleman, one night left the ball (held, no doubt, in the old Assembly Room) to lie in wait for Lady Warburton and reap her jewels. But the lady's keen sight and innocence of mind proved her salvation; for, putting her head out of the carriage as the robber approached, she called serenely, "Good-night, Mr. Higgins! Why did you leave the ball so early?" And Higgins, thus thrust back into his rôle of country gentleman, rode on discomfited. He was executed at Caernarthen in 1767, only forty-three years before Mrs. Gaskell was born. This was not too long a period for tradition to linger, painting him ever more gloomily, until he loomed large, like Guy of Warwick or Thor the Thunderer. What affrighting falsities might have garlanded his name in Knutsford similar legends all the world over may attest. Did the sensitive little child, playing in corners, overhear the Cranford ladies relating his bold, bad deeds, and triking them out with bewildering details of their own device? Did the child her-

self tremble at the spectre of Darkness Lane huddling under the mantle of a pitchy night? Such emotions are the willow twigs of memory; swept down a living stream, they are bound to reach roothold, and there bud greenly in the vesture of the vernal year.

One curiously suggestive incident belongs to Mrs. Gaskell's own life, though to dwell on it too definitely might serve merely to establish a false bond between the concrete and the ideal. Her only brother, a lieutenant in the merchant service, disappeared on his third or fourth voyage, about the year 1827, and "never was heard of more." Might such lingering tragedy have been the secret of her pathos over the heartbreak and sickness born of Peter's absence? Did she know by too near experience what it is to listen for the footstep that never falls? But one last proof clinches the argument that Knutsford is Cranford, "though some folks miscall it." Turn to the annals of Cranford, and you shall read of a certain old lady who had "an Alderney cow, which she looked upon as a daughter."

Now, this cherished animal, falling into a lime pit, was denuded of all her hair, and her adoptive mother, being ironically recommended to "get her a flannel waistcoat and flannel drawers," did indeed send her thenceforth to pasture clad soberly in gray.

Return now to the chronicles of concrete Knutsford, and listen to the Reverend Henry Green, who, in spite of this one concession, never believed in any intentional literary apotheosis of his cherished town:—

"A woman of advanced age, who was confined to her house through illness, . . . asked me to lend her an amusing or cheerful book. I lent her Cranford, without telling her to what it was supposed to relate. She read the tale of Life in a Country Town, and when I called again, she was full of eagerness to say: 'Why, sir, that Cranford is all about Knutsford! My old mistress, Miss Harker, is mentioned in it; and our poor cow, she did go to the field in a large flannel waistcoat because she had burned herself in a lime pit!'"

Alice Brown.

THE CASE OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

II. THE TEACHER'S SOCIAL AND INTELLECTUAL POSITION.

A CAREFUL examination of the answers to the inquiries sent by The Atlantic Monthly to superintendents and teachers of the public schools has put me in closest touch with my fellow-teachers in every part of the country, and has given me a clear insight into the varied conditions under which they have to work. As summarized by President Hall in the preceding issue of this magazine, these replies do not present a bright picture. However, he bids us hope. To point out just what the defects are in the status of the teacher, and

what we teachers must do to remedy these defects, is the purpose of what follows.

The comments upon the American public school teacher made by visiting French and German educators have usually been favorable. Notwithstanding these comments, were his case to be tried before a jury of foreign educational experts, on the basis of the evidence furnished by the confessions in the letters we have been examining, he would be found guilty on the three following counts: (1) lack of general culture, (2) lack of scho-

larship, and (3) lack of professional preparation.

Although morally the status of the teacher is high, socially it is found to be lower than the status of the average lawyer, the physician, or the theologian. Teachers do not give proper time and thought to the social side of life. To begin with, they are thought to be like the old-fashioned scholar in matters of personal appearance. Fortunately, there is no special style of dress by which they are known, but there is a carelessness that characterizes the rank and file of them. They do not feel the desirability of meeting people in a social way. The fault, however, is not in the occupation, but in the persons who take it up. Whenever teachers meet other men and women on equal terms, they get all the esteem their character and personality deserve. Undoubtedly, as many complain, they are overworked, and have not strength left for society; often the drudgery of the school robs them of time for social duties, and tends to quench any social desire. Moreover, many are not paid enough to dress properly. In school we teachers are associated with less mature minds, and it is easy to become self-satisfied. Unless we come in contact with men and women of equal or higher intellectual attainments, we fail to realize our littleness.

The general testimony of the replies is that in the larger villages and smaller cities the social position is higher than in the larger cities and smaller villages. From Maine the statement comes that there has been no advance for the last twenty years in the respect with which the public regards the teacher. Of the older States, Pennsylvania also is represented in an unfavorable light: "A teacher is apparently of little account." "He is regarded as an inferior of humanity." "He has no influence in the community outside of the schoolroom." It is evident that in all parts of the country where the educational sentiment is

strong, because of the presence of colleges, normal schools, or large private schools, more consideration is shown to teachers as a class. One man in the West gives his opinion that the teacher is a "great big cipher." One from the South writes: "The teachers are expected to help the church, subscribe to the political fund, take all the papers, be helpers for everybody and everything, and carry the burden of humanity generally, and *never assert their own views*, but patiently serve." From all over the Union comes the testimony from teachers that, if they wish to keep their positions, they must not express their opinions on local and national questions. This subservience of itself would tend to make the calling an inferior one. A few of the New England States furnish evidence of a respectful recognition of the teacher in society; Georgia, Colorado, Minnesota, and Illinois leave with me the impression that they are the hopeful States. The reports from some of the States, especially from New York, are very conflicting. There is hardly a State from which there is not the opinion expressed that the chief lack among our teachers is "general culture, and the refinement of manner that comes with it."

Intellectually, the teacher, whether in city or in country, has not attained a high status. Overcrowded as the profession is, because it is the best stepping-stone to other callings, the average teacher has not deliberately qualified himself either in scholarship or in professional knowledge. This testimony goes to corroborate the statements on this point made annually by the National Commissioner of Education. As the public school teacher is not scholarly, it follows that his interests are not broad, and that intellectually he is not a power in the community. In the schoolroom itself, it often happens that the teacher has no greater knowledge of his subjects than an acquaintance with the facts required for the recitation. A superintendent in Illi-

nois writes: "The criticism I have to offer upon teachers as a class is their limited literary qualifications. They do not know their subjects sufficiently to make instruction definite and logical." A teacher in a neighboring State notes chiefly the teachers' lack of "an accurate and broad knowledge. Our elementary schools are taught by young persons who are not always graduates of grammar schools, and hardly ever of high schools. Further, our high school faculties are not, as a rule, made up of college graduates."

The standard of professional equipment of the American teacher is, as would be expected, even lower than his social status. Throughout the Union the idea prevails that any one who knows schoolroom subjects can teach, and that any one with sufficient muscle can discipline. The public is satisfied with a low standard of scholarship, and makes little demand for professional skill. Until quite recently the normal schools have furnished what professional preparation there has been. Nothing struck me more forcibly, in studying these opinions, which came straight out of the experience of those who wrote them, than the note of dissatisfaction with the normal schools. Several teachers ask, Why require a normal school training when our normal school graduates are not successful teachers? The majority of the students of the normal schools enter with little more than an elementary education. For this reason the normal schools tend to lose their peculiar function of preparing young men and women to teach the elementary branches. As a superintendent in Illinois well expressed it, "Most of our normal schools try to give an average of academic with an equal amount of professional training, all at once." The result is an apology for both. The normal schools tend also to "deify method, and to lose sight of the supreme importance of the teacher's individuality and personal force." The kindliness of the American

heart rather than professional responsibility characterizes those in charge of these schools, and those candidates not fitted by qualities of temper and manner for teaching are not weeded out. One educator from a small State observes, "A teacher is born, not made," and then continues, "We need a few more teachers born."

A person can become a successful member of none of the professions who is not naturally fitted for it. It is not sufficiently understood, however, that a good teacher cannot be made out of a person who lacks all the qualities of a teacher. A second or third rate man cannot begin to do the harm in one of the so-called "learned" professions that he can do in a school where he has the sole charge of forty or fifty boys and girls for five or six hours a day, five days in the week, seven or eight months in the year. The school age is the impressionable age. In the formation of habits, lines of thought, and rules of action, unconsciously the pupils adopt their teachers as models. A South Dakota teacher makes an utterance from that new State which has a genuine ring in it when he says: "The lack of professional training prevents the teacher from holding that standing in the community which other professionally trained persons have. The low status of the profession has not made the teacher the adviser of the Board of Education and of the parent to the same extent to which the physician and lawyer are advisers in their professions." It is to be acknowledged that the lack of confidence in teachers is well grounded.

If it has been a question in the past whether teaching should be considered a profession, the data hereby furnished leave no further doubt that it is yet a makeshift, a "procession" rather than a profession. Only a very few choose the work deliberately as a permanent vocation because they think it best for them. A few take it up because they cannot get anything else to do, and remain in it

for life. Teaching has the reputation of being a "berry-picking roadside, where spare change is to be picked up before jumping into the field and going to work," and of being a "hospital for the blind, the halt, and the lame of every other craft." From a New England State a teacher reports: "Many in the community think teachers must have failed in some other business before being willing to take up teaching." Among the teachers employed in the country schools are many young girls. Often an American girl, after she leaves school, "keeps school" until she has the opportunity to keep house, and this fact alone shows that teaching is not a life-work with the majority who take it up. Men, also, frequently regard teaching as an incident in their career; it is a step to their professions, or else a temporary means of support to the doctor while waiting for patients, to the lawyer while waiting for clients, and to the preacher while waiting for a pulpit. Successful professional men are apt to look upon men who remain in teaching with a sort of compassion. If a teacher's purpose in taking up the calling is of a temporary or trivial kind, it will be to the detriment of the pupils; for the teacher's purpose is reflected in the schoolroom. Instability of the teacher's purpose accounts directly for much of the inefficiency of our schools. If a person is in the work because of a lack of brains or force to succeed in something else, his presence will tend to keep out better persons. Among other reasons, the status of the teacher is low because the ablest men and women are not attracted to it in very great numbers, and because such persons of ability as are drawn into it are not retained; and thus the system tends to the survival of the unfittest.

This instability of purpose leads to a great deal of moving about within the calling. Teachers who lack any great amount of professional zeal leave low-priced positions for more lucrative ones

before they have had time to impress themselves fully upon their pupils. In a new country like ours new ideas are taken up and quickly put into practice; but our teachers, like the rest of their countrymen, are too eager for immediate results; they will not remain patiently to watch over their ideas and wisely to aid their development. Frequent changes, for whatever cause, mar the influence that teachers might exert upon the pupils. It is not uncommon for every teacher in a town to be new at the beginning of the year. School boards, especially in the West, have a belief that places can be filled easily. Usually the teachers who come are no worse than those who go. One superintendent says that his best teachers marry, and leave the poorer ones whom he could better spare. While incompetency is the rule and competency the exception, frequent changes are not so much to be regretted. It is the country schools, undoubtedly, that are most affected. After being called to the cities teachers are contented, and tend to become unambitious and non-progressive. A considerable number of teachers say that changes are too infrequent in the cities. From one city in the West a teacher writes: "If a cyclone were to strike this city, it would be justified in carrying off seventy-five per cent of the teachers; and yet our schools are progressive and well spoken of because we have a progressive superintendent." The natural reflection is, what a load that superintendent must carry, and what could he not accomplish if things were turned about and he had a number of competent teachers! When there is any degree of permanency in the more remote communities, it is because local candidates are elected. They can live more cheaply at home, and cannot easily be called away. A school taught by "home talent" is often dead educationally. The old faults are fixed, and routine rather than naturalness and progressiveness characterizes the work done.

One weakness of the occupation as compared with the legal and medical professions is that persons outside of the calling determine who shall enter it. As letter after letter shows, school committees do not know how to estimate the qualifications of a teacher. They elect, in many cases, those who will bid the lowest, or else those of a particular religious sect or political party. Further, that there is a lack of stability because of improper outside influences the massing of the testimony by President Hall shows conclusively. That insecurity from this source is harmful in keeping out or removing good teachers, and appointing poor teachers, no one can deny. In some States legislation attempts to reach this evil. Tenure of office is extended to the teacher during good behavior. It results in electing for life teachers who will do better work because of the greater security, but it makes stable also those teachers who, although not decidedly incompetent, are willing to drift along in the old currents. One Massachusetts superintendent writes: "We have permanent tenure, — a good deal more permanent than it ought to be, for the good of the pupils." Again, also from Massachusetts: "Good teachers are secure, poor teachers altogether too secure." It may be said in passing that the weight of testimony from Massachusetts is in favor of the establishment of a life tenure. One principal feels that "annual election for teachers of proved ability is an annual humiliation." I, who am also a Massachusetts man, dissent from his opinion. Tenure of office in Chicago is reported by one person as the "curse of the system. Merit has very little advantage over incompetency." Another from the same city says: "Teachers are too secure. Tenure of office keeps teachers in that should be out." In all reports that touch upon this point, written from places where there is no law freeing teachers from annual elections, there is unanimity of opinion in favor of such a

law. Far too-much, however, has been expected from that source.

Admitting the testimony to the general fact that young teachers have not had the proper intellectual and professional equipment, it may then be asked: Are the members of the teaching corps aware of their shortcomings? Do they feel the need of making up for what was impossible or not thought of before they began to teach? Here again the facts reported by the teachers themselves do not bring out the bright side of the teachers' status. Scarcely any mention is made of the means offered to those engaged in the work, for making up deficiencies or supplementing imperfect training. The large attendance, however, upon teachers' institutes, summer schools, and summer courses at the colleges is a hopeful sign. In the West greater efforts are made in the way of supplementary study than in the East. It may be that in the newer States the proportion of untrained teachers is larger. Conditions are more elastic beyond the Mississippi, while on this side there is a tendency to be too well satisfied with existing arrangements. The high degree of permanency in the teacher's position in Boston, for example, if we are to trust the reports from that city, leads in many cases to a feeling that further efforts in the direction of professional equipment are unnecessary. One reply will be sufficient to show what is the general feeling expressed: "The trouble is, teachers are not ambitious, do not prepare themselves for promotion. They, especially the women, do not read and improve themselves as they should. They do not grow, they are apt to be satisfied." That the average teacher does not keep in touch with the advances in his line of work, that he is often so overworked as to make this impossible, that he tends to fall into routine, and that, in a word, he is not professionally progressive seems to be the consensus of opinion as indicated by the reports.

The remuneration of teachers as compared with that of the "learned" professions is low, — whether unduly low for the mass of them, who are hardly more than unskilled laborers, is doubtful. As a Kansas man puts it, "There are about as many overpaid as there are underpaid teachers." Throughout many States, and in some cities in other States, the salaries of women who teach compare very favorably with women's salaries in other walks of life. The minimum salary reported is four dollars a week. Teachers living at home can work for less pay than others. This results in the depression of salaries. Any system of schools, and especially any in which there is co-education, that ignores the need of both men and women does not attain its greatest efficiency. Men are usually passed by because women can be had for lower salaries. Men must bear family burdens, and thus cannot compete on the same footing with women. One teacher writes: "Men of a given degree of ability and application can earn more in other occupations than in teaching." The same teacher adds further: "Low salaries necessitate poor teachers, but it does not follow that high salaries alone will bring good teachers. Inefficiency is often rewarded. Every schedule of salaries rewards inefficiency just as much as it does efficiency." One person on the Pacific coast reports that "the best teachers are poorly paid; the inefficient, exorbitantly paid." A letter from Illinois runs as follows: "It has been my observation that teachers are appreciated for what they are worth."

Tutoring in the larger towns, vacation work everywhere, and other forms of outside work are done by teachers to add to their meagre salaries. This practice is harmful in diminishing the efficiency of the school work. It does not allow proper preparation for daily recitations, nor furnish the proper rest for the teacher. It is a practice not confined to low-salaried teachers. In the more favor-

ably situated communities extensive outside money-earning is carried on, and the public naturally asks whether it is necessary to pay as much for teachers as it does pay.

If one remains in school work, one is obliged to save for old age. Germany regards her teachers as "defenders of the public safety," and pensions them. The hindrance to the granting of pensions in the United States is the incomplete organization of our school systems, together with the general lack of the permanency of the teaching force. There is not sufficient stability to give an impetus to the establishment of anything like a general coöperative pension bureau. No one who is temporarily in the profession wishes to contribute to a general fund for this purpose. No one who is competent desires to pay part of his earnings into a retirement fund, which, as one teacher puts it, means that "the competents support the incompetents." Brooklyn proposes to have a retirement fund. Deductions are to be made from the salaries of the regular teaching corps, and applied for the support of those who retire or are discharged. If I am not mistaken, the initiative in this was taken by the city authorities, and the scheme is regarded with disfavor by the majority of the teachers. In Chicago, "it is proposed to honor teachers" by giving them pensions. One teacher writes: "From the nature of the work teaching compels a man to retire early." If this is true, it is a fact not to be observed in the German schools. A New England teacher wishes that "salaries were such that it would not be inhumane to retire one when too old to teach." Male teachers, particularly, feel that by the time they are forty they ought to be in something else. If it is once admitted that a teacher past forty is useless, then away with the idea that teaching will ever be "held in as high honor as it ought to be."

Teachers' agencies stimulate competition and assist teachers to find their

proper places quickly. Their very existence, however, is indicative of the lack of any real organization of teaching as a profession. While teachers' agencies often find reward for individual merit, every dollar paid to them takes from the total amount paid to the teaching force. Their business also tends to keep in the work those who have been failures. Promotions should come as a most natural distinction for efficiency. Under present conditions, it is almost a necessity, if the teacher wishes to know of vacancies and to stand a fair chance of bettering himself, to use a teachers' agency. Should he be fortunate enough to procure a place, he must pay five per cent of the salary that he is to receive to the agency that has helped him. Sometimes this is paid when the agency has merely informed the candidate that there is a vacancy. Sometimes one vacancy results in four or five moves on the educational check-board. These moves are paid for, not by the school boards, but by the teachers themselves. Were there an organized profession, its members, and not outsiders, would form some kind of a general coöperative agency for giving notice of contemplated changes in positions, and, as far as possible, for aiding the right man to secure the right place. The bureaus that have been established at the colleges are not, apparently, of much use to the graduate of three or four years' standing. The normal schools which have come under my observation fail entirely to keep in touch with their graduates so as to assist them as regards promotion.

The defects in the status of the teacher are, to repeat what was said at the beginning, lack of general culture, lack of scholarship, lack of professional training. Incidentally, partly as causes and partly as results of these defects, there must be added these facts: teaching is chosen as a makeshift by a large majority; the average length of experience is short; there is a lack of fixity of location; there is a lack of security because of improper

influences from outside; there is a lack of professional progressiveness; there is a lack of a strong fraternal spirit.

To put it briefly, teaching is not a profession. Although this statement is disturbing to the complacency of the earnest, well-trained teacher, yet it is none the less a fact, and is so regarded by the members of the calling at large. The status in the poorer and more sparsely settled portions of the country is, of course, decidedly lower than it is in the larger towns and cities. Yet the defects presented are the same. The difference is of degree only. There are professional teachers to be found in all parts of the country, but they are exceptions. They are mixed in with the general mass of teachers, and in any composite picture of the American public school teacher their identity is lost.

As regards remedies, the first requisite is a proper realization on the part of the teacher himself of the defective character of his status, and the second a clearer understanding of his own duty and opportunity under the circumstances.

A teacher does better work only as he grows through experience, and as he broadens his mind by study and by intercourse with his fellow-men. First of all, the teacher needs to guard himself against the danger of not making acquaintances outside the school circle. He should seize every chance that offers itself to be social and to excite sociability in those about him. He must not, out of an over-seriousness, believe it his duty to have nothing to do with society. If the young teacher lives for himself alone after he leaves the schoolroom, he will not, when success comes, find it easy to meet on an equal social footing people outside of his own line of work.

The teacher need not have the graces of a Lord Chesterfield, but, as the instructor of boys and girls, he should possess good manners. Perfect self-possession, freedom from affectation, proper care for dress and the person, produce a subtle and insensible training in the school-

room that is hardly less valuable than that which is given by direct instruction. Good manners are sadly wanting in children of all school grades above the kindergarten. Often the home pays too little attention to the cultivation of polite ways, but the school itself is responsible in a larger measure. Teachers have here a valuable opportunity that they cannot afford to neglect; but how can they teach politeness if they are not themselves polite? Further, to make their social status in all respects as dignified as that of the professions, it is the duty of each teacher to avail himself of the unusual opportunities for self-cultivation that this calling offers. Art, literature, and history should be regarded by him not alone from a teacher's, but from a student's point of view.

The normal schools should give more time and thought to the social side of the young teacher. Then, as teachers go from these institutions, would the schools themselves in which they teach tend to develop better manners. The Educational Society of Brooklyn, the teachers' clubs of Detroit, Chicago, Cincinnati, and New Orleans, and some of the reading circles of the Western cities, besides raising the professional standard, are bringing the teacher more into touch with society. Any influence that can create a closer sympathy and coöperation between the home and the school will tend to better the social position of the teacher. Improvements in the teachers' status must take their beginning from the teachers themselves. This problem, however, cannot be treated as altogether distinct from the other problems that the teachers' position presents. To secure social standing and recognition, teachers must possess culture and personal power that win respect outside of school. The question how to attract the best men and women needs to be answered before we can come to a final solution of the social problem. It is true that if the social status is raised, a better class of men and women

will take up the work; and it is equally true that if a better class of men and women appear, the social status will be raised. Higher salaries will make it possible for teachers to buy books, to travel, to hear lectures, to attend concerts, and to dress properly on social occasions. But it may be asked, What is going to make salaries higher? Then, too, what is going to diminish the labor required of the teacher so that "his personal needs shall not be effaced and opportunities for self-culture surrendered"?

Passing to the problem of the defective intellectual equipment, it would seem as if the duty here were plain. It is simply to bring about in the instructing body itself a sentiment that will urge would-be teachers to prepare themselves more broadly. Let those who are in the work put forth every effort that those who are going to the normal schools shall have at least a complete, thorough high school course before they enter, and those who are going into high school instruction, a college course. It must be borne in mind that the first requisite of the teacher is the right kind of personality. The normal schools themselves could help the cause for which they stand if they would sift out the applicants for admission. Quality, not quantity, should be their aim. It would be well if the faculty of the normal school would arrange for personal interviews with all young persons seeking admission, to find out the purpose and something of the individual make-up of each applicant. This is perfectly feasible. As regards academic training for those from the country districts, — which often furnish the best teachers, — where shall it be procured? There is often no high school within the radius of many miles. Such young persons as signify their intention of later entering a normal school should be sent to some approved high school at the expense of the State in which they live. Objection is made at once that this arrangement would be expensive for the

State, and for the candidates as well. The aim should be to choose only the best, and it would be wiser economy to train a small number of promising candidates well than a large, promiscuous body poorly. Wherever the academic training may be obtained, let it come before the professional training, not along with it. The first educational duty of each State is to look to the welfare of its elementary schools, for they provide for the education of the plain people. These schools are what the teachers make them. It should not be forgotten that the elementary schools fit also for the secondary schools, and that it is of prime importance that elementary teachers be high school graduates. If for no other reason than that the high schools are now to some extent, and will become more and more, the source of supply for teachers of the primary and grammar schools, their existence at public expense could be justly maintained. The high schools furnish also our social and business leaders; they raise the educational standard of our communities, and they prepare for the higher institutions. It is of prime importance that the States look to the intellectual and professional preparation of the teachers of these schools. Where there are no state universities, scholarships should be provided by the States at some college for the would-be high school teachers. These should be carefully selected by written examinations and personal interviews. It is only as all public school teaching is put on firmer educational foundations that teachers will become greater powers intellectually. For myself, I look forward with hope to the day when many of our grammar school principals and assistants shall also be college-trained.

In addition to the high school course, the elementary teacher needs two years, at least, of the right normal school training, and a secondary teacher one to two years of professional preparation to supplement his college work. Pedago-

gical courses are planned in connection with our colleges, but it is hoped that in the future higher normal schools will be established in States where there are not state universities. Judged by German standards, the length of time for professional preparation here outlined is too short. Germany leads the world in educational matters because of the superior training of her teachers. In contrast to German conditions, it cannot be disguised that there is a lack of complete organization in our school systems, that public sentiment is more materialistic than educational, and that because of the largeness of our country there is a great difference in the efficiency of city and country schools. Moreover, there have been neither educational experts of sufficient training and experience to perfect our school systems, nor a well-trained, sympathetic, stable body of teachers to awaken public interest in education. Whichever way we turn, in viewing the inefficiency of our public school system, we are brought face to face with the fact that the personnel of its leading force is not one of distinction.

There is a great need that a teacher prepare himself as definitely and carefully as a man is prepared for the ministry, medicine, or the law. The exact nature of this preparation cannot be set forth in a paper like this. Suffice it to say, the teacher should have a definite knowledge of the human mind and of the human body; he should know how to draw forth, to direct, and to control the activities of the child through the periods of school life; he should know the influences which act upon a child to determine its character; he should be acquainted with school organization and school management; he should not be ignorant of the thought and experience of other teachers in the field in which he is at work; he should know the history of education, and also school laws and precedents. His training should leave him thoughtful, devoted, and energetic. The attitude with

which a teacher approaches his work determines largely his success. If the professional course has aroused in him an interest in boys and girls, it has accomplished much. It should have brought him to regard the pupils as of major, and the subject matters of instruction as of minor importance. What we teachers are able to do for our boys and girls is measured by the interest that we take in them as individuals. Possessed of a sympathetic, intelligent interest, the teacher with small intellectual capital is oftentimes more efficient than the unsympathetic scholarly teacher. Child study and the study of adolescence should be begun in the training institutions, and there sympathetically and intelligently directed. City, district, and country superintendents need to be sufficiently well equipped to lead their teachers to study the home interests and influences and the personal characteristics of their pupils.

The status of the teacher will be improved only by insisting on higher intellectual and professional equipment as a prerequisite for obtaining a position to teach. It is the duty of the teaching body itself to bring up its status by raising the quality of its membership. There should be some assurance in the form of a license or certificate of the applicant's qualification for membership. The medical and legal professions set us examples of the kind of watchful care necessary in guarding against admission of quacks, "shysters," and other persons entirely unfit.

Teachers should organize, and demand that they, and not school boards made up of laymen, should conduct all examinations for determining who shall become teachers. When every school in this country is under the supervision of some educational officer, really an educational expert, practical, conservative, and far-seeing, then it is to be hoped that superintendents will be regarded in the light of professional advisers. A school superintendent should know schools from

actual experience in them. He needs the highest kind of professional training, the broadest scholarship, and more than the ordinary practical business ability. Ministers, lawyers, doctors, and men of no profession are as undesirable as they are usually incompetent. In Idaho, for example, "probate judges are *ex officio* superintendents, and in looking after the interests of the dead those of the living are neglected."

In this survey, I can see hope in everything except in the growing tendency of politics and other outside influences to enter in and interfere with school management, and especially at its most vital part, the appointment of teachers. The formation of a teachers' union in each State, so strong that all working together could present a solid front and demand that appointment be based on merit, might do much good. Whatever may be the solution of this problem, I agree most thoroughly with a report from the West, which says: "The teacher who can make the most out of the boys and girls placed in his care is the one for the place, be he Methodist, Baptist, Republican, Populist, tall, short, Yankee, or German." A larger number of persons of higher scholastic and pedagogical preparation will do something to counteract the effect of improper influences, and will furnish a sounder basis for legislation concerning "tenure of office." Security is wanting, partly at least, because of a well-grounded lack of confidence in teachers generally.

Did teachers but fit themselves properly, the public would no longer look down on the teacher's occupation, and the chances for a permanent continuance of desirable men and women in the work would be largely increased. If better preparation were required for admission, only those who chose teaching for their life-work would expend the necessary time and money. The general permanency belonging to the other professions is almost impossible for teaching as long as most teachers are women. Yet women

are desirable teachers, and their power for education is not lost when they become mothers. An Illinois teacher writes that, in his opinion, "a professional course such as doctors and lawyers must take would make the teacher's calling a profession, and induce men of ability to stay in it." He is far from being alone in this opinion.

As legislation for more complete tenure of position for the teacher goes hand in hand with higher professional equipment, so does higher remuneration. If salaries are low, it may only go to prove that the popular estimate has not been blind. Faithful, earnest, inspiring teachers should be brought to realize that they are only protecting themselves when they keep undesirable material out of the profession. For him who chooses teaching deliberately, and who provides himself with an all-round preparation, there is a high place, and because of the unorganized condition of our educational

system it is quickly attained. The people will be satisfied with such teachers as they have until teachers themselves demonstrate the necessity of employing better. The American public will not withhold its appreciation if higher scholarship and sounder professional culture result in honest, enthusiastic, and skillful efforts; and anything that can lead to the spread of expert supervision will tend to increase salaries, and to give greater assurance that merit will be rewarded. If in connection with every college and normal school there should be established teachers' employment bureaus, both the institutions themselves and the teaching graduates would be materially aided.

That the teacher is a potent factor in American civilization no one can deny, but that his highest possibilities have not been reached cannot be ignored. Let the teacher once become properly qualified for his work, and I believe unreservedly that the defects in his status will be remedied.

F. W. Atkinson.

THE PRESIDENCY AND SENATOR ALLISON.

DURING the little more than one hundred years of our national existence, twenty-three men, by election or succession, have become Presidents of the United States. It might naturally be assumed that so large a number would enable us to define in some degree the characters and qualifications chiefly favored by the republic for its highest office. This would undoubtedly be true had the popular idea of the office remained as fixed as its constitutional powers and limitations. The fact is, however, that the people have viewed it in changing lights, and its dignity has too often been made to conform to the varying political tendencies of the times; for while in our earlier history the country chose successively its most distinguished citizen for President, there

came a time when the growing importance of party government made him little more than the figure-head of his party, and the office but the personal embodiment of one set of party principles. Clay, Webster, and Calhoun could not win the prize that fell so easily to Polk, Taylor, and Pierce. Fealty in a candidate was held as of more consequence than national distinction, and government by the party and for the party superseded, in men's minds, government by the people and for the people, until it finally culminated in the refusal by those who held certain tenets of political faith to recognize as their President the one elected by those who held different views. This meant civil war, and while the result buried many of the issues that had made possible

such a conception of the presidential office, it was the greatness of Lincoln himself that restored the office to its rightful distinction, and recalled the earlier conception of it held by the founders of the republic. What these thought is easily ascertained by looking at the men they selected. The first six Presidents of the United States were all distinguished as leaders in war and diplomacy, and framers of the Constitution. They were men long accustomed to affairs of state and widely experienced in executive details of government. With the exception of Washington and John Adams, each had occupied Cabinet positions in at least one previous administration. They were all men trained for the duties of statecraft, and in that respect must have represented, as the first chosen under the new Constitution, the intention of the framers of that instrument, as well as the ideals of the young republic.

Bitter as was party spirit during most of this earlier period, the traditions which called for specific training in government controlled the selection of presidential candidates; but all such traditions were cast aside when Andrew Jackson was elected President. His election was in a measure a revolt against that government by the old régime which was the product of English constitutional procedure, inherited by the States from the colonies and carried into the domain of national politics. But in 1828 the United States had for more than fifty years been politically independent. An entirely new generation, born since the Revolution, was at the front; and it was a generation that had begun to turn its back on the Atlantic seaboard, and to march west and southwest. Parties were forming on distinctions of internal policy, and it would not be hard to demonstrate that precedents in government, religion, literature, arts, and society were largely displaced by the spontaneous, self-confident action of an energetic, rude, and courageous people. In the second and third quar-

ters of the present century the United States was the great field for innumerable experiments in living; and the experiments were not made more easy by the enormous inrush of uneducated Europeans, tempered by a small busy contingent of political theorists.

This period of experiment is drawing to a close; the financial experiment is the last to disappear before the hard lessons of experience and the acute reasoning of a generation trained in the schools of history of all nations. The political independence won technically in 1783, and confirmed by the war of 1812, was followed by the self-dependence which was in effect an effort of the nation to adjust itself upon terms which largely ignored foreign relations. It seems evident that we are drawing into a period, for better or worse, when the law of interdependence will largely control our national being, and the chief representative of the people will take his place more distinctly as one of the great magistrates of the modern world.

These considerations bring us back to a position not far removed from that held necessarily by the first generation of the republic. The severance of political connection with Europe was formal, yet partial in reality, and it was of the utmost consequence that the government should be organized by men who were trained in statecraft, and could be trusted to conduct the new nation out of the troubled waters of world politics into the open sea of its own high course. But during the course of two generations or more of self-dependence a thousand magnetic influences have been at work drawing us back into world relations; the Atlantic and the Pacific have both shrunk in dimensions, and look whichever way we will, we can no longer delude ourselves into the belief that we need only consider ourselves. Again comes the need of a government strong in the traditions we have formed, but strong also in the presence of leaders trained in a

statesmanship which offers a larger outlook than comes from mere party management.

The United States Senate may be looked upon as the best training-school in statesmanship we have had, — not of course so conspicuously in administrative function, but in the consideration of great national problems; and if we look there for a man of continuous experience, of prominence in the conduct of business, a representative of the Mississippi Valley, and in the prime of mature life, we shall find him in the Senator from Iowa, William Boyd Allison. It is worth while to consider the stand he has taken on great public questions, and the contribution which his temperament, ability, and character make toward his fitness for the highest office in the gift of the nation. Mr. Allison has just been honored by the State of Iowa with a fifth election to the Senate of the United States; and this circumstance, rare in the history of our country, has an added significance in the fact that every election by his party associates has been unanimous. On the last occasion no other name was even mentioned for the office, and the election was followed by a scene memorable for its enthusiasm, in which the representatives of both parties in the legislature joined. Thirty years' continuous congressional service on the part of a citizen of a State confessedly high in intelligence is in itself an evidence of conspicuous worth.

Mr. Allison was born in Perry, Wayne County, Ohio, March 2, 1829. He comes on both sides of that Scotch-Irish ancestry which Professor Shaler has analyzed in a paper in this number of *The Atlantic*. His boyhood was passed on a farm. He manifested a remarkable taste for mathematics, and was extremely methodical in his habits even as a boy. He was educated at the Wooster Academy, Alleghany College, and Western Reserve College, teaching school meanwhile to gain the necessary funds to enable him

to complete his education. Immediately on leaving college he studied law, and was admitted to the bar of Ohio in 1851. He began practice in Ashland. In 1853, when the Whig party was disintegrating and the Republican party just coming into existence, a state convention was held at Columbus. Its presiding officer was John Sherman, its secretary was William B. Allison, and its nominee for governor was Salmon P. Chase, — three men destined in later years to eminent distinction as co-workers in the broader field of national affairs. Seeking a larger opportunity, Mr. Allison removed first to Chicago, and then pushed on further west, finally settling, in 1857, almost by accident, in Dubuque, Iowa, where he has lived ever since.

Having taken some interest in politics in Ohio with rather unfortunate results, Mr. Allison tempted fate again in Iowa. He had inherited from his father membership of the Whig party, but with the nomination of Frémont had joined the Republicans. It was to his unfortunate venture in Ohio that he referred in a facetious line written in a letter to John Sherman congratulating him on his election: "Republics are not so ungrateful as I supposed when I was defeated for district attorney." Having known Samuel J. Kirkwood in Ohio, Mr. Allison became very much interested in the campaign in Iowa which resulted in making Kirkwood governor. The prominence achieved in that canvass caused him to be sent as a delegate to the Republican national convention which nominated Lincoln for President. He was made a secretary of the convention, and called his mathematics into play by casting up the total of votes as they were declared, and being the first to announce to the presiding officer that Lincoln had carried the day.

When Lincoln, as President, issued his call, in the summer of 1861, for 300,000 troops, Governor Kirkwood appointed Mr. Allison lieutenant-colonel on his

staff, with authority to raise and equip regiments in northeastern Iowa. He raised four regiments, and then fell ill from overwork. On his recovery he was elected to Congress from the old third district, sitting in the House with James F. Wilson, Hiram Price, A. W. Hubbard, J. B. Grinnell, and John A. Kasson. It was during the canvass for this election that he conceived the plan, which afterward became general throughout the North, of giving the soldiers on duty the opportunity of voting without leaving their posts. The scheme required a legislative enactment, and Governor Kirkwood hesitated about calling a special session of the legislature for this purpose, in view of the expense it would entail; but Mr. Allison enlisted Senator Grimes on his side, and the session was called which sanctioned this mode of counting the soldier vote, a measure which secured the Republican majority in at least three districts.

Mr. Allison took his seat in the House December 3, 1863, on the same day with Blaine and Garfield, and remained there till March 4, 1871. At the beginning of his second term he became a member of the Ways and Means Committee, and rose by degrees thereafter to the second place. He opposed the tariff act of 1870 so far as it proposed an increase of existing duties, his plea being that a war tariff should be reduced rather than increased in a time of peace. His arguments made such an impression that the bill was amended very much on the lines he laid down, and received the support of every Republican in the House; and during the next session the Dawes horizontal reduction of ten per cent went through both houses in a way which vindicated the attitude of Mr. Allison. Not a revenue measure has passed Congress since he entered it that he has not helped to frame. In 1868, Mr. Allison, and Representatives Schenck of Ohio and Hooper of Massachusetts, composed the sub-committee that codified and con-

solidated all the internal revenue tax laws, and inaugurated the system of collecting taxes on tobacco, distilled spirits, and beer by means of revenue stamps. Mr. Allison's retirement from the House was due to his declining a renomination in 1870. He had become involved in the contest with George G. Wright for a seat in the Senate. He was unsuccessful then, but two years later he tried again, and won, taking his seat in the Senate on March 4, 1873.

Just prior to his election to the Senate Mr. Allison went abroad, and spent much time in studying the economic and monetary systems of Europe. He placed himself in communication with the leading financiers of England, Germany, and France, and laid broad and deep the foundations of his financial knowledge. As a further means of information and study he has collected at his home in Dubuque a large and carefully selected library of books dealing with economic and financial questions, which is probably excelled, on these topics, by very few private libraries in America. Here all his vacation days are spent, and to those who have known him only amid the busy surroundings of his Washington life there will come almost as a surprise the knowledge that he loves best his leisure hours in the quiet of his splendid library.

The first work done by Mr. Allison in the Senate was as chairman of a joint select committee of Congress to investigate the abuses of the government of the District of Columbia under the Shepherd ring. The report of this committee, which filled two large volumes, recommended the form of government by a non-partisan commission which is now in force and has proved highly successful. He was at the same time made a member of the Committee on Appropriations. He has served on this committee for twenty-two years, for over twelve of which he has been its chairman. When it is remembered that, in the Senate, all the appropriation bills, with the exception of the

river and harbor bill, are sent to this committee, it will readily be seen how its work enters into every department of the government, and how thorough must be the knowledge thus gained of every detail of our vast governmental system.

In 1877 Mr. Allison became a member of the Finance Committee of the Senate, and took a conspicuous part in every debate on the money question and the tariff. In the tariff debate of 1883 he emphasized his objection to extreme protective duties by saying, "If we are to have a fair bill, it must have some relation to the people who consume;" but renewed his assurances of belief in the protective principle by declaring that he had endeavored "to protect fairly every industry in this country." As chairman of a sub-committee to revise the customs administration laws, Mr. Allison reported a complete change of methods and machinery for appraisement and classification of imports. His bill passed the Senate in 1888, but was not considered in the House. The next year it was made a part of the Allison substitute for the Mills tariff bill, and was again passed by the Senate, but the House would have nothing to do with the substitute. Finally, in 1890, it was taken up in the House, in the course of the general tariff legislation of that year, as a sequel to the McKinley bill, and became a law. The Democrats in the Fifty-Third Congress, although making a sweeping revision of the tariff, left the administrative law undisturbed. It was a sub-committee to which Mr. Allison belonged, also, that drew up the reciprocity section of the McKinley law.

It is, however, as a student of national finance that Senator Allison has won his chief distinction, and by his action in this field he is most closely to be examined. In 1874 he supported the inflation bill, increasing the greenback issue to a total of \$400,000,000, both on its original passage and after President Grant had vetoed it. He supported the

resumption act of 1875, but his hand was first felt most emphatically in the course which he took regarding the expansion of the silver currency. When, in 1878, the Bland bill, by a large majority, passed the House of Representatives, it provided for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of sixteen to one. When it was reported back from the Finance Committee to the Senate by Senator Allison (then, as now, a member of that committee), it contained two important amendments, prepared by himself, which changed utterly the character of the bill. One amendment limited the maximum amount to be coined to not more than four millions of dollars a month, and the other provided for an international conference to agree upon a ratio. The bill passed with these amendments, and became a law. Mr. Allison was one of those who believed, like Secretary Windom, Senator Sherman, President Harrison, and some other prominent Republicans, in the possibility of treating with the silver forces, and giving them compromise legislation from time to time to stay their appetites for measures more radical. It should be noted that there was a very strong pressure brought to bear upon Congress, especially by the West, at this time, for measures looking to an expansion of the currency. The greenback heresy was its most vehement expression. The entire Central and Western States complained of a lack of circulation, and, with the rate of interest ranging from seven to twelve per cent, it was argued that conditions would greatly improve if some means could be devised of increasing the amount of money in circulation. It should be remembered, also, that the value of silver relative to gold in the markets of the world in 1878 was not very far from the ratio fixed in the Bland-Allison bill. But Mr. Allison further demonstrated his willingness to strain a point to secure partisan advantages when he supported the dangerous Sherman act of 1890.

In a full survey of Mr. Allison's position in financial matters account must be taken of the relation which he has borne to his State. He has had a constituency at home which has been strangely affected from time to time by the various economic and financial heresies that have swept across that Western country. Greenbackism nurtured its chief apostle, Weaver, in Iowa; Grangerism had its most fanatical advocates, and for a brief time its largest following, in that State; and Populism lives in abundant strength in all the neighboring commonwealths; and yet when Ohio and Indiana declared for fiat money, when Kansas and Nebraska shouted for free silver, and elected Populist governors and even Populist Senators of the United States, the State of Iowa, largely through the personal influence and zeal of Senator Allison, was kept firmly anchored to the principles of good government and sound finance. No man can estimate the educating force of the speeches which he has every year delivered in almost every county of his State. For two months, in every campaign, state or national, he has preached from every platform in Iowa the same doctrines that he votes for in the Senate, and he has greatly influenced that State, by the force of his own conviction and the strength of his personal popularity, to keep in line, on national issues, with the best and most enlightened sentiment of the country.

Mr. Allison has twice been offered the position of Secretary of the Treasury, first by Mr. Garfield, and afterward by Mr. Harrison. In 1892 he was appointed by the latter President a delegate to the International Monetary Conference held at Brussels, and his associates elected him chairman of the delegation.

He was one of the twenty-four Republican Senators who voted, in December, 1882, for the Pendleton bill to reform the civil service; and the record of the debates of the Senate on the reform shows that it was he who introduced,

advocated, and finally succeeded in securing the adoption of most of the important amendments to the law which made it a practical and efficient statute. Mr. George William Curtis, in a letter written during the course of the debate, stated that without these amendments the law would be of little use, and they were carried in the face of opposition of the most persistent character on the part of leading Senators of both parties. He has uniformly supported the annual appropriation for the civil service commission, but has taken no conspicuous part in debate on the subject.

For a man who has been so constantly in full view of the country for thirty odd years, his reputation has been singularly free from attack by the scandal-mongers. He was associated with Mr. Blaine in certain investments, but in none, so far as known, with which any scandal was connected. When he was making his campaign for reelection to the Senate in 1883, a prominent Iowa Greenbacker accused him of having, as Congressman, procured votes of lands and bonds to a railroad company in which he had a pecuniary interest, and of having reaped a big profit from the operation. His friends promptly looked the matter up, and cited dates and other statistics of record to show that the only basis for the charge was that he had once bought and paid for five thousand dollars' worth of stock of the Sioux City branch of the Union Pacific road, but that for this the subsidy had been voted before he entered Congress; that he paid his assessments like the other stockholders; and that he finally disposed of his holding at the same price he had given for it, for the sake of being relieved from further assessments.

Such, in brief, is the position which Senator Allison has taken upon the questions which at present most profoundly affect the well-being of the nation. His conduct in debate, his work in committee, and his votes show him to be a man of judicial temper, of moderation, and of

fullness of knowledge. As a law-maker, he is industrious, painstaking, methodical; as a debater, he has command of large resources, all of the most practical sort. Our financial history since 1850 is as familiar to him as his seat in the Senate. He speaks upon it, giving dates and figures, in the lucid and easy manner of an expert statistician. Nor does his thought end with items and details; he grasps principles as well. It is doubtful if any man in public life is his equal in exact knowledge of the country's past business legislation. His temperament saves him from yielding to mere public clamor. He is not troubled with that form of timidity which so often attacks avowed candidates for promotion in politics, the fear of opening his mouth on any public topic. He is as ready now as ever to state his attitude on various questions and to explain his votes. His only requirement in such cases is that the occasion shall be sufficiently dignified to be worthy of a public utterance, so that his precise language, and nothing else, shall be reported. Perhaps the one exception to his general rule of candor may be found in the prohibition question, which in Iowa has threatened to split the Republican party forever; but in extenuation of his avoidance of this issue it is but fair to say that the question is strictly local, and that his official sphere is national, so that his views on the liquor problem are as foreign to the work he is called upon to do as would be his views on theology or astronomy. The moderation of his opinions on all subjects has probably done more than anything else to prevent him from ever becoming a great champion of a great cause. And not his moderation only. One has an instinctive feeling that a statesman who tries to produce results by indirection, and is most in his element in a conference committee, lacks the commanding power of a man who works openly and directly. In discussing the silver question, he has never gone to extremes with either

faction, but has occupied a comfortable middle ground, where he could act in emergencies as a peacemaker; in tariff legislation he has always supported the protective policy, but never to the prohibitive degree; on foreign questions he has been temperate and judicial as a rule, and is as far as possible from being an alarmist.

In all this account there is evidence of a sound-headed man, of integrity of character, of high principles, and possessed of a wide experience. Is it possible to go beyond this, and regard him as a great leader, a man capable of taking the initiative in public affairs? That he is diplomatic, a peacemaker, a skillful contriver of compromises, not as ends in themselves, but as means of getting out of difficulties, is clear enough; but it is not out of such stuff that great leaders are made. It may be said, without any sneer in the phrase, that he is a safe man, an eminently respectable statesman, whose election to the presidency would mean that the weight of his office would always be on the side of a clean, honest administration. He is a follower, not a leader. So was Lincoln up to a certain point. But again and again Lincoln passed that point. It is doubtful if Mr. Allison ever will pass the point where a danger signal is hoisted. Should emergencies arise, he will be found temporizing, adjusting, arranging; and in all but the greatest moments these shifts avail tolerably well when they proceed from a man who will not sacrifice principle. Years of public service have confirmed this character, and it is idle to look for any change. Responsibility of office would merely strengthen a disposition already established. Blaine's summary of Mr. Allison was meant to commend him to Garfield as Secretary of the Treasury. It is not a bad characterization from friend or opponent: "He is true, kind, reasonable, fair, honest, and good. He is methodical, industrious, and intelligent, and would be a splendid man to sail

along with smoothly and successfully." Perhaps, during the next few years, when the country will be readjusting her position among the nations, a man of this

calibre may be the best man to have at the head of affairs; but a pilot in smooth waters is one thing, a captain is quite another.

THE NEW POE.

It is nearly fifty years since the death of Edgar Allan Poe, and his writings are now for the first time gathered together with an attempt at accuracy and completeness.¹ The alleged reason for this indifference to the claims of a writer who has received almost universal recognition is that the literary executors of Dr. Rufus W. Griswold, Poe's first editor, held until recently the copyright to his works. But in reading the various memoirs of which, at one time or another, Poe has been the subject, it appears that other causes have been at work. One and all, even the most flattering estimates of Poe's genius, are pervaded by a curious antipathy to him as a man, and this prejudice, no doubt, has been largely responsible for the absence of any serious demand on the part of the public for a fair representation of the author in his works. A part of the disfavor with which Poe is regarded is due to Dr. Griswold's biography; for of all men Poe had best reason to pray that he might be delivered from the hands of his friends. But still more is chargeable to the extraordinary confusion of the man with his work — of the ethical with the purely literary aspect — which is so characteristic of literary judgments in this country.

This puritanical tang is to be detected even in a study so conscientious as the Memoir by Professor Woodberry, which occupies the opening pages of the first volume of the new edition. However,

unlike his predecessor, Professor Woodberry has not allowed his lack of sympathy with his subject to interfere with the precision of his editing. Every care has been given to the preparation of the text and the notes. Whenever obtainable, the exact date of publication of the various papers has been ascertained, as well as other facts of interest regarding them, although no new light is thrown upon the source of Poe's inspiration.

Besides the Memoir by Professor Woodberry, the Tales, Criticisms, and Poems are severally preceded by a critical introduction by Mr. E. C. Stedman. These essays are distinguished by a very just appreciation of the merits and demerits of Poe as a writer. In effect, Mr. Stedman pronounces him a critic of exceptional ability, and agrees with the opinion of Mr. James Russell Lowell that Poe's more dispassionate judgments have all been justified by time. As a story-writer, Mr. Stedman considers that Poe's achievement fell short of his possibilities; he lacked the faculty of observation of real life, a defect for which his unique imaginative power in part compensated, but which will prevent his being classed among the greatest writers of fiction of his century. These qualities, however, appear in their proper aspect when he is regarded as a poet; they then fall into their right relation to his work, and are seen to have made him what he was, a master in his chosen field.

¹ *The Works of Edgar Allan Poe*. Newly collected and edited, with a Memoir, Critical Introductions and Notes, by EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN and GEORGE EDWARD WOOD-

BERRY. With illustrations by ALBERT EDWARD STERNER. In ten volumes. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. 1895.

The imaginative illustrations have scarcely the quality of Poe's own creative genius, but the edition is well supplied with portraits of Poe, his wife, and his mother, as well as interesting views of places with which Poe's name is associated.

This edition is supposed to include all of Poe's writings which are of value. The *Elk* is here reprinted for the first time, while *The Landscape Garden* and *The Pinakidia*, a collection of quotations which struck Poe as important or suggestive, are omitted. Whatever may be thought of the omission of the first paper, that of the second is surely an error. It is conceded that not more than a half dozen of the tales, less than that number of the critical essays, and not all of the poems are of interest to the public at large. The sole reason, therefore, for publishing a complete edition of the works of Poe, as of any other writer, must be to increase the facilities for the student of the particular period in which he lived. To exclude writings in which an author has recorded the influences, however slight, which have moulded his thought is plainly to eliminate the chief reason for the compilation of such an edition. In this case, it amounts to an assumption on the part of editors and publishers alike that the last word in regard to Poe has been said. But as yet we have had no critical history of the intellectual development in this country during the past century. There remains, therefore, for the student of Poe's life and times, a field of research practically unexplored; and as long as this is the case it is impossible to form any conclusions in regard to him which can be considered final.

For Poe was essentially the product of his time. The intellectual activity which characterized the educated class in this country before 1860 was no sporadic instance, but the logical result of influences which belong to universal history. For example, when Goethe made

his discovery of the unity of structure in organic life, it gave to the philosophers a physiological argument for the suppression of tyrants, and put the whole of creation on an equal footing. The French Revolution pointed the moral most effectually, and to the dullest mind brought a host of new deductions. These deductions necessarily involved a realization of the dignity and value of the individual, whether man or beast, and presented life in an entirely new aspect.

To us Americans these ideas came filtered through the mind of Coleridge, vivified by his enthusiasm. They found a fertile soil, and resulted in a growth of new ideas so vigorous and rapid that a kind of explosion of righteousness took place, which effectually and permanently upset some ancient and picturesque notions of might and right.

The so-called Transcendentalists of New England were the most conspicuous result of this new enthusiasm for the individual. In spite of his scorn for their pretensions, Edgar Allan Poe, in his way, was as deeply affected by the enthusiasm as the most radical among them. He was not, indeed, a reformer in the ordinary sense; he remained always, so to speak, just within the outer fringe of this new humanist movement. Its effect upon him was purely psychologic, and the human mind became, in his estimation, a treasure-house of undreamed-of possibilities, which was but the poet's version of the value of the individual. Yet he was no more conscious of this than he was that Goethe's researches in natural history actuated him when, in imitation of Coleridge, he humanized his redoubtable raven. His mind was like a mirror in the precision with which it reflected the prevailing tendencies of his time, and with no more intention. The effect of Coleridge's influence on Poe has never been properly estimated. Professor Woodberry, it is true, accuses him of "parrotting Coleridge," while Mr. James Russell

Lowell also pointed out Poe's great indebtedness to him. Both critics, however, failed to appreciate the extent of this indebtedness. Not only did Coleridge exert a general influence, which Poe shared with every other man of letters in this country, but he transmitted a special and unique influence to him alone. This had already made of Coleridge a great poet, while to it Poe owes the tardy measure of fame which has been accorded him.

One aspect of the general influence which Coleridge exerted upon Poe is curiously exemplified in his poems from the time that he began to write. Coleridge was among the first to humanize nature. It was a fashion of the day, and a part of those tendencies of thought already briefly indicated. It arose, probably, from a haziness as to the limitations of self-consciousness. But whatever its cause, the idea strongly affected the poets, and animals, birds, plants, and insects were given human attributes, or were made to symbolize all kinds of abstractions. Christabel, The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, and many of the political poems, such as *The Destiny of Nations* and *The Raven*, are evidence of the attraction this notion possessed for Coleridge.

It apparently suited as well Poe's mystical turn of mind. The *Raven* is, of course, the most conspicuous instance, and in the *Philosophy of Composition* Poe assumes that a talking bird is the most natural thing in the world. In his so-called *Juvenile Poems*, printed about 1831, thirteen years before *The Raven* was published, he already makes use of birds as symbols of Nemesis or Destiny, and many of the passages are nearly identical in thought with some of Coleridge's lines. That Poe was familiar with the writings of Coleridge at that time is shown by his eulogistic reference to him in the preface to this early edition of his poems. The special influence which Coleridge had upon Poe relates

to the development of his own poetical genius, and, to be understood, requires a short digression from the main subject.

About 1773, Gottfried August Bürger, a poor student at Göttingen, wrote a ballad under the title of *Lenore*. The composition of this ballad was due to Herder's famous appeal to the poets of Germany for the development of a national spirit in poetry. *Lenore* was modeled upon the ancient ballad forms as Bürger found them in the collections of Bishop Percy, Motherwell, and Ossian. From these and other relics of folk-songs, as well as from the study of Shakespeare, he evolved a theory as to the requirements of a poem which should endure, — a poem, in short, which should possess a universal, and therefore a national interest. The ballad was written in strict accord with the theory, and its success justified its author's conclusions. It was sung and recited by all classes throughout Germany, and its author, according to Madame de Staël, was more famous than Goethe. The poem was translated into nearly every language. In England it had seven different translators, among them Sir Walter Scott and Pye the poet laureate. It was set to music in many forms, and is said to have inspired *The Erl King* of Schubert. To the artists it was equally suggestive. Ary Scheffer and Horace Vernet both painted pictures which had for their subjects some episode in the poem, while two of the greatest illustrators of the day, Maclise and Bartolozzi, found it worthy of their best efforts.

Nor did the poets escape its influence. In England, Keats, Shelley, Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth either imitated or were inspired by it. Coleridge and Wordsworth were of all most deeply affected by its influence. From the evidence at hand it is apparent that the two poets based their famous new departure in poetry upon Bürger's poetic theory, which had been formulated in the preface to the second edition of his volume containing *Lenore*; also, that Cole-

ridge's greatest poems, including *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*, were its direct result. It is this theory which is the foundation of Poe's *Philosophy of Composition*, and Poe was the third poet to be made famous by the careful application of it to his work. It is a striking confirmation of these facts that the productions in which Poe most faithfully conformed to the rules laid down by Bürger are of all his writings those which have been considered by the critics as best worth preserving.

The famous theory whose effects have been so far-reaching is extremely simple. It is based upon a fundamental principle of æsthetics, that art, to endure, must deal with experiences common to all men. Simplicity of phrase, the narrative form, the refrain, and particularly the use of the supernatural are the ancient and essential means for the accomplishment of this end.

Bürger's poems were well known in this country before 1840, but Poe undoubtedly received his knowledge of the theory from Madame de Staël and from *The Lyrical Ballads*. This, it will be remembered, is the volume of poems whose publication in 1798 marked the apostasy of Wordsworth and Coleridge from the classic models. In the appendix to the second edition their reasons are set forth at length, and Bürger's ideas are referred to with enthusiasm. It is this explanation which Poe quotes in the introduction

to his *Juvenile Poems*. The succession, therefore, is uninterrupted: Bürger formulated his theory in the essay prefixed to the edition of his poems published in 1778; Coleridge and Wordsworth applied it and quoted it in *The Lyrical Ballads* in 1800; while Poe, in his turn, quoted it, as adopted by Wordsworth and Coleridge, in the preface to the edition of his poems in 1831, and finally by its complete application made the chief success of his life.

It is clear from this that Poe was far from being the literary mountebank he is generally pictured. From his earliest youth he seems to have been actuated by a unity of purpose, an unswerving application of proven means to a desired end, which indicates in him the possession of qualities that are even Philistine, so respectable are they. As for Poe's weaknesses, some day, perhaps, they may find a critic such as François Villon found in Stevenson, and Coleridge in Walter Pater, who will judge them together with his genius as alike the expression of a nature too keenly responsive to the exigencies of life.

In the mean time, satisfactory as the new edition of Poe's works undoubtedly is to the general reader, we shall hope it may some day be supplemented by the republication of the papers now omitted, with the suggestion of new light to be thrown upon the tendencies of the period in which Poe lived.

PAINTING, SCULPTURE, AND ARCHITECTURE.

THE quarrel of some ten years ago between realism and idealism is by no means over: the terminology has changed, the field has widened, but the *casus belli* is really the same. Once it was the fight of realists against impressionists, and the field was the art of painting. Now the

shibboleths vary so rapidly that we are confused, hardly learning one before another takes its place. Meanwhile the battlefield has broadened, until it embraces all manifestations of art, including therein matters that once seemed definitely placed in quite other categories.

Little by little, we have come to realize that the word "art" means something more than painting and sculpture; that the phrases "art and architecture," "art and letters," "art and the drama," are inaccurate; and that a noble building, a great work of fiction, a fine piece of dramatic action, is just as truly art as a picture or a statue. Therefore the altercation over the essence of art and its proper manifestation has come to comprehend all these things, and many others as well. Indeed, not a great while ago, the quarrel between symbolists, impressionists, idealists, — or whatever name may for the moment have been in favor, — and realists, always unchangeable in nature and name, was quite overshadowed by the fierceness of the conflict that raged between precisely the same principles in the art of fiction.

One result of this widening of the field of action has been a distinct clearing of the air, and a consequent realization of the fact that, in the end, the apparently inextinguishable conflict is based, not on some little principle that touches painting alone, or fiction, or even all art, but on the very spirit of the century. It is simply the question as to whether the impulse that is making this an age of triumphant facts, of scientific achievement, of industrial development, of rationalism and infidelity and materialism, shall overthrow in its turn the accepted foundations of art, or whether these same foundations shall stand, in that they are based on spiritual laws that rest calm and unchangeable, beyond the touch of contemporary happenings.

Not many years ago, it almost seemed that this ancient law of art was to be degraded and cast aside, but of late one has often been led to wonder if the tide has not reached its flood. The time is not long past when the man would have been laughed at who ventured to predict that in a few years the scientific spirit,

which had driven idealism to its last trenches, would have suffered an almost complete reverse, and been forced to witness an accession of power to its once-beaten enemy, apparently unlimited in its scope and acceptance. Yet this has happened, and for the moment realistic fiction is a discredited issue. Something of the same reaction is taking place even now in the art of painting, and the greatest pictures of the year in America are expressions of religion and fable, wrought out by methods which have in them nothing of the cherished principles of realism.

Of course the revulsion is violent and extreme in many cases, and the most conspicuous school of contemporary art, using the word in its new and comprehensive sense, is characterized by a degree of exaggeration quite as excessive and importunate as that which marked the reign of the dynasty of realism. It is the old story of the pendulum, and just now it has swung far towards the pole of ultra-idealism. The result is often so bizarre and fantastic that one is tempted to justify Mr. Nordau in his assault on its absurd vagaries, even though his indiscriminating onslaught seems the last vindictive blow of a lost cause.

But the pendulum of theory, oscillating from pole to pole across the intervening space where lies all the land of artistic possibility, must now and then pass the point of equilibrium, and it sometimes happens that a picture, or a book, or some other manifestation of the art idea comes into existence at this desired moment, and under the sign of the *via media*. Such a work is John La Farge's *Considerations on Painting*;¹ for in it the author avoids the dangerous poles of exaggeration, and, while showing clearly the necessity of both elements of realism and impressionism in painting, indicates with unerring judgment the eternal laws of art, vindicating their claim to stability

York. By JOHN LA FARGE. New York, Macmillan & Co., and London. 1895.

¹ *Considerations on Painting*. Lectures given in 1893 at the Metropolitan Museum of New

and eternity. In one of the lectures Mr. La Farge says:—

“And in no division of the arts of sight has there been more misapplied ingenuity of teaching, more narrowness of reasoning, more individual assertion, more professional incapacity, than in the law-making which has been done in our century for the reasonable production of the work of art that we call decoration.”

The restriction as to the particular division of the arts seems hardly necessary, for few would deny that this accurate judgment applies to the literature of painting quite as closely as to that of decoration. Indeed, there is no branch of art that has been free from the meddling of incompetent theorists and demagogues, and as a result we have not only failed to acquire any real vital art, but we have achieved instead a false and evil art that is self-conscious, conceited, aggressive, the very contrary of the old art we still pretend to respect.

For the dogmas that have been defended with such exactness have been formulated almost entirely from the standpoints of the advocates of extremes. The quarrel over the theory of art has been on the respective values of the poles of æsthetic possibility, while the middle ground has been left unharassed by theorists; and only now and then, when perhaps it flashed suddenly on some zealous fighter that neither pole had dominion over the great world of art won for us in past centuries, did the thought occur to any one that, after all, the treasured extremes lay dangerously near the infrared and ultra-violet rays of the spectrum, while between lay the whole field of real art, discovered long ago, and still quite adequate for all human effort.

In the end, is there very much of realism or impressionism, as they are now understood, in the old art that we know to be so good? Therein there is something that appeals to the essential and universal quality in man as little that has

since come into existence succeeds in doing,—something that needs neither the hysteria of ultimate impressionism nor the brutality of perfect realism to aid its influence. We may try our best; we still fail to grasp this secret of success, for it lies in neither pole, but in the forgotten middle ground.

“Art begins where language ceases.”

In these five words Mr. La Farge has indicated as closely as conciseness will permit the lost secret of universal and lasting art, the trail of the middle way, overlooked in our passion for ultimate extremes.

“Art begins where language ceases.”

In other words, art is the symbolical expression of otherwise inexpressible ideas. For in verbal language we can embody in a form mentally acceptable the ideas which take cognizable shape from bodily experience; but in this way we cannot express, in a manner either mentally or spiritually acceptable, the ideas which transcend experience, but which are no less real, no less honorable, than they. To give these ideas a form which may appeal to the arbiter of their existence, we must seek the other language, which appeals, not through the senses, but through the emotions,—the language of symbolism.

And by symbolism we mean all the wonderful and mysterious powers of color and form and light and shade, tone and rhythm and harmony, the forms and methods of verse, the qualities of architectural composition and design. We can neither justify nor explain the influence of these things by any mental process, though unfortunate efforts have been made; but to the faculty in man to which alone they have a right to speak such justification is unnecessary.

“Who shall fathom the mystery of the impressions made by art!—impressions which become confused when one tries to declare them and describe them, strong and clear if we feel them again, even by the recall of memory; so that

we realize how much of ourselves constituted the feelings that seemed to come out of the things that struck us. In our art these impressions are tangible, if I may say so. We enjoy what we think is the representation of the certain things at the same time that some sense of what they mean for our mind affects and moves us. These figures, these objects, which seem to be the thing itself to a certain part of our intelligence, make a sort of bridge over which we pass to reach that mysterious impression which is represented by form as a sort of hieroglyph, — a speaking, living hieroglyph, not such a one as is replaced by a few characters of writing; in our art and in that sense a sublime means and creation of man, if we compare it to that in which thought can reach us only through conventional arrangements of the signs we call letters. An art more complicated, certainly, than literature, but infinitely more expressive, since, independently of the idea, its sign, its living hieroglyph, fills the soul of the painter with the splendor that things give; their beauty, their contrast, their harmony, their colors, — all the undivided order of the external universe."

In a similar way, throughout these lectures, Mr. La Farge holds up the highest ideal of art to those who listen; warning them against heresies and false gods; unveiling a little of the radiance of the true deity, not by the declaration of rigid dogmas, but by hints, suggestions.

"In these realities with which we are concerned realism is a very evasive distinction; . . . there is for you practically no such thing as realism." Speaking of methods, he says: "The variety of dreamland into which we enter depends on [the painter's] manner of opening the gate;" and again, touching the very matter mentioned before, the difference of æsthetic expression from that employed by the mind: "By his cadences, by the stress laid upon certain words,

by his placing of words in an artificial frame, the poet suggests, not the actual thing itself that he says, but what our memories will make of it, as soon as he has thrown us out of the hearing of the language of every day."

Nor can he lay stress too often on the necessity of individuality in the work of the painter: "The *man* is the question; . . . there can be no absolute view of nature." "If you ever know how to paint somewhat well, and pass beyond the position of the student who has not yet learned to use his hands as an expression of the memories of his brain, you will always give to nature, that is to say, what is outside of you, the character of the lens through which you see it — which is yourself." "In our art of painting, above all others, that desire of the beautiful is expressed and appeased by representation of what is exterior, — what is perceived by the sense of sight. Through these representations, more or less complete, more or less the result of acquired ideas, or, on the other hand, of personal impressions, the artist has expressed what is in reality himself. If we were gifted with the imaginary perception that we attribute to supernatural beings, we could see written out at length, in these works of art, not only the character of their authors, but their momentary feelings, often contradictory to the apparent intention; and even their physical failings, the make and habit of their bodies."

Is not this, then, almost a solution of the whole question? "The artist has expressed what is in reality himself;" not the mere phenomena of a nature at the best imperfect, not the objective world, — "the subject, as it is called in catalogues of pictures, is merely the place where we express ourselves," — not even the impressions which these phenomena make on the painter, but the emotions they excite, the dreams out of the greater, more wonderful world of man's spiritual life, brought into existence by the

impulse of natural facts and phenomena, vitalized by the strange and unknowable thing we call the soul, made visible by the suggestive images of the nature that called them into being, appealing to the spiritual faculty through the senses, by means of those agents of the emotions, symbolism, color, harmony, and their allies.

If we can look on the art of painting in this way, the fight between realism and impressionism will seem very trivial indeed, and we shall find that through all the forms of art runs a thread that holds them together, so that Wagner and Rossetti, Burne-Jones and George Meredith, yes, and Mr. St. Gaudens, Mr. John Sargent, and Mr. La Farge himself, are all workers in one direction, towards the restoration of the underlying laws and the forgotten secret of art.

It is on turning from this book of Mr. La Farge's to another,¹ which, from its title, gives promise of kinship, that we find how easy it is to approach this subject from a standpoint, to say the least, inadequate. In *Considerations on Painting*, the author seems to see and admit the impossibility of laying down in dogmatic verbal form laws touching the spiritual or emotional side of art. He suggests, — he does not assert; for a spiritual truth cannot be accurately defined in words which require no comment, exposition, or explanation, be it a truth of religion or a truth of art. The language of art is very different from the language of nature, as Mr. La Farge shows; but Mr. Hamerton starts with the assumption that words may be used to express everything. "What is imagination?" he asks; and for answer he goes to the *Philosophical Dictionary*, Littré, and Webster's *Unabridged*. The answer is definite and concise: "There are two kinds of imagination: one of which consists in retaining a simple impression

of objects; the other which arranges the images so received, and combines them in a thousand ways." "Nature and his own labors together have armed [the artist] with these three talents: First, the power of recalling images of absent things. Second, the power of representing these images in painting. Third, the power of fusing images into pictorial wholes. I should say that an artist so gifted would have every chance of being recognized as an imaginative artist."

This is all, and on this foundation Mr. Hamerton raises a superstructure which is in effect but an amplification of his dictionary definition. To be a painter, one must be able to "visualize;" that is, see objectively the subjective memories of things once observed. To be a *great* painter, one must be able to combine these "visualized" memories in a visible form which will be pleasing to the eye. It would seem from this that the author confuses the domains of the spiritual and the physical, sees nothing in the faculty of imagination but organized memory; leaving out of the consideration entirely the great world of real imagination, which is far distant from physical memory, and is a world in itself, with its own laws, its own phenomena, its own language.

To this view of the situation, and to the treatment that must follow from acceptance of the definitions of Littré and Webster, Mr. Hamerton's didactic — shall we say pedantic? — method of exposition is peculiarly adapted. After reading the passage quoted above, one comes with a certain satisfaction upon, "With regard to the action of the memory in dealing with memoranda, the following piece of actual experience may be worth recording. A distinguished painter, now a Royal Academician, told me that he had never found it possible to paint things well from hasty memoranda unless he had carefully painted objects of the same kind, at one time or other, from nature, but that he could always paint with his

¹ *Imagination in Landscape Painting*. By PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON. With many illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1895.

full power from slight memoranda when this condition had previously been fulfilled. This was said with reference to landscape subjects." One is not surprised, after this, to find the following analysis of a picture in the Salon of 1886 (not 1885, as Mr. Hamerton says). After describing the awful solemnity of the vast wall of rock cleft by the sword slash of a Norwegian fjord, the author says: "And yet, in this picture, just opposite to this scene of terrible desolation, there are three or four poor little wooden buildings to show that man lives even there, and the pathetic interest of the work lies in the sympathy that we immediately feel for the inhabitants. 'What!' we say to ourselves, 'do human beings live in such a solitude?' The artist tells us, in his way, that this little colony is not deprived of communication with the outer world, for he shows us a steamer under the precipice, steadily making its way on the calm, deep water, with a line of foam at its bows. Small and insignificant as it appears under the giant mountain, and rare as may be its visits, the mere possibility of them is a link with distant humanity. The success of the picture was due, no doubt, in great part, to this artifice, by which the sympathetic imagination is first disquieted, and afterwards gently reassured."

This is "the very ecstasy of madness," or rather of hopeless sanity. The art of Tintoretto, Velasquez, Turner, does not deal with trivialities of this kind; its mission is not to be the agent "by which the sympathetic imagination is first disquieted, and afterwards gently reassured." This is the function of the artifice that expresses itself in the Sunday-school literature so popular with a certain class of people. The mysterious world of the spiritual life is full of vast phenomena, strange passions, awful desires, illimitable aspirations. Since human life began, man has tried to express these things to men, that he might dispel the loneliness that broods over these

trackless lands. Through the symbolical language of art he has succeeded, and to any one who has gained the power to use that agency to such ends Mr. Hamerton's idea of employing it to disquiet the sympathetic imagination, and afterwards gently reassure it, by such childish details as a coasting steamboat and fishermen's huts, will seem blasphemous and sacrilegious in the extreme.

From this treatment of art necessarily follows the conviction that Mr. Hamerton avows toward the end of the volume: "Now, if we accept my theory that invention is imagination that can be made to work, it must follow that the real inventors will work at invention just as they would at anything else, and that those who 'wait for inspiration' are just the people to whom inspiration is least likely to be given."

Most certainly this conviction must follow from acceptance of the given theory, but does not this fact militate against the truth of such a law? The painter who, if "suddenly asked, 'What is the greatest need of the Imagination?' would probably answer either, 'Abundance of materials,' or else, 'Liberty,'" should undoubtedly work this organized memory as he would any other physical faculty, but he would be bound within an iron line, — the rigid ring that circumscribes his own physical experience. For him would be forbidden forever the wonderland of dreams and reveries, of strange visions and mystic symbolism: his would be an art of statistics, not of ideals.

To this extent Mr. Hamerton's "imaginative painter" would be in touch with that contemporary art which Mr. La Farge describes as characterized by "deplored, undoubted incapacity," not with that of Leonardo and Rembrandt and Burne-Jones.

But in spite of his encyclopædic assumptions, his pedantic methods, his material dogmatism, Mr. Hamerton rises above the limitations he imposes upon

himself, and now and then we come upon a sentence that strikes a clean, clear note: "All those works of art that we dwell upon with ever renewed pleasure attract us by the delicacy, the tenderness, or the force of those emotions which the artist imaginatively felt when he was producing them; and it is one of the most wonderful yet undeniable powers of painting, and of all the graphic arts, that the emotions of the artist are communicated to all spectators who have naturally a sensitiveness like his own." And again: "The progress of a landscape painter appears to be through a kind of materialism to a visionary idealism by which he attains in its full perfection the artistic estimate of things. Materialism appears to be necessary as a stage, but only as a stage."

A vigorous statement like this does much to make one forget the unfortunate methods so evident in the bulk of the volume, and what is left of unpleasant impressions almost disappears for the moment, as we close the book on this last sentence, which has in it a truth that applies to more varieties of art than Mr. Hamerton allows: "There may be a color-music without meaning, invented by the imagination, exactly as there is a sound-music without meaning, or, at least, of which the meaning could not possibly be expressed in any other language than its own. Therefore, when we come to this kind of imagination, in which substance is either banished altogether or reduced to a minimum, whilst the delicacies of color are retained, the only intelligent way of considering it is to think of it as an art existing on its own basis, which is almost, though not quite, independent of nature."

It is always agreeable to pass from the study of the theory of art to its practice at the hands of a great master, and

the season brings us a distinct contribution to this literature.¹ Correggio has had many biographers and more interpreters, but among them all, from Tiraboschi to Morelli, there is not one whose services to English readers have been what those of Dr. Ricci promise to be in his new book on the painter. He starts with the assumption that has governed all his predecessors, that Correggio belongs among the major artistic figures of his time; and this takes for granted much the same attitude of enthusiasm which has been demanded with strenuous persistence by the greater number of critics rhapsodizing over the epicurean qualities in the master's art. But Dr. Ricci protests in his preface that he has "endeavored to avoid the pitfalls of feticism," and he adds that "if the more fanatical worshipers of Correggio find us lacking in enthusiasm, and his detractors blame us for our leniency, we must content ourselves with the knowledge of having sought the golden mean." With some trifling reservations, we may say that Dr. Ricci has found it. And the matter is one of no small significance when the character of Correggio is considered. More than most artists of the Renaissance he needs to be weighed with severe impartiality. He belongs to the line of lyric painters which began with Botticelli in the pure dawn of Italian art; gave Antonio Allegri to the town of Correggio and the school of Ferrara some years later, through a seemingly unrelated phase of development; and then, providing Venice with a representative in Giorgione, took a great leap across the decadence of the peninsula to reappear in the persons of Watteau and Lancret in France. Every one of the men we have named has suffered at the hands of his friends, because the lyrical inspiration in his work has awakened po-

¹ *Antonio Allegri da Correggio. His Life, his Friends, and his Time.* By CORRADO RICCI, Director of the Royal Gallery, Parma. From the Italian by FLORENCE SIMMONDS.

With 37 full-page plates and 190 text illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1896.

etic thoughts in their minds and incited them to rhetorical deliverances. Correggio offers an engaging theme for panegyric and fantastic surmise, since he cultivated an art all daintiness and fragile charm in the midst of a movement which was hastening on to the brilliant but specious triumphs of materialistic feeling. Dr. Ricci makes a dispassionate biographer, and gives us the material for a clear and consistent appraisal of his master.

The sub-title to this volume indicates the good judgment and sympathy with which our author has extended his scope. He aims to reconstruct the environment of Correggio, and thus to show more eloquently the sources and development of the latter's art. If he fails to accomplish his purpose altogether, it is because he lacks imagination. The picture he draws of the Emilian society in which the painter was brought up is more erudite than flexible and dramatic. To identify Correggio with a living epoch, to show his close connection with the fastidious civilization in which the lords of Correggio, the princes of Mantua and Parma, stand conspicuous and potent, it is necessary to handle the history of those men and cities with warmth of feeling and animation of style. Yet Dr. Ricci might justly claim that his scholarship has done all that may be expected of scholarship; and if we regret his paucity of imagination, we may also remember with comfort that the quality has run away with most of his forerunners. None of those forerunners has thrown so much light as Dr. Ricci throws, for all his dryness, on the surroundings of Correggio. He destroys the old conception of the painter, as a man detached by circumstance and taste from the social expansion of his time, and restores him to the circle of wealthy and cultured contemporaries with whose encouragement alone could the refinement of his nature and the distinction of his art have been nurtured and made strong. This

volume presents a man of reserved and quiet temperament, whose placidity has often been mistaken for the resignation of an obscure and even neglected worker, but of whom his fellow-townsmen had a genuine appreciation, and in whom the rich nobles of the day found one of their most precious aids. Let the reader who remembers Correggio as something of a rustic, or a struggler, or a disappointment to himself and his friends, read in Dr. Ricci's book of the way in which Veronica Gambara wrote of him when corresponding with Isabella d'Este at Mantua. "Our Antonio," she calls him, and Dr. Ricci has no difficulty in showing that the affectionate phrase sprang from Correggio's intimate acquaintance with the little court of his city, and with many of its patrician ramifications beyond the walls. When he went to Mantua, early in his career, it was under the protection of the princes of Correggio; and later on, his labors for the Abbess Giovanna Piacenza in the convent of San Paolo at Parma, and for the authorities of the Duomo and of the church of San Giovanni Evangelista in the same city, were all undertaken with the encouragement of Cavaliere Scipione, Donna Giovanna's high-born kinsman.

We should be glad if it were possible to transfer to these pages some of Dr. Ricci's interesting details, assembled in his endeavor to revive the atmosphere of his painter as a participant in Renaissance life. But we must pass from the indication of what this biographer has done to clarify understanding of Correggio the man to what he has to offer in elucidation of Correggio the artist. Here he is in the main moderate and sagacious. There is only one point in his analysis which provokes emphatic dissent. He gives a discreet account of the two great domes in Parma, preserving his critical equilibrium in the presence of their sublimity and their impassioned brilliancy of design. His closing

estimate of the stupendous fresco in the cathedral at Parma is a perfect illustration of the manner in which Correggio should be considered. It reveals understanding and sobriety, sympathy and justice, enthusiasm and good sound sense. Dr. Ricci recognizes that, extraordinary as the cathedral dome may be, the work exceeds the boundaries of mural decoration, and becomes defective in its organic relations. He is a felicitous critic, too, of the beautiful ceiling in the convent of San Paolo. But something he says with reference to this work brings up a familiar and troublesome quantity in the literature of Correggio. He repeats with approval Meyer's observation that "the winged genii who hold up the inscription in the Camera degli Sposi" (Mantegna's famous room in Mantua) "are the true precursors of Correggio's putti;" that is, the putti of the Camera di San Paolo. Dr. Ricci reminds us in a footnote that Eastlake, Burton, Paul Mantz, and others have made the same point in discussing the Mantuan and Parmesan decorations. This does not in the least fortify the hypothesis of a Mantegnesque influence which Dr. Ricci insists upon, presenting various kinds of evidence to prove his argument.

No critic who has written upon Correggio fails to have something to say about the latter's indebtedness to Mantegna, and Dr. Ricci follows the rest. He wants to extend the sphere of Mantegna's influence upon Correggio; and though he wisely rejects the old notion that the two were ever in the relation of master and pupil, he tries to make out a case for his painter's having come in contact with works by the earlier master, and for his having been seriously affected through the experience. Some slight influence we may grant. In his earlier works Correggio occasionally repeated some of the motives of Mantegna. But the elements on which Dr. Ricci would prolong this situation into Correggio's maturer years, referring the

garlanded decoration of the Camera di San Paolo to an acquaintance with the Camera degli Sposi and the well-known Madonna della Vittoria in the Louvre, seem to us to be of superficial character, and to have been held in common by the masters of the Renaissance. They have little weight, they are of no permanent significance, when placed in the balance with the essentials of Correggio's art, — his lyrical strain, his imaginative vivacity, his elegance, his suavity of style, his nobility, his passion for a tender, vaporous, and above all things poetic scheme of form and color. He is in every one of these qualities — qualities which determine the final value of his genius — a positive antithesis to the intellectual and somewhat northern and astringent Mantegna, a man of peculiar rigidity in the most distinctive phases of his art. Give due force to the individuality of Correggio, and the whole hypothesis of a Mantegnesque influence fades away from the bold assertions of his critics into a brief and unimportant passage in the interpretation of his art. Dr. Ricci keeps it in the foreground. It has been there too long, and we regret that the present volume is likely to perpetuate a false impression. In all other details Dr. Ricci commands the respect, the admiration, and the gratitude of students. He gives them, on the whole, the most tangible and reasonable image of Correggio that exists among books on Italian art. Thanks to the generosity of the publishers, who have gathered together in excellent plates a veritable museum of the master's paintings and studies, it will be possible for the reader to base upon this work a just and serviceable conception of the painter.

In the long history of art criticism there is perhaps no name which arouses a more genuine or more loving admiration than that of Mrs. Anna Jameson. Her work has that peculiar sympathetic quality which appeals at once to the popular imagination. However learned she may

be, she is never dry ; however poetic, she is never beyond the average comprehension ; and withal she knows so well just what to say and how to say it that she has won a lasting place in the hearts of the people.

The scope of her work in its original plan was of great magnitude and importance. Her purpose was to furnish an interpretative guide to the entire field of religious art (painting and sculpture), not only covering the several centuries of the "old masters," but coming down to her own times, and ranging over the art of Italy, Germany, France, Belgium, and Spain. The subjects treated were to include the complete cycle of Scripture themes, both Old and New Testaments, and also those legends which grew into greatest prominence in the mediæval Church, and which constituted so large an element in ecclesiastical and monastic art. This magnificent scheme the writer did not live to carry to full execution, but the portion which she completed is a splendid monument to her industry and enthusiasm. This consists of two volumes on the saints and martyrs, known under the general title of *Sacred and Legendary Art*, one on the *Legends of the Monastic Orders*, and one on the *Legends of the Madonna*. Taken with her previous work on the *Early Italian Painters*, there are in all five volumes as the result of her art studies.¹

Mrs. Jameson's own estimate of her ability was a very just one, and the great task to which she set herself was one for which she was admirably adapted. She was unusually gifted with powers of description ; she could tell a story delightfully, had a keen sense of beauty and a great reverence for sacred things. As a critic, her point of view is purely literary ; her chief aim is to explain the incident which forms the art subject. To her the first question to ask in the presence of a masterpiece was, *What is it all about ?* A

picture, like a book, has a story to tell, and the story itself was, in her opinion, a more important matter than the authorship or the technical skill employed in its narration. For discussions of technique, indeed, she had but little taste. At the time of her writing, though no strictly scientific work had been done in this field, there was a growing interest in such subjects which prepared the way for later writers. The new movement, far from enlisting her sympathy, only made her more zealous in her chosen task, determined that an intelligent understanding of the significance of the great masterpieces should keep pace with the increasing knowledge of their artistic qualities. Perhaps — who can tell ? — she looked forward to the day of a still more profound mode of criticism, to which her own should lead up, — a criticism of the philosophic principles which are the fundamental *motif* of art. Be that as it may, her work lies just between the purely scientific method on the one side and the purely philosophical on the other, and forms a connecting link between the two. So far as her resources permitted she availed herself of the results of her contemporary technical critics, and, on the other hand, so far as in her lay she revealed occasional glimpses of the higher criticism towards which her own tended. But in the main she held consistently to the middle course, and in this department her work is such as we can never afford to dispense with. We must keep our Crowe and Cavalcaselle and our Morelli as books to be used for occasional reference ; Symonds and Pater take a higher place of honor as treasures for rare hours of quiet reflection ; Mrs. Jameson must stand between them, always at hand, the writer dearer than all others for constant and familiar companionship.

The new edition before us merits attention for the exceeding care which the Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

¹ *The Writings on Art of Anna Jameson.* Edited by ESTELLE M. HURLL. In five volumes.

editor plainly has taken in bringing Mrs. Jameson's work to the test of the special criticism expended since her time on the origin of the several pictures discussed by her, and of the latest authorities respecting their present position. Mrs. Jameson was not careless, but the critical apparatus in her day was meagre compared with what is now at our service, and no one would have thanked Miss Hurl more warmly for the laborious task she has performed with such scrupulous fidelity than Mrs. Jameson herself. The scheme of illustration is fresh and sensible.

From biography and critical study we pass to the interesting reproductions of great art which we have learned to look for at the hand of Mr. Cole. Criticism of his new book¹ hesitates between spending itself upon the charm of the Dutch and Flemish masters and following the more technical considerations provoked by the engraver's art. Many students of the volume will thank him for just the glow and friendly human feeling of Dutch painting. These things exist in Mr. Cole's blocks with astonishing vitality. Confined to an apparently inflexible chord of black and gray tones, he yet achieves the golden beauty of his originals. With this alone we might be content. But the believer in American wood-engraving must recognize in this volume, first of all, a remarkable illustration of the range and power of his favorite form of reproductive art. Analysis of the illustrations pauses delighted over the revelation they provide of what a spacious field one American graver, at least, can cover. Mr. Cole turns from the subtlety of the Italian masters to the direct, substantial conventions of the Low Countries. His hand accommodates itself to the change without yielding up a fibre of its skill, and, after having more than pleased his public with exquisitely intuitive interpretations of the

most spiritualized paintings in the world, he runs, with equal authority, equal persuasiveness, up and down the whole gamut of Dutch and Flemish art, — an art humanized beyond the measure of any other in the very strictest sense of the term. Dutch painting is painting permeated by what might be called the finer instincts of the flesh. Flemish art is in the same case. The pathos of Rembrandt, the polish of Van Dyck, does not lift either master into the region of purely imaginative and idealistic things. Both men stand upon the solid earth, and both express themselves through quite ponderable elements of art. The technique of an Italian, like the elder Lippi, for example, like Fra Angelico, or like Benozzo Gozzoli, is intertwined, despite its often naïve precision and transparency, with refinements of feeling, of mind and spirit, which make it tremulous with beauty. The Dutch or Flemish technique is traceable through no such labyrinthine conditions. It is direct, vigorous, simple, and for the engraver even more than for the dilettante of artistic emotions its secrets lie upon the surface.

Mr. Cole is familiar with both kinds of technique, and reproduces both with a hand so searching and so sure that his equivalent on so small a scale has a force immeasurably wider than the limits of his block. Texture, relief, movement, the three great results which were secured over and above the sensuous charm of color by the impetuous and authoritative brushes of the great Dutch and Flemish masters, Mr. Cole transfers to his pages through the manipulation of his instrument. Something of the solidity and elasticity of creative art is carried into his engravings. In the open brush-work of *The Jolly Man*, by Frans Hals, as Mr. Cole gives it after the original at Amsterdam, there is the variety of color, there is the mobility of surface, which

¹ *Old Dutch and Flemish Masters.* Engraved by TIMOTHY COLE. With Critical Notes by

JOHN C. VAN DYKE, and Comments by the Engraver. New York: The Century Co. 1895.

may be found in the actual painting. The printed block catches the light with a measure of that crispness and even plastic reality which will be recalled by those who have studied the canvas in the Rijks Museum. It is high praise to give to a small reproduction in black and white. We do not forget how Mr. Cole has been charged (especially by English critics) with an absence of linear character, with a failure to realize the true mission of engraving. We maintain, nevertheless, the truth of our main contention: that, however his work may differ from the work of the great masters of the past, Mr. Cole is incontestably a master of the present, — an engraver who has developed the capabilities of the American school to their furthest limit, and proved that, whether linear or not, the school is unassailable in its reproductive branch.

It may be admitted that an engraving made for its own sake might be based on a simpler scheme than appears in Mr. Cole's block after Ruysdael's Thicket, in the Louvre, or in his translation of the fine Hobbema in the National Gallery; but once the engraver has set out to render the style and loveliness of either of these two works, it is plain that Mr. Cole's painter-like system meets the logic of the situation. To point out a painter's merits in an engraver's work may seem an ambiguous compliment, but it is really a high tribute when the work happens to be reproductive. Thus Mr. Cole may seem far away from the tradition of Albrecht Dürer, yet he loses nothing in projecting himself, his very technical habit, into the painter whom he is engraving. He really inspires the profoundest admiration for his sensitiveness and skill. He has attacked a number of the most difficult originals: Rembrandt's Philosopher in Meditation; the central figure from the great Supper at Emmaus, in the

Louvre; Potter's extraordinary Bull, at the Hague; and the enchanting Portrait of a Lady by Ver Meer, in the National Gallery, which stands among the few rare paintings commemorative of a thoroughly purified strain in the art of Holland. In all this work Mr. Cole has preserved the calm receptivity of temper which makes him a mirror for his painter's conception, and the protean mastery which assures in each one of his blocks an exact correspondence between its details of execution and those of the canvas reproduced. Wood-engraving remains a distinctly noble art as he employs it.

The volume to which we refer is one of pure reproduction, but its pages have the value of an original performance. The text, historical, descriptive, and critical, is well written and interesting. Mr. Cole and Mr. Van Dyke are in harmony over their theme, and what they have to say, each in his attractive style, will make the book more useful to the student. The main purpose of the publication, however, is to give circulation to Mr. Cole's engravings, and it is the aim of our review to point out in those productions, more particularly, the promise of a wide and enduring fame.

Furtwängler's *Masterpieces of Greek Sculpture*¹ may be described as a book which is epoch-breaking rather than epoch-making, inasmuch as a considerable amount of the author's energy is devoted to rudely shattering and scattering to the winds theories which have become so generally accepted that we have grown to look upon them as among the established facts of archæology. To a certain extent it is well that this should be done, for our knowledge of the history and development of Greek art, and especially of the works which are to be ascribed to certain masters, is still largely empirical; and it is unquestionably for the benefit of the study that those in

¹ *Masterpieces of Greek Sculpture. A Series of Essays on the History of Art.* By ADOLF FURTWÄNGLER. Edited by EUGÉNIE SELLERS.

With nineteen full-page plates and two hundred text illustrations. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. 1895.

authority should be emphatically reminded of this fact once in a while, that they may not continue building too far upon foundations which are flimsy.

Indeed, it would be a great boon to the student of archæology if a competent critic were to take up some recognized history of Greek art — this one of Furtwängler's would be an excellent subject for the task — and sift out theory from fact, telling us exactly what is positively known regarding each topic discussed, and drawing the line sharply between that and conjecture, leaving the matter there. Such a book would not only be a valuable compendium, but it would serve as an excellent starting-point for further investigations, fact and theory being so confused at present that the student has to gain a considerable advance in his study before he knows one from the other; that is, before he has learned to distinguish the established facts from assumptions which have become rooted for want of contradiction. But Furtwängler does not leave the matter there. If he pulls down old theories, it is only to set up substitutes of his own in their places; and his arguments are constructed with such vigorous and confident assertion that the inexpert might well be unsuspecting of the fallacies among them. For this reason, and because of the character of the material of which it is composed, the book is not adapted to the "general reader," or to the beginner in the study of Greek art. In this respect it is radically different from either Mrs. Mitchell's *History of Ancient Sculpture* or Collignon's more recent *Histoire*, the second half of which we are awaiting with interest. On the contrary, it is an expansion of the typical German monograph into a quarto volume of 471 pages, all occupied with the development of one argument, which begins in the first lines, and is continued without a momentary relaxation to the end. For the intelligent appreciation or criticism of this argument one must have fresh in memory practically all that has

been written about Greek art for an entire generation, and the reasoning is so close that in more than one portion of the book the present writer has found it impossible to follow more than seven or eight pages at a time. No holiday book of "appreciations" this!

We do not propose to discuss the book or its argument in detail, our purpose being only to show that it is not, as its title might lead one to suppose, a description of the more important works of Greek sculpture which the layman could profit by or enjoy. However, if we stopped here, we should be doing scant justice to the combined brilliancy and erudition of the author. Whether we accept all his conclusions or not, Furtwängler is unquestionably one of the most brilliant archæologists of this century. His learning and his industry are alike phenomenal. In the encyclopædic character of his knowledge of everything pertaining in the remotest degree to Greek sculpture he has no peer. To these qualities he adds imagination, which, when properly restrained, is, next to knowledge, the scholar's happiest gift, but it is also the most dangerous. His power of argument is such that if we admit the premises, the rest must follow as a matter of course; and if the rest did always follow, the science of classical archæology would have to return to the beginning and start life again upon a new basis. This we imagine its high priests are not at present prepared to do. Still, if they are grateful to him for nothing else, they should be for the opportunity he has given them to show the strength of their pet theories, almost every one of them having been put upon the defensive at one point or another. And however they may differ from him as to the theories which he has attacked or defended, they cannot ignore him. His case has been stated with such marked ability that no one can hereafter express an opinion on any of the topics he discusses without first giving heed to what

Furtwängler has said about it; and the Masterpieces will form a necessary part of every archaeologist's equipment. For this reason it is comforting to know that the English edition is superior to the German, Miss Sellers's able translation having been revised by the author since the original was published, and having thus had the benefit of such corrections and additions as he would have made in a new edition of his own. The illustrations, also, are not only more numerous, but much better in quality, especially the full-page plates, which are remarkably good.

In one of his lectures Mr. La Farge says, in speaking of the emotional power of color and its absence from artists nowadays: "But why is it so extremely rare among architects, or among the artists of decoration, to whom especially these principles, even if only felt in the blindest way, have given, at certain times, a power of affecting the mind, which, with the scale of their means, is tremendous when compared with the smaller effects that the weaker and smaller though more intellectual methods of painting and sculpture can merely hit at? In the past the architect has given a golden glow to the interior, to lift you up into New Jerusalem; has made his walls sombre with black marble; has grayed them with stone that was neutral; has made his building clear-minded, if one may so say. And what shall we say of the whiter thing, which is intellectual when it emphasizes fine thought, commonplace and courteous when it is used for average expression? Now why do we use all these things haphazard to-day? One man likes this, another that, as if he were some little lady anxious about being in the fashion, and willing to go even against her complexion, provided she do nothing that others do not do. And at length architecture, the

means of largest importance that we can use, takes on a dress of triviality; like the Madonnas of southern countries, dressed in paper and satin, with real, costly diamonds, perhaps. But that is relatively excusable."

The question suggested leads not unnaturally to consideration of another book recently issued, *A Cyclopædia of Works of Architecture in Italy, Greece, and the Levant*.¹ As a cyclopædia, it has, of course, no bearing on the theory of architecture, nor does it deal with architectural criticism. It is a book of reference for students, and viewed in this light it is open to no criticism. The cities and towns of Italy, Greece, and the Levant are arranged alphabetically, and under every heading is a short historical and descriptive account of the important buildings in each locality. For the student the book is invaluable, for it brings together in concise form facts that hitherto could be found only by reference to hundreds of sources. In the fact that the work includes all the small and unknown towns, — in case they possess buildings of architectural interest, — as well as Venice, Rome, and Athens, lies much of its value, for it has always been very difficult to discover data relating to such localities without immense trouble. The book at once takes its place as a standard.

Its publication at this time is significant. Ever since the movement towards the restoration of art began, half a century ago, interest has grown rapidly in its most monumental and enduring form, architecture. The practical result is not conspicuous, for it can hardly be said that, taken as a whole, the development of architecture in America, or Germany, or France shows an appreciable advance; possibly, rather a retrogression. But the interest exists, and, with the growth of something approaching favorable conditions and late Fellow of the American Institute of Architects. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1895.

¹ *A Cyclopædia of Works of Architecture in Italy, Greece, and the Levant*. Edited by WILLIAM P. P. LONGFELLOW, Honorary Member

tions, must surely result in vital amendment.

In one way, however, this new interest has had a good effect, namely, in the recognition of the fact that architecture is a pretty accurate exponent of the real life and times that gave it birth, — more accurate sometimes than written history. So, in looking over this *Cyclopædia*, one is filled with an ever-increasing wonder at the marvelous periods of civilization that have left these monuments of their own greatness. Asia Minor ceases to be only the desolated field of murder and outrage and barbarism, and becomes the theatre of a marvelous civilization that stretched from Assos to Jerusalem, from Trebizond to Rhodes; European Turkey, with all its anomalous barbarism, fades before the memory of the golden empire of Byzantium; and even Italy ceases to be the pitiful heir to an unbearable and crushing weight of wonder and glory.

All this is of course in the past. Italy, Greece, the Levant, offer nothing built during the last three centuries worthy to stand for a moment beside the humblest classical or mediæval or early renaissance structure illustrated in this book. And the same is true of Germany, France, England, America. For three hundred years we have striven to make immortal history, but if we have succeeded we have left no architectural evidence thereof.

Now and then work is done which is hailed as fine and enduring. Why? Simply because it is a more than usually delicate and accurate copy of ancient work, not because it is vital with life and feeling, — the life and feeling of the people who built it, who watched it grow. A church is called good now when it is so well copied that it might deceive even a scholarly critic into thinking it the

work of the fourteenth or fifteenth century; a library or other public building, when it might have been almost removed bodily from Rome. In other words, we are content to copy, recognizing our inability to express original contemporary ideas, emotions; doubtful sometimes if there are any such that demand expression.

Fortunately, nine tenths of the work is perishable; but were it to last, were some future generation to study its nature, to find therein the secret of the life and times that saw its creation, what would be the verdict? Not one that we could regard with pride or pleasant anticipation.

It is when confronting such a memorial of past glory as this *Cyclopædia* that one feels most keenly the hopeless inadequacy of contemporary work. Something lay behind this manifestation of power that is our admiration and shame to-day, — something that we no longer possess. Is it not the very thing the loss of which has made possible modern "realism" in art, as well as kindred heresies in society and religion and civil affairs? There is cause to think so, certainly; and if this is true, if we are ever to see the time when the nature of art is undoubted, and when a sane, vital, beautiful system of life makes inevitable an art that expresses all these things, not as the possession of a few "artists," but as the heritage of every man, we must gain the sense of proportion lost long ago; cease worshipping unessentials, scoffing at essentials; realize that the spiritual life is as real as the physical, and that its channels of reception and expression — the emotions — are every whit as honorable as those of physical life.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. The Journal of a Spy in Paris during the Reign of Terror, January-July, 1794, by Raoul Hesdin. (Harpers.) Nothing is known of Raoul Hesdin except what may be gathered from this fragment of his diary. He was certainly an Englishman of some education, who had lived much in France, receiving there the training for his calling, that of an engraver. The editor also assumes, on rather insufficient evidence, that he was one of Pitt's secret agents. Be that as it may, he was a very intelligent and shrewd observer, whose sympathies were as much French as English, and his journal is exceedingly interesting. It may not tell anything that is absolutely new, but it has a distinct individuality, and often some brief entry gives us a quite fresh realization of the horror of those months, and of the hideous grotesqueness as well. His feelings in regard to the Committee of Public Safety and its doings are those of a man of ordinary humanity and some political sense, who carried his life in his hand in the "blood-dripping city." To calmly philosophize on the Terror requires a good deal of distance in space and time. In view of later progress, or retrogression, whichever we may please to think it, the record of the smallest of his miseries is curious and amusing,—there are many side-lights of this kind in the diary: "The disgusting habit of smoking tobacco in all the coffee-houses poisons me. It was formerly the mode to do so only in the lowest cabarets; it was regarded as a mark of vulgarity and boorishness. I find many of the *patriot* fashions difficult to assume, but this one impossible, and shall no doubt soon become *suspect* in consequence."—The Journal of Countess Françoise Krasinska, Great-Grandmother of Victor Emmanuel, translated from the Polish by Kasimir Dziekonska. (McClurg.) This journal is given without introduction of any kind, and we are left in doubt as to whether it is a genuine diary or an unusually clever bit of historical fiction. In either case it is a charming book, presenting a vivid picture of the life, still feudal, in a noble Polish household in the middle of the eighteenth century, as seen by the bright eyes of a naïve but quick-

witted girl, who also interests us in connection with the history of our own time by the fact that her only child was the mother of Charles Albert, and thus the ancestress of the kings and queen of United Italy. A portrait of the countess, after Angelica Kauffmann, serves as frontispiece to the attractive little volume.—Bayard Taylor, by Albert H. Smyth. (Houghton.) A number in the American Men of Letters Series, and a well-considered survey of Taylor's fruitful life and of his place in literature. Mr. Smyth has been able to speak more openly on some points than was expedient in the authoritative Life and Letters, and he has gleaned after that book a number of interesting facts and opinions. The extent of Taylor's industry is graphically indicated, and the relation which Taylor's several literary enterprises held to his thought and purpose is intimated with a due sense of proportion. Altogether the book is a good reflex of the man.—Townsend Harris, First American Envoy in Japan, by William Elliot Griffis. (Houghton.) Mr. Harris's Japanese journal, which occupies most of this volume, is a plain, unvarnished tale, yet has all the fascination which attaches to the narrative of a maker of history written during the process of making. The account of innumerable conferences with Japanese officials, extending over a period of about a year and a half, shows how long and how arduous was the campaign of education which Mr. Harris conducted against the duplicity and procrastination of a people who were wholly ignorant of the law of nations. The journal is valuable not only for the historical facts which it records, but also as showing the all-conquering power of one man's patience, perseverance, vigilance, and shrewdness, assisting a personality of great force, unfailing dignity, and the strictest integrity. Here and there are glimpses of out-of-door Japan which tell us that Mr. Harris had an eye for the beauties of nature as well as for treaties. That there are but few observations on the manners and customs of the Japanese will not surprise the reader, who will see how limited were Mr. Harris's opportunities. He saw almost nothing of the

common people, and his relations with the officials were necessarily confined to a more or less formal interchange of courtesies. The story of Townsend Harris's life before and after his treaty-winning mission is told by Dr. Griffis, who has also supplied many illuminating footnotes to the journal.

Literature. The Entail, or The Lairds of Grippy, has appeared in the new edition of Galt's (selected) works, edited by D. Storrar Meldrum. (Roberts.) This record of the fortunes, and still more of the humors of three generations of the Walkinshaw family is almost in its author's best vein throughout. Its homely realism is seldom marred by the introduction of those romantic and sensational episodes that show Galt at his worst, though perhaps his limitations, even in his own range, are more evident here than in any other of his novels of equal importance. Though the old laird and his half-witted son are hardly less noteworthy character-studies, most readers, we imagine, will agree with Mr. Crockett in finding the altogether excellent presentment of the Ledy Grippy the crowning merit of the book, and will understand why Lord Byron should have read the history of her household three times over for her sake. — Marryat's Peter Simple, illustrated by J. Ayton Symington, has been added to Macmillan's Standard Novels. Mr. David Hannay, in his admirable introduction, agrees, we think justly, with the popular estimate of this tale, as on the whole its writer's best, and aptly sums up the matter in this sound bit of criticism: "Marryat wrote Peter Simple because he was full of the subject, while in later times he was compelled to get up the subject because he wanted to write a book." — Sybil, or The Two Nations, illustrated by F. Pegram, has also been brought out in this series. Disraeli was the inventor as well as the greatest artificer of the political novel, and of his works of this class Sybil is perhaps the best; certainly it is the sincerest in feeling. The essay in which Mr. H. D. Traill introduces this romance, now half a century old, to its new readers is an excellent commentary on the novel, and also, in part, on its author's position as a novelist. — The Standard Novels continues the republication of Peacock's tales in a volume containing Headlong Hall and Nightmare Abbey; the first being the writer's earliest essay in story-telling after that new

fashion — at least in English — which was to prove in many ways peculiar to himself, though undoubtedly, as Mr. Saintsbury points out, Marmontel's Contes Moraux served as his models. Nightmare Abbey, his third book in point of time, shows the great advance made by the author in the interval, and his emancipation from his French master. Indeed, in comparison, Headlong Hall seems but 'prentice work. (Macmillan.) — Two new numbers of the Temple Shakespeare, Troilus and Cressida, and Coriolanus, have been issued. (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York.) Frequent use of these volumes confirms our opinion that they are edited with singularly good taste and reticence. — The Arden Shakespeare is the general title of a group of books included in Heath's English Classics (D. C. Heath & Co., Boston), and, so far as we have received them, limited to As You Like It, Hamlet, Julius Cæsar, Twelfth Night, Macbeth, and Richard II. They are edited by different English scholars upon a conservative plan which looks especially toward what may be called a literary apprehension of the dramas. The several editors plainly regard the student as wishing to know his Shakespeare as Shakespeare, and not as a curious Elizabethan writer who forgot his grammar and remembered his dictionary. — The neat People's Edition of Tennyson (Macmillan) has advanced two more numbers, one occupied with Will Waterproof and Other Poems, the other with a portion of The Princess. — The latest volume in Macmillan's edition of Dickens contains A Tale of Two Cities and The Mystery of Edwin Drood. The introductions, by Dickens's son, are interesting, especially as regards the latter tale. For one thing, he disposes authoritatively of the notion that Wilkie Collins had anything to do with a continuation of Edwin Drood.

Poetry and the Drama. The New Poems, by Christina Rossetti, which her brother William has collected, arranged, and annotated (Macmillan), make one very eager to have a full and well-ordered collection of all her poems. A taste for her verse is partly acquired, partly inborn, to certain natures. It can scarcely be expected that her work will ever be largely popular, yet it contains just that bouquet of religion which is so rare in Protestant poetry, and so grateful to those who have otherwise to content

themselves with the few really beautiful hymns. — *King Arthur, a Drama in a Prologue and Four Acts*, by J. Comyns Carr. (Macmillan.) In the old-fashioned phrase, this is a drama rather for the stage than the closet; which is not to affirm that it cannot be read with pleasure by others than those to whom it recalls a very agreeable theatrical experience. For, aside from its dramatic virtues, it is always poetic in feeling, if sometimes halting in expression; and, in view of the character and aims of most contemporary stage literature, it excites gratitude that there is still a dramatist who will write a play like this, and a manager who will worthily produce it. — *A New Library of Poetry and Song*, edited by William Cullen Bryant. With his *Review of Poets and Poetry from the Time of Chaucer*. Revised and enlarged with Recent Authors, and containing a Dictionary of Poetical Quotations. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) The new poets and their accompanying illustrations are a distinct addition to the book, both in practical value and in appearance. — *The Year Book of The Pegasus*. (J. B. Lippincott Co.) The first publication of the Pegasus Club of Philadelphia, with poems by twenty-one members. — *Wayside Poems*, by Wallace Bruce. (Harpers.) — *Fact and Fancy, Humorous Poems*, by Cupid Jones. (Putnams.) — *The New World, with Other Verse*, by Louis James Block. (Putnams.) — *The Legend of Aulus*, by Flora MacDonald Shearer. (William Doxey, San Francisco.) — *Leaves of the Lotos*, by David Banks Sickels. (J. Selwin Tait & Sons, New York.) — *Volunteer Grain*, by Francis F. Browne. (Way & Williams, Chicago.) — *Acrisius, King of Argos, and Other Poems*, by Horace Eaton Walker. (George I. Putnam Co., Claremont, N. H.) — *Washington, or The Revolution, a Drama*, by Ethan Allen. In Two Parts. Part Second. (F. Tennyson Neely, Chicago.)

Fiction. *My Lady Nobody*, by Maarten Maartens. (Harpers.) The Dutch gentleman who, under the pen name of Maarten Maartens, has in the last few years won an honorable position among English novelists, gives us in this story another of his realistic studies of life in Holland, in this case primarily that of a noble family of cultivated and, to their sorrow, costly tastes, as it is affected by the existence of the pretty, self-reliant daughter of the Dominé of the vil-

lage near the manor-house. It is a book for a leisurely reader, for it is very long, and its effects are produced by careful elaboration and numberless minute touches. But, large as is the stage, it is overcrowded with characters, and there are certain persons, and episodes in which they play their parts, mainly humorous after very conventional patterns, that could easily have been spared, as the few puppets incommode the living actors in the drama. — *Kitwyk Stories*, by Anna Eichberg King. (Century Co.) There is little kinship, even by descent, between Mr. Maartens's men and women and the denizens of Mrs. King's eighteenth-century Dutch village. Vivid descriptive touches here and there depict such a little town and the surrounding country faithfully enough, but the place is used for its picturesque effect, and the people find their prototypes in the world of Diedrich Knickerbocker. The book is well illustrated, and its blue-and-white cover attractively simulates old Delft ware. — *The Chronicles of Count Antonio*, by Anthony Hope. (Appletons.) Notwithstanding the ingenuity and inventive power shown in devising the numerous thrilling adventures which befall Count Antonio, a gentleman whose character displays a curious blending of fourteenth and nineteenth century qualities, his history, except perhaps to boy readers, is on the whole rather dull, — a new word to use in connection with Anthony Hope. This is partly because of the manner of the supposed narrator, a prolix old monk, who proves himself a bore very speedily. In brief, the mediævalism of the tale is of an extremely artificial kind; and as to its adventurous element, there are certain writers, dear to youth, who can do that sort of thing nearly as well. — *Corruption*, by Percy White. (Appletons.) Certain episodes in the history of Paul Carew, M. P., the well-born and brilliant leader of one of the subdivisions of the Radical party, who ruins his career for the love of a friend's wife. The story of this passion, with its political underplot, is told with a good deal of cleverness, the cleverness of a well-equipped journalist. But neither the portrait of the distinguished and corrupt hero, nor the still more carefully elaborated one of the woman who is at once his victim and his enslaver, has any real vitality. The devoted and rather commonplace wife of

the one and the honest, simple-minded husband of the other, two merely subsidiary characters, are much more living and veracious. — *A Hard Woman, a Story in Scenes*, by Violet Hunt. (Appletons.) Miss Hunt is as yet but a far-off follower of Gyp, but she has the gift of writing bright, vivacious, pointed dialogue, a certain skill in characterization, and sometimes a touch of genuine dramatic power, together with several grains of that cynical, worldly-wise smartness which is one of the literary fashions of the day. Lydia Munday, with her easy success, superficial cleverness, and very real shallowness, egotism, and folly, is an extremely disagreeable, but a sufficiently lifelike personage, and the history of her downward career is steadily interesting. The good man who is so unfortunate as to be her husband is by no means drawn with so sure and strong a hand. — *A Man and his Womankind*, by Nora Vynné. (Holt.) The story of a young man who is petted and spoiled by his mother and sister, and later by his wife, — the first two sacrificing themselves for years to keep family troubles from his knowledge; their reward being, of course, his anger and contempt when he discovers that he has been treated as a child. We said it was his story, but in fact it is only a fragment of it, for long before it is finished the book ends. This is the more unpardonable because we feel perfectly confident that the author could have brought it successfully to its natural conclusion. It is in truth a clever and entertaining, if incomplete sketch. But why should so sensible a writer indulge in the petty affectation of transforming her hero's and heroine's not very unusual names into Cedie and Cicily? — *College Girls*, by Abbe Carter Goodloe. (Scribners.) Fourteen stories of the chipping shell order. The reader who wishes to get an insight into the actual life of college girls will be disappointed, for the writer is more eager to get her girls out of college into the world than to make careful studies of the interior. Her attempt at reproducing the young collegian's brother is equally futile. There is a disagreeable air of knowingness about the book, — her young women are of the world, and not in it; the fiction seems to be built on other fiction, and that the clever, not the great fiction; in short, it is a book to make the judicious grieve, and to raise doubts as to the con-

tribution to literature to be expected from women's colleges. — *Cherryfield Hall, an Episode in the Career of an Adventuress*, by Frederic Henry Balfour. (Putnams.) A partly sensational, and partly, in intention, humorous tale, of very ordinary quality both in plot and in characterization. That the preposterous heroine should, without visible qualifications, and apparently with perfect ease, obtain an exceptionally desirable position as governess in a county family, will put to a severe strain the credulity of even the uncritical novel-devourer. — *Uncle Remus, his Songs and his Sayings*, by Joel Chandler Harris. New and Revised Edition, with One Hundred and Twelve Illustrations by A. B. Frost. (Appletons.) One likes to have pictures of his old friends, and the reader is convinced that these portraits of Brer Rabbit, Brer Fox, Brer Tarrypin, Brer Bar, and the rest are as authentic as they are amusing. But where are Miss Meadows en de gals? Possibly Mr. Frost is as much in the dark about them as Uncle Remus left the little boy.

Nature and Travel. Constantinople, by Edwin A. Grosvenor, with an Introduction by General Lew Wallace. In two volumes. Illustrated. (Roberts.) By the time one has reached the seven hundred and eighty-sixth page of these two octavo volumes, — by no means an arduous task, — and indeed long before that, he is ready to agree with Professor Grosvenor that Constantinople is one of the most interesting cities in the world; and this in spite of the fact that the author's interest in the city is restricted almost entirely to its architecture and antiquities, and to the historical associations which are connected with nearly every rod of its territory. If the reader wishes to learn about modern life in Constantinople, he had better turn elsewhere; but even if he takes up this book under a misapprehension, he will have no regrets, nor will he be likely to put it away before he has read it through. After chapters on the three epochs of Byzantine history, — Greek, Roman, and Turkish, — on the rise of the Ottomans, and on the present Sultan, comes the main body of the work, a description of the city from the archæologist's and historian's point of view. Professor Grosvenor illuminates his text with an abundance of tradition and myth. He is possessed by a fine enthusiasm which removes his book

as far as possible from a mere repository of facts and legends; and if it leads him occasionally into extravagances of statement, as where he assures us that the view from the tower of Galata is unsurpassed on this globe, yet it never degenerates into gush. There are many interesting illustrations, chiefly from photographs, and a few useful maps and plans. — Missouri Botanical Garden, Sixth Annual Report. (Published by the Board of Trustees, St. Louis.) Besides the formal reports of officers and director, this volume contains five valuable scientific papers. An interesting instance of the interdependence of plants and animals is shown by Mr. Herbert J. Webber in

his Studies on the Dissemination and Leaf Reflexion of *Yucca aloifolia*. This species of Florida yucca has adapted its fruit to meet the wants of the mocking-bird, who fulfills his part of the bargain by sowing the seed. The larva of a moth also assists in the dissemination, taking its pay in the shape of food and lodging. — The Evolution of Horticulture in New England, by Daniel Denison Slade. (Putnams.) A dainty little book, which gives a history of the practice of gardening from the earliest times in the colonies, rather than an account of the growth and development of methods of cultivation and arrangement. The author quotes liberally from the old writers.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Above the
World.

My gardener is stirring his fire of dry leaves and twigs, while I venture these observations. There are two ways of departure from this world. One is to soar above it so high that the landscape looks to us as it does to the eagle, while all cares and details of life are so far removed that it is as though they were not. Those who have adventured into the upper air, above the clouds, tell us that the spectacle is most enchanting; that, though the noises of pasture and farmyard, of lowing herds and bleating flocks, are distinctly audible, yet these sounds are so softened by distance that their harshness seems translated into melody, and even that measure of civilization which finds expression in the steam whistle or the factory bell becomes, by some sublimating process, if not mute to our senses, at least no longer a disturbing element.

Now, the other way of ascending from earth, when we have no wings for flight, is so to ignore the world and its belongings that they fade from beneath us, leaving us alone, and less conscious of that life we would not live than even when our physical selves are sailing in the aeronaut's car above the clouds. In effect, the solid earth is melted away from around us.

I need not say, what every dreamer knows, that the time in which this ethereal ascension is best facilitated is the very early spring,

— that interval which one might call the promise of spring, and which is heralded by strange subtle odors belonging to no plant or flower that I know, yet filling the breast with such glad forebodings as may have been borne from the Spice Islands to the first voyagers thither; and when the gardener makes a burnt offering of all stray branches and errant leaves, ah, why does the crackling wood, in the open air, smell sweeter to us than all Araby the blest? The exhaled metaphor is of youth, health, holiday. The dewy freshness of life's morning, with its clouds, tears, sunshine, and wet grass, is brought home to us by a waft of odor which is not perfume save to the soul!

I am also reminded that at no other time of the year is man so superstitious, so blessedly credulous of whatever Fancy offers for his acceptance. This is the season of revival for those dear myths of the senses, the dim frequenters of some immemorial and totally elusive preëxistence, which we would, but cannot clearly recall. Shelley, who seems throughout the revolving year never quite to lose sight of this fascinating period, inquires: —

"O Spring, of hope and love and youth and gladness,
Wind-winged emblem! brightest, best, and fairest!
Whence comest thou, when with dark Winter's sadness
The tears that fade in sunny smiles thou sharest?
Sister of joy! thou art the child who wearest
Thy mother's dying smile, tender and sweet;

Thy mother Autumn, for whose grave thou bearest
Fresh flowers, and beams like flowers, with gentle
feet,
Disturbing not the leaves which are her winding-
sheet."

We cannot all be poets, but there are moments when, by a sort of supramundane flitting, we half discover which way the poets have gone; and I am much obliged to my garden fire for lending Fancy a makeshift pair of wings.

A Book-Lover. — When a lonely little girl in a dull London lodging-house, I thought of unknown Mr. Mudie as the happiest man in the big city. The library was only a few steps away, and I used to glue my longing eyes to the show-windows, craving greedily to devour the second-hand volumes displayed in long, tempting rows within. The vans labeled "Mudie's Library," which were constantly being laden and emptied before the entrance, seemed to my hungry child-heart vessels of pure delight, and I used to wonder, as children dumbly do, who Mudie might be, owning all this wealth for which my imagination cried out; feeling somehow that the Great Unknown and I had a bond of sympathy, — he with his caravansary of literature, and I with my love for the dear books. So it was with a thrill of vivid recollection that, years after, at a Roman party, I met the Mudies, initiated a friendship since become too dear to be described here, and learned to know something of a man who was a blessing in his generation.

As the stately river, followed back to its source, resolves itself into a tiny brook hiding its head under overhanging elder blossoms, the extensive library on Oxford Street runs its roots back to a little bookshop in Cheyne Walk, where, early in the century, a young man had the grace to recognize that many people without the means to buy them loved the best books. At first he loaned his own standard books to his friends, and then, finding how eagerly they were sought after, he put a notice in his window that other young men might come and borrow. Soon he found it best to charge a penny a volume for repairing the books. So the wee stream grew and broadened. The volumes circulated now number about three and a half millions. Five to six thousand are delivered daily by the great vans which have supplanted the little cart of early days, and the staff employed includes two hun-

dred and fifty-four persons, many of them veteran servants who take an intense family pride in everything connected with the library. I was amused at being told that the burly old soldier who acts as usher, and who worships every one of the name of Mudie, had been in their employ *only* fifteen years. Eight or nine hundred boxes of books are weekly dispatched to the provinces by rail, and about one hundred and twenty by carrier. The "hospital," where at first a man and a boy repaired torn, broken-backed volumes, has developed into a bookbinding department, in which nearly a hundred persons are employed and beautiful work is done. A speciality of the house is a binding called "Mudie calf," and for the preparation of this leather the head man shuts himself up alone, to preserve the secret process.

Though best known as a library, Mudie's is also a large bookselling concern, supplying libraries in Europe, India, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Zanzibar, Sierra Leone, and the Gold Coast; and some of the tin-lined cases in which books are sent to all quarters of the globe have been recovered after shipwrecks, and their contents found quite uninjured. One room in the library is devoted to the Pegasus Club, whose object is to bring together all the members of the staff and promote good-fellowship. Newspapers and magazines are provided for the members, and the whist and chess tournaments, in which the managers award prizes, are prominent features of the symposium.

It may be interesting to Atlantic readers that the only book ever published by Mudie was Lowell's Poems. Lowell could not find an English publisher for them, and Mr. Mudie, who was his friend and believed in them, undertook their publication, which proved a success. The fate of a new book is largely affected by the number of copies subscribed for by Mudie.

It is interesting to visit the "catacombs" of the queen of circulating libraries, in which are stacked whole editions of the books whose day is dead. Mudie subscribed for thirty-five hundred copies of Disraeli's *Endymion*, and on the day it was to be issued a large crowd in the street awaited the opening of the library. It is curious what fluctuations the literature market is subject to. The ebb of Stanley's popularity threw back on the library a dead weight of about

twenty-five hundred uncalled-for copies of *In Darkest Africa*. It is difficult to say how long a book will live. Often, one book of an author is in constant demand, and another is entirely relegated to the dark lower regions. Browning's *Asolando*, issued on the day of the poet's death, brought twelve shillings instead of the publisher's price of five shillings.

Mr. Mudie must have derived many of his strong qualities from his Norse forefathers away up in the Orkney Islands. His ancestors were laid out, not buried, in a sea cave, where some peculiarity of the air preserved the bodies from decay, and kept them as intact as the stone knights on old English tombs. Mothers in those weird, seagirt places hushed their children with the words, "Be still, or the dead Mudies will catch you," until, about a hundred years ago, one of the living Mudies, a prim old lady, thinking it a disgrace to have dried ancestors, up and buried them like other commonplace folk, with all the rites of bell and book. On one of the marble lions of the Venice Piazzetta, a Mudie soldier, who came down with the Normans, carved his name in runes which may yet be read. But, joined to his strong northern qualities of energy and initiative, Mr. Mudie had the genial grace of a nature "sloping to the southern side," open to all that was best in men of every nationality and opinion. He was Tennyson's friend and Schliemann's friend, but he was also the friend of the Tyrolese villager who every year drove the happy family through byways of Italy and Austria. His home came to be a centre for the flower of artistic, scientific, and literary London. Seapieces by Henry Moore, tender early bits by Fred Walker, Dogberry's Charge to the Watch, which enabled Stokes to marry, and many another picture by young artists whose future he discerned graced the walls of the golden drawing-room which was the realization of his wife's girlish dreams. The men and women whose books he sold and circulated loved to gather there, and Mazzini, with other lonely exiles, found this genial atmosphere a sunny Italy of sympathy in the midst of gray London fogs.

Figliuolo was a disgraceful illiterate, to begin with; there was no doubt about that. As he turned the sixth milestone, it was growing to be a notorious scandal, over which the chief

courtiers held frequent and serious debate. Not that he actually knew nothing, or cared nothing, for the immortal heroes of the nursery. Quite the contrary. From earliest infancy he had splashed in his bath amid the goodly company of the Waterbabies. As fearless and frisky as Adjidaumo himself, he had been almost daily an unwearied companion of Hiawatha's huntings and fishings.

There was in the palazzo a shabby old black traveling-bag, to which elung lovingly strange pasted bits of Turkish hieroglyph and numberless other illegible inscriptions. It was a relic of the days when there was no Figliuolo, and the prime minister had tasted the salty sweets of exile, known the weariness of Capri's rock-cut stairs and of many another clamber in farthest Bohemia. The magic of an unjaded imagination had easily converted this bag into the birch canoe. Propelled by a pair of weary-looking battledoors, Figliuolo swept proudly across the wide-wayed nursery to the conquest of the great sturgeon Nahma, or to desperate strife with the deathless Mudjekeewis. As Odysseus' raft-boat, the same craft endured perils and disasters more manifold than Zeus' wrath or Apollo's vengeance could devise. Or, again transformed by yet bolder creative fancy, it was paddled to rescue from his lonely rock that best beloved fellow-rebel and fellow-captive, Prometheus, tied up for meddling with the fire. Becoming in turn a sled, it had borne Figliuolo with Andersen's gentler children through the ice-palaces of the north, or floated, as Däumelinchen's leaf, down the ever-flowing river of childish imagination.

Indeed, that was just the trouble, or a large part of it. Madonna, like the rest of the household, was familiar with the theories of modern pedagogy. Various modifications of the picture method had been called to his highness's languid attention often, already, through the long years. But of all the illustrations in the Father's great picture-book, the twenty-six "grievous emblems" (*Iliad* vi. 168) had retained, to his mind, the minimum of picturesqueness in their slow evolution from Egyptian or Phœnician *House* and *Camel* to plain Saxon *B* or *G*. They appealed, indeed, as it seemed, far less to this vagrant fancy than had the ten digits of our Arabian inheritance.

Finally, the subject matter itself of the elementary textbooks drew down the prompt

and righteous contempt of the far-wandered scholar. "Why *should* I care if the cat has the rat, or has not the rat? 'That is the kind of thing in all children's reading-books'? Yes, and I do not care for such things. I have decided never to learn to read at all. I do not care if the Lady Alicia" (a contemporary and a cousin) "has learned. She may care for such stories, and she may read them. I like what older people read to me a great deal better."

Here the subject lapsed, — from lack of material for effective retort, if (as Just says) "the truth must out." But for several days there was great and general dearth of leisure at story-time and reading-hour, until the princely appetite had whetted itself to its keenest edge. Then one day Madonna sauntered in from town, and dropped a wide, flat package, without remark, on the "Round Table of the nursery." To strip off the paper was a privilege hardly requiring renewal by special grant. From within appeared, like a resplendent chrysalis, an abridged baby version of Alice in Wonderland. The cover alone was a blaze of color. The illustrations were copious and brilliant, the type of the largest, the words enticingly monosyllabic.

"Oh, it's mine, is n't it, Madonna?"

"No, indeed, Figliuolo, it is my own."

"Why, *you* don't care for such a book as that, do you, Madonna?"

"Yes, indeed; it is a very fine story, and very funny besides."

"And will you read it aloud, so I can hear it, too?"

"I don't think I shall have any time for that."

During a pause that followed the pictures were appreciatively studied, and even the large, clear type received tolerant notice.

"But, Madonna, this seems like a book that I should like a great deal more than you."

"It would n't be of any use to you, because you can't read it, and you are never going to learn."

"Would it have been mine if I knew how to read?"

"Well, yes, I think perhaps it might have been."

The next pause was a weighty one, and the following query, though spontaneous, quivered with suppressed excitement: "And — if I did learn to read it, Madonna, would you be willing to give it to me?"

"Well, yes, I think if you should really read it through, every word, you would deserve to own it."

So the struggle began anew, with the important difference that the full strength of a will — not "broken" — was enlisted on the affirmative side of the argument. Into the next weeks some rain did fall, some days were darkened, but never to the verge of despair, nor was there ever a hint of desertion. The languid efforts of the past were not all wasted. Even the cat, if not the rat, found her proper place, after all.

Soon the difficulty was to repress the eager efforts at following out the laws of analogy; to check, without too rude discouragement, the mind so rational that it assumed that *cough* would be spelled like *off*, or pronounced like *hiccough*. Some of these problems, indeed, exhausted the philological resources of the realm. The multitudinous origins of English speech were discussed with interest. The superfluous *w* of *sword* was apologized for as a survival from German *Schwert*, etc. Still, Funk and Fauntleroy would easily have gained in those days a doughty third champion of Fonetics.

The great fight, however, was won. A few months later, the trophy, itself sadly dimmed and worn in the struggle, passed, duly inscribed, into the conqueror's unquestioned possession. The next summer was spent among the mountains. On the first rainy day, when even the shifting fringes of the great cloud-curtain that overhung Mount Lafayette were beginning to grow monotonous, there appeared from the well-stored trunk of the king's own treasures a new copy of the complete Alice. Many an hour was spent over it from that day on, with only an occasional audible chuckle from his quiet corner to remind us of the "Presence." There are still books and books, and the functions of the royal taster have never been delegated; but Figliuolo is a reader.

